Description Of Paintings

In

Paris and The Netherlands

In

The Years 1802 - 1804

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LETTER I.

The Gallery of the Louvre, and the Collection of Pictures there exhibited. — Observations on some Works of the old Italian School, and the peculiar Genius and allegorical Style of Correggio's Compositions. — On the Resemblance between Correggio and Leonardo, and their Style and School. — On the various Styles of Portrait Painting adopted by the old Masters, Holbein, Leonardo, Titian, and Raphael. — Preliminary Observations on the general Character of Raphael. — Conclusion, and Description of a few old Dutch Pictures by John Van Eyck, Hemmelink, and Dürer.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND AT DRESDEN.

September, 1802.

BEFORE entering into an examination of the pictures now exhibited in the Louvre, I shall attempt to give you some idea of the gallery itself, as this will, I think, contribute to render my description of the pictures more intelligible.

The palace of the Louvre, though an ancient building, can boast but little architectural beauty; certainly not in that part of it adjoining the entrance to the Musée: it is, in fact, a gloomy, irregular edifice, such as in past years must have formed a fitting residence for the powerful and arbitrary sovereigns of those turbulent and uncivilised times. Under this character, the page of history has made its name

familiar to us, and it seems thus, from the associations connected with it, but little fitted to form a temple for the noblest of the imitative arts. A small side door affords admission to a collection of splendid pictures, which have recently been transplanted hither from their native Italian soil. Ascending one step, you enter a circular, well-lighted saloon, devoted to the works of Italian art alone. On the right, a long, narrow gallery stretches the whole length of one wing, which, extending along the bank of the Seine, connects the Louvre with the Tuileries. Here you encounter, first, the paintings of the French school, followed by the German and Flemish masters, comprising, however, but a very small proportion of the chefs-d'œuvre of the old German school. Lastly come the Italian paintings. Among them we find the works of Raphael and his followers, together with the school of the Carracci; nor would there be any reason to complain of the hanging and general arrangement, except that the light is feeble, and badly distributed. This long gallery opens into a smaller one, running in the same direction, containing works not intended for immediate exhibition, or which require restoration: as, for example, the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, and the "Madonna di Foligno," also by that master. Here, unarranged, and resting carelessly one upon another against the wall, we see the masterpieces of Perugino, and of the delightful Giulio Romano, seen by few, and by fewer still admired and appreciated! We now return to the Grand Salon: the only one, in fact, in which the pictures are seen to advantage, and the light judiciously distributed. On the right is the Long Gallery, and the smaller one running parallel with it; on the left, an apartment of moderate dimensions, in which are deposited the designs of the old masters, the cartoons of Raphael, Giulio Romano, &c. &c.: it contains also a few paintings in water-colours, and in the centre, on costly mosaic tables of lapis-lazuli and marble, stand a few of the most valuable of the Etruscan vases.

I have here described the Grand Salon as I saw it in 1802. But amid the continual mutations occurring in this city, not even works of art can claim exemption from the general influence; consequently the gallery of the Louvre no longer presents the same appearance as when I first visited it. The

Grand Salon, and that appropriated to the designs of the old masters, have been despoiled of their ancient treasures, in order to make room for the productions of *modern* artists, and they are now occupied by what we should term "An Exhibition." A few months must elapse before the pictures we love and reverence, or any others comparable to them in merit, again adorn the walls. The following description relates only to those which were to be seen at the time of my first inspection. I shall, with the assistance of a catalogue* of that period, go through the whole; but since then many alterations have been made even in the Long Gallery. A large number of the best and most famous paintings have been removed, in order, it is said, to adorn the palaces of St. Cloud and the Tuileries. I shall name only a few of the most valuable of the Italian school, which are now missing: the "Fortuna" of Guido; "Rinaldo and Armida;" "Æneas and Anchises," by Domenichino; the "Marriage of St. Catherine," and the "Antiope" of Correggio: their places have been supplied by a few other valuable pictures formerly in the Grand Salon, and also by some, which, though previously enumerated in the catalogue of the Long Gallery, are not to be found in the present. I mention this circumstance at the commencement, in order to avoid the necessity of recurring to it hereafter: it will, I hope, be sufficient to convince every one of the impossibility of giving a full and complete description of all the pictures here. To this we may add, that many have been sent into the departments; and I am assured by Visconti, that many highly esteemed works of Perugino are exiled thither, not having been considered worthy a place in the national Musée. This will appear incredible, and I heartily wish it were in my power

* The three catalogues by whose numbers I have been guided in this description of the paintings in the Louvre, are the following. — 1. For the Grand Salon, — "Notice de plusieurs Tableaux recueillis à Vénise, Florence, Turin, et Foligno, &c., exposés dans le Grand Salon du Musée, ouvert le 18. Ventose, an 10." 2. For the Long Gallery, — "Notice des Tableaux des Ecoles Française et Flammande, dont l'ouverture a eu lieu le 18. Germinal, an 7, et des Tableaux des Ecoles de Lombardie et de Bologne, dont l'exposition a eu lieu le 25. Messidor, an 9." 3. For the Salon of Designs, — "Notice des Dessins Originaux, Esquisses Peintes, Cartons, Gouaches, &c., exposés en Messidor de l'an 10."

to contradict an assertion so injurious to the good taste of the Parisians.

I know you will be gratified by receiving a description of the most remarkable of the old pictures here exhibited: I also hope that my observations may not be wholly devoid of interest even to others, who do not so completely enter into my feelings on the subject of the art, as yourself and a few other friends. In the first place, a tolerably complete description of all the paintings which at that period were here exhibited, will already be historically valuable to many persons, as recalling to the mind, in a more connected form, things of which, amidst the changes and mutations daily occurring in this country, they may retain but a slight recollection; and secondly, every new collection of old paintings forms a separate body, a novel combination, in examining which the amateur often finds a new light thrown upon circumstances which till then had perhaps been unnoticed or ill understood.

A decided relation may be traced between all the works of any peculiar branch of the art, and, when examined in connexion, they mutually elucidate each other. But how widely scattered are all the members of this glorious body! Who can presume to say he has seen even once all that deserves to be studied and remembered? And even supposing any individual to have been so fortunate, how, scattered as they are, can it be possible for his mind to retain a distinct and vivid impression of the whole? Each lover of art, therefore, feeling the impossibility of embracing more than a portion of the great united body formed by the old masters, would do well to fix upon some peculiar point, and thence to define, as clearly as may be, a circle comprising all that he has seen. I shall not myself attempt to conceal that when in the Musée at Paris, the Dresden Gallery frequently recurred to my mind; and this remembrance was most useful to me, especially in regard to Correggio, both collections being peculiarly rich in the works of this deep-souled painter — works which become intelligible only when viewed in connexion, and which are still as vividly present to my mind as though I had looked on them but yesterday. My acquaintance with the Dresden Gallery was also most valuable to me, in regard to Raphael; for the famous picture of the "Mother

of God" (Madonna di San Sisto), by that master, at Dresden, is alone far superior in merit to any which are to be seen in Paris.

Before proceeding further, I wish to give a brief explanation of my opinions on certain points; not so much, indeed, for your information, — my opinions generally, and especially on subjects connected with the arts, being already familiar to you, — but for others who may think this volume worthy an attentive perusal. This explanation will serve both to define the limits I shall assign to my observations, and to demonstrate the principles on which they will be founded.

I have little taste except for the earlier schools of Christian art, and to them my remarks must necessarily be confined. Of the French and the more recent Italian school, I shall say nothing; even in that of the Carracci, I rarely meet with compositions that fully develope and satisfy my ideas of the art, or seem entitled to peculiar notice. I have more than once examined attentively every picture in the Musée, and yet how many, notwithstanding my forced contemplation, are now entirely obliterated from my mind! The latest paintings that have power to touch my heart, and before which I willingly pause to meditate and admire, belong to this early school; for I must confess that I see nothing irresistibly attractive in the cold, and often studied, grace of Guido, nor am I captivated by the rose-and-lily-tinted carnations of Domenichino, unless these charms are made instrumental in revealing to the mind that deep truth of character and design which belongs to the more profound and fully developed works of these masters. If, after contemplating the modern French or Dutch productions, we return to the study of this school, its compositions appear nobly conceived and executed; if, on the contrary, we commence with the older Italian or Flemish masters, they lose all value and interest by the comparison.

I can give no opinion of the masters belonging to this comparatively later school, unless it be first conceded that, even in their time, the genius of painting had lost its early splendour. Titian, Correggio, Giulio Romano, Andrea del Sarto, Palma, and others of their class, are, in my opinion, the latest painters worthy of the name. It is true, nevertheless, that the gifts of genius are not restricted to any one epoch; nor must we

attempt to confine its influence within a *circle* of geometrical exactness. The history of art, on the contrary, like that of every free existence, has its irregularities; thus, we sometimes find, even among the ancient masters, paintings of but little value, and bearing but feeble indications of their genius, while, on the other hand, the productions of some later, and perhaps unknown artist, startle us occasionally by their near approach to all that is most perfect in conception and execution.*

Thus we shall find no confused groups, but a few individual figures, finished with such care and diligence as bespeak a just idea of the beauty and holiness of that most glorious of all hieroglyphic images, the human form; stern and serious figures, sharply outlined, and which seem starting from the canvas; no contrast of effect, produced by blending chiaroscuro and dark shadows (the brilliant reflection of light-illumined objects, thrown in to relieve the gloom of night), but pure masses of colour, laid on in distinct proportions — costumes and draperies which appear to belong to the figures, no less from their appropriate arrangement, than from their simplicity. But in the countenance — there, where the light of the painter's genius most gloriously reveals itself — every variety of expression, or, rather, the most complete individuality of features, is to be met with; yet each wearing a general aspect of childlike tenderness and simplicity, which I have always considered as the original characteristic of the human race. This is the style of the old masters, and though such an avowal may convict me of partiality, I must acknowledge that this style alone commands my unqualified admiration, unless the departure from it be justified by any important motive, as with Correggio, and other great painters, who were the first to practise that new manner which they bequeathed to their successors.

These preliminary observations will give interest to my subsequent remarks, as setting before your mind the point of view from which I examined these paintings. I now proceed

* We have a very pleasing instance of the truth of this assertion in the picture of "St. Justin," by Pordenone, in the collection at Vienna. This intelligent Venetian claims, on the whole, but a subordinate position in the second rank of Italian masters; yet, in that picture, he attains to a rare perfection in the highest points of artistic feeling and treatment.

to give a general description of them, beginning with those in the Grand Salon.

Among the most remarkable there, I number two pictures by Fra Bartolommeo, a master with whose works I had not before been acquainted (Nos. 28 and 29), "The Evangelist, St. Mark," sitting with the great Bible in his hand, and "Christ with the Four Evangelists." An intense spirituality, one might almost say a glowing fire of devotion, pervades both works, and penetrates to the inmost heart. Figures like that of St. Mark few are capable of conceiving, much less of painting. I do not hold this to be the true character of the art; and the still, sweet beauty of Giovanni Bellini or Perugino, claims a far higher rank, in my estimation. Yet Raphael himself disdained not to draw inspiration from the kindling fount of Fra Bartolommeo's genius; and is it not to this spirituality that many of his most glorious works owe their soul-stirring influence? On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the "Christ Teaching" (the size of life), of Bellini, at Berlin, is more holy and severe, and consequently more sublime and godlike, than that of Fra Bartolommeo. In the former we distinctly recognise Him who, though promulgating the holiest doctrines of love, yet came also to bring a sword into the world—Him, whose penetrating eye detects and pursues the enemy of all good, even in the deepest recesses of the human heart; while the picture of Fra Bartolommeo may as appropriately represent any other prophet. Still execution, figure, features, complexion, and hair—all, in the Fra Bartolommeo—have the general characteristics of ardour and inspiration.

There are no pictures on which I have gazed so long and so intently, as on the two allegorical paintings by Mantegna*,

* Les deux compositions allégoriques de Mantegna, qu'on voit à la galerie du Louvre, doivent appartenir à une époque de sa vie où son talent avait atteint toute la force et toute la maturité dont il était susceptible. Dans l'une on voit les neuf Muses, qu'Apollon fait danser au son de sa lyre; au dessus, Mars et Vénus, debout, avec des traits et dans des attitudes qui n'ont rien de commun avec le cynisme de la volupté païenne; d'un côté, Vulcain dans sa forge; de l'autre, Mercure avec Pégase, disposés de manière à former un contraste qui se rattache sans doute au groupe principal par un lien allégorique assez difficile à saisir. Quelques-unes des Muses sont d'une beauté ravissante, sans avoir été copiées sur des statues antiques (la Danse des Muses, par Jules Romain,

which form part of the original collection (Nos. 39 and 40.).

The first, representing the Muses dancing on a green lawn in the foreground, is a very remarkable composition. On the right of the spectator stands Mercury, holding the Pegasus, richly caparisoned. On the left of the dance, Apollo, playing on the lyre, seated on a block of stone, and above him, on the summit of a rock, Vulcan in his workshop, turning a threatening glance towards the highest centre of the picture, where Venus stands with the god Mars, near a couch, both facing the spectator, with Cupid at their side, who appears to direct towards Vulcan the fire of jealousy and rage. On each side of the little hill on which Mars and Venus seem enthroned, two rocks are introduced, forming the sides of the picture, and rich in allegorical figures and references, difficult to decipher. It seems, however, sufficiently clear, that the cliff which encloses the workshop of Vulcan, is designed to represent the mysteries of nature and the art of painting, while that near which Mercury stands with the Pegasus, separated from the other by the verdant lawn

est évidemment un emprunt fait à Mantegna), et la figure de Vénus, d'un type non moins original ni moins gracieux, sévère, et chaste, malgré sa nudité, prouve invinciblement que des imaginations chrétiennes pouvaient concevoir *le beau*, d'une manière indépendante, même en traitant des sujets profanes.

Dans le second tableau, qui représente une sorte de lutte entre le bon et le mauvais principe, le contraste est encore plus frappant que dans le premier, à cause des Génies infernaux et des Vices, dont les figures hideuses sont mises en opposition avec les figures célestes de la Foi, de l'Espérance, et de la Charité. L'homme qui a le plus vivement senti l'art chrétien dans les temps modernes, et qui portait dans ses jugements esthétiques toute la candeur d'une belle âme jointe aux lumières d'un beau génie, Frédéric Schlegel, qui visita le Louvre dans le temps où, par un brutal abus du droit de conquête, une multitude de chefs-d'œuvre de toutes les écoles Italiennes y avaient été récemment accumulés, ne craignait pas d'avouer, au risque de passer pour un barbare, que ces deux ouvrages allégoriques de Mantegna étaient, dans cette immense collection, ceux devant lesquels il s'arrêtait le plus souvent et le plus longtemps (vor keinem Gemählde, &c.); et le dernier subjugait tellement son imagination, par son sens profond et par son caractère grandiose, que le seul digne éloge qu'il croyait pouvoir en faire était de le comparer avec les sublimes allégories de la Divina Commedia du Dante. — *De la Poésie chrétienne, Forme de l'Art Peinture*, par A. F. Rio, chap. x. p. 450.

encircling it, may image to the mind the glowing spring of poetry and imagination.

The colouring is almost glaring, and the figures, as may be anticipated from this master, simple and severe. Venus, and a few of the Muses, are incomparably, divinely beautiful. Giulio Romano, in his painting of the "Muses Dancing," has evidently borrowed from this picture of Mantegna.* A bacchante-like figure, with flowing hair, bounds forward in the lightest and most graceful attitude; and several of the more heroic muses, of whom we have only either a back or side view, are of majestic proportions. In the centre stands one, looking towards the spectator — a most glorious face, yet austere and melancholy; indeed, we feel that a sorrowful expression pervades every countenance in the picture. The allegory is simple, and easily understood, nor by any means so unusual as that in its companion piece.

In the latter†, holy women, armed or carrying torches, and attended by angels, are represented driving the personified vices before them into a sea, which occupies the foreground of the picture. On the left, we discover the Tree of Life, on the trunk of which is faintly traced the resemblance of a female form. In the clouds, on the right side of the picture, are the heathen virtues, Justice, Courage, Temperance, returning again to earth. The action is confined to the shore of the sea before mentioned, amid shady walks surrounding the Tree of Life, and bowers through which we catch glimpses of the background; the same scene is there repeated and continued, representing the deformed vices, hunted and pursued by every purer existence. This allegory is by no means obscure.

The principal personages are undoubtedly intended to represent, under female forms, the priestesses of the good principle, Hope, Love, and the uprightness of Christian faith; that there should be among them many forms of exquisite beauty, is no more than we anticipate from this master; but the misshapen hideousness and fearful deformity of

* See note, *antè*, p. 7.

† On a scroll attached to a laurel on the right of the picture is a Latin legend, explaining the allegory, translated in the French catalogue for 1816. "Déesses, compagnes des vertus céiestes, qui reviennent parmi nous, chassez ces monstres dégoûtans, pères des vices." — *Note by Trans.*

the beings personifying the different vices, is most surprising and remarkable. Many of them bear their names traced on their foreheads, as Ignorance, Ingratitude, Indolence, &c.; the last named is represented without arms, and so are many other shapeless forms, thrown together, as it were, at random. The air is filled with evil spirits, winged children with bodies like bats, and other loathsome creatures. I cannot better describe the whole scené than by comparing it to the allegorical descriptions of hell in Dante's Inferno. Here we have palpable evidence of a master whose whole soul was fraught with images of ideal beauty, yet intentionally depicting ugliness when it became a necessary element of that strife between the principles of good and evil, to exhibit which was the paramount design of the old masters.

If we compare these works with the famous "Madonna della Vittoria," by the same master, we are wonderfully struck with the beauty, gentleness, and benevolence of the latter. Indeed, so widely different are they in this respect, that they have been supposed to belong to different epochs: the latter may possibly be an intentional imitation of the style of some young and graceful master; the former certainly more resemble the beautiful manner of Bellini.

A few general observations may be made on both these masters. How beautifully, when the allegory permits, does Mantegna multiply the reflection of the eternal harmonies in a thousand allegorical forms of joy and rapture; and yet, when his subject demands it, imparts an intense expression of sad and bitter feeling, which, by its striking contrast with the former, illustrates the strife between good and evil. The paintings of Fra Bartolommeo are, in the strictest sense of the word, ecclesiastical paintings; and show clearly how, at a period when the idea of religion was a living principle in every heart, the inspiration of devotion alone sufficed to give success to the efforts of the painter. In later times, when religious sentiments had ceased to have the same influence, the artist was compelled to borrow other charms; and, no longer impressed with the full power of his subject, found the constraint of the theme, and the limits within which he was necessarily confined, doubly irksome. The composition frequently became, in consequence, either forced or trifling; at the best, cold. both in design and execution.

Some magnificent paintings by Titian are in the Grand Salon. The largest and most beautiful is No. 68. (San Pietro Martire); the subject, two holy men, overtaken and murdered by robbers. Above them is a single angel, holding in his hand the martyr's crown of palm. This painting owes its peculiar charm to the beauty of the sky and the landscape; and still more, perhaps, to the vivid impression of reality which it conveys. We seem actually to gaze upon the scene, and were such a landscape indeed before our eyes, we should exclaim, "How like a painting! What a picture!"

Titian so seizes and depicts the human figure in his portraits, that they seem starting into life, and have a far nobler expression than we usually meet with in the works of modern times. He undoubtedly stands alone in this style, for both Holbein and Leonardo have treated their portraits very differently. I am much inclined to consider this predilection for what strikes the eye with a vivid impression of reality, as the peculiar characteristic of Titian's style. You know how I once attempted to make Correggio's manner more intelligible, by characterising him as a *musical painter*. How natural is it to suppose that the genius of different arts may sometimes be disposed to unite in one, associating and blending in close affinity! We wish neither to praise nor blame this too hastily; enough that it is so, and our endeavour should therefore be to discover and trace this peculiarity, and above all things to employ its aid in understanding the conceptions of the painter, and the expression he actually designed to convey. Whether we consider painters who have what may be termed a musical expression, or others, whose manner partakes more of the character of sculpture, or even of architecture, I see no reason why, if a painter's genius lead him to select one style in preference to others, he may not, without diverging into all the peculiarities of another art, so associate them with his own as to heighten its expression by concentrating the characteristic features of both.

To Titian, however, these remarks do but partially apply; his inclination being rather for what most vividly strikes the eye, we may bestow upon him the appellation of a theatrical or dramatic painter. But this intention ought clearly to be understood, and every accessory notion, which might otherwise appear forced or unnaturally exaggerated, attributed to

this desire of bringing the whole scene vividly before the imagination. The remark is certainly applicable to the later manner of this master, and to the large picture before mentioned. Two paintings of the "Madonna and Child," (Nos. 71 and 72.), of the old collection, belong unquestionably to an earlier period, and are, in my opinion, infinitely more pleasing. A "Deposition from the Cross," in the Long Gallery (No. 941.), reminds me of the quick-handed Paul Veronese. Both the small paintings are far more serene, child-like, and modest, and not so theatrical as his later style. Reality here appears to have been the painter's chief aim, and though more lofty in conception as well as in treatment, it might, in this respect, be compared with the Flemish pictures of domestic life; in other points, however, it is widely different. A "Crowning with Thorns," in the Long Gallery (No. 940.), is painted in the same style, but with more regard to effect.

I have described these pictures here, being unwilling to break the connexion between them. I shall, however, pass over the portraits mentioned in the catalogue of the Grand Salon, as well as the works of Raphael there exhibited, in order to treat of the whole in common.

I have remarked that many painters, especially among those belonging to a later epoch of the old schools, decline sensibly in idea and design, although equally, or perhaps even more, successful in the mechanical portion of their art, and the command of materials. Still, the vigour and strength of their conceptions, and the grace and harmony of their style, being sensibly impoverished and diminished. the original strength and purity of their genius can be recognised in their early compositions alone. This difference is in none more strikingly apparent than in Titian.

In the apartment appropriated to paintings intended to be repaired and restored, I found a beautiful work of Titian's, in his earliest manner, and on the same reduced scale as the before-mentioned Madonnas. The subject is a landscape, with figures—naked women and a few men sitting on the ground, playing upon musical instruments. The execution is very fine, but the figures of the women are large—almost clumsy. I was here led to remark a very general peculiarity in this master; his predilection for glowing carnations, does not tend, like that of Correggio, to render the flesh more

transparent, and to diffuse throughout the whole an expression of voluptuous delight: he rather seeks by the intensity, strength, and incomparable purity of his colouring, to fill and satiate the eye. The aim at transparency, on the contrary, tends invariably to confuse the painter's idea of true colouring, and leads him to sully the original pure tint of the flesh by the intermixture of blue, red, or greenish shadows.

My opinion of Titian, though formed after the study of all these excellent works, would have been far from correct, had I not learned a more just appreciation of his merits from a "Head of Christ," which has long hung in the Grand Salon, though it is not named in the catalogue. The colouring of this head is so pure, so exquisite, that it alone fully justifies all the eulogiums bestowed upon Titian.

It is treated as a portrait, and for this reason, perhaps, too strongly marked with the Jewish character. Still, it is almost as severe in outline and expression as the Christ of Bellini, at Dresden; the penetrating black eyes especially. The head is in profile. The hand upraised to bless and distinguished by the symbol of the Trinity, and the soft halo round the head, remind us of the highest and holiest attributes of the *God-man*, of whom, indeed, this representation is in every respect most worthy. The clear sky in the background, the bold dark blue, and brilliant crimson of the mantle, the black hair and beard, and clear olive complexion, render the whole a masterpiece of symbolic colouring.

There are many remarkable points in a "Deposition from the Cross," by Andrea del Sarto, and two dramatic pictures, by the same master, from the story of Joseph.

I call them *dramatic* pictures, because, as is frequently the case with the old masters, each represents many different periods of the same history, so that the same personages are presented to our view, perhaps four or five times, in various scenes and situations. The subjects are all, however, on a small scale, and the figures in the background, though somewhat lessened in proportions, differ very little from the others.

A picture by Palma Vecchio (No. 43.), is incomparably more charming, and displays far greater depth of imagination. The subject is a shepherd praying to the infant Christ. It is impossible to describe the vivid impression of truth and

reality given by the figure of this shepherd. He is all supplication, devotion, and fervour. His dress remarkably poor and simple, but the countenance noble beyond expression.

A splendid painting by Giulio Romano, "The Circumcision of the Infant Christ" (No. 25.), attracted my attention, and seems worthy of notice.

A throng of men, many of them distinguished by personal beauty, and all joyous, or at least calm and happy, are assembled in a richly adorned and splendid temple. I doubt whether the severer taste of the early masters would have approved the choice of such an assemblage on such an occasion. But the peculiar bias of these Romish painters, I mean the predilection for heathen pomp and splendour which so absolutely governed their lofty imaginations, is in this painting beautifully and effectively exemplified. I trace the same character, though more resplendent in its triumphant fulness of life and joy, in the cartoons for tapestry, exhibited in the Salon of Designs, and a very close resemblance also in the tapestry after Raphael, which we have so often studied together at Dresden. Tapestry, from the same designs, is, as you know, here also, in the Church of St. Roch, which was hung with it on the festival of that saint, but I saw it for so short a time that I cannot venture to give any description of it. Tapestries similar to all those we have at Dresden, are to be seen here; in some parts far better rendered, in some, however, far worse: besides these, there are several here exhibited not now in existence there, all treated in the same manner, but not all equally beautiful. Did not both Raphael and Giulio Romano draw their inspiration from the same source? or rather, as the master may occasionally have allowed himself intentionally to imitate the manner of his pupil, so the highest praise we can award to the most successful efforts of Giulio Romano's genius is, that we recognise in them the style and character of his master.

This appears to agree with the known character of Raphael, who, with surprising versatility, united in his compositions the most opposite styles and manners; while by a beauty of form, a delicious grace and inspiration, peculiar to himself, he endowed them with new and unwonted charms of soul and expression. This remark applies equally to the very earliest epoch in his paintings, at which time they are scarcely to be distinguished from those of his master Perugino, and

to the later, when he was in some measure influenced by the dangerous example of Michelangelo. A predilection for the abundant life and magnificence of the old heathen times, which Giulio Romano frequently seeks to introduce into the representation of Christian events, is, in this painting, strikingly apparent, both in the group surrounding the infant Christ, and the gorgeous temple in which the scene is laid. I think also that I recognise the same inclination in the "Holy Family" (No. 36.): indeed, my own feelings and impressions would leave me no doubt as to the painter, even were there not other and historical grounds which have induced critics to assign the picture (as is mentioned in the catalogue) to Raphael or one of his scholars.

In describing the paintings in the Long Gallery, I shall no longer mention each one singly, as I have hitherto done, but, to avoid wearying and confusing you with a multitude of unconnected descriptions, arrange all under a few general heads; as, for example, the master, the style, the school, or nation, to which they belong: or by some other general points of resemblance.

I begin with Correggio, whose paintings it cost me a long and earnest study to comprehend. Even this difficulty may in itself have proved an additional attraction, for I must acknowledge that I have always felt a peculiar preference for his works, and that, under certain restrictions, I am disposed to consider him entitled to a very high rank among the masters of his time. I am aware that many intelligent artists, educated in Rome, are of a different opinion, and blame this master not a little, because his compositions do not harmonise with their ideas of correctness of design and ideal forms. I should attach more importance to their opinion, had I not observed that the critics themselves rarely penetrate the whole deep meaning of the painter; nay, are frequently quite ignorant of it, having never given themselves time to examine his works in connexion. I must first insist on his being studied and *understood*: the rest will soon follow. And it ought to be easy, since these designs are most deeply imbued with what constitutes the vital spirit, the predominant idea of the old Italian schools: yet, on the contrary, designs and forms, correct and noble in their appropriate application and connexion, are, by merely superficial observers, made the grounds for censure of this great master.

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It must, in the first place, be remembered that it is impossible to comprehend Correggio's paintings, except in their mutual relation and connexion; many of them reciprocally explaining each other, and some even bearing direct reference to others among his compositions.

In the Dresden Gallery the finest works of this master are collected, and it consequently becomes comparatively easy to study and comprehend him; yet the treasures of the Parisian Museum afford a rich supplement to those at Dresden, and the examination of them has confirmed me beyond all doubt in the opinions which I had there formed and believed to be correct.

Correggio has not only, like Leonardo, given to all his countenances the same delicious smile, he frequently even repeats the same entire countenance in different paintings, which cannot fail to be recognised, and even to startle us by the strongest marks of identity. This is the case in the "Martyrdom of St. Placidio and Santa Flavia" (No. 758.). The countenance of the latter is precisely similar to that of the old man in the celebrated "Notte,"* although he is undoubtedly ugly rather than beautiful. The angel in the "Repose," or "Flight into Egypt" (No. 754.), closely resembles one of those by the side of the Madonna, in the "St. Sebastian" at Dresden. In (No. 756.) the "Marriage of St. Katherine and the Infant Christ," the countenance of that saint, and also that of the Magdalene in the "St. Jerome" (No. 753.), remind us of the Madonna in the "St. George" at Dresden, who smiles so delightfully, and almost gaily; not to mention many other instances in which, though the resemblance may not be quite so vivid, we trace such an undoubted similarity of outline, that they may justly be compared to musical variations on one same melody or theme. You will find at Dresden many pictures which fully justify my assertion, though, in a distant country, and after so long an absence, I cannot venture to particularise them.

As there are poets whose poems are evidently linked one with another, and which, notwithstanding the greatest variety of outward form and materials, yet betray an intentional relation to each other, so that all appear designed to

* La Nativité de Notre Seigneur ou l'Adoration des Bergers. Gal. de Dresde; Catalogue 1782.

work out the same principles, and might even be considered as forming only one poem; as they continually present to us, in varied situations, the same few characters, which are all marked by a strong family resemblance, and seem less to unfold the riches of their poetic fancy in the theme, which is often very simple, than in their numerous variations on it; — so it is with the paintings of Correggio. His figures are to him what melody is to the musician, who, by the simplest chords, unlocks a world of deep and thrilling melody. Yet, however narrow may be the circle of his images, however uniform the manner of their treatment, they never fail to communicate to the imagination such an overflowing abundance of feeling and thought, as genius alone has the power to awaken.

The figures and grouping, which other painters often make their chief object, are to Correggio only the means to be employed in conveying the intention of the whole; they are the leading harmonies of the strain, — the words or syllables of the poem. His paintings are all allegorical, or, if this term seem too vague, too undefined to be applied to his varied compositions, I should rather say that allegory is the vital principle, the characteristic feature of all: and truly one kind of allegory alone pervades the whole, the object of which is to portray the strife and combat between the principles of good and evil. We cannot, therefore, compare it with that commonplace allegory which is embodied in the designs and inculcated in the works of modern painters; that sort of allegory, I mean (if, indeed, it be worthy of the name), which, far from opening to the mind revealings of the eternal and invisible, merely presents to the senses abstract, and at the same time contracted, and precise ideas, under the garb of symbols or hieroglyphics. You will at once perceive that it is not to such allegory as this that my observations can apply.

The most striking instance of allegorical design is to be found in the famous "Notte;" and by considering the composition under this light, we are enabled to understand the intention of some peculiarities in it, which must otherwise excite the greatest surprise; I mean the fact that a painter who loves and luxuriates in objects of beauty and delight, should nevertheless have imagined and portrayed forms so

hideous as those of the old man and the aged shepherd, in the left foreground of that picture; but he wished to attract all eyes to the blessed child born for the salvation of mankind, and shining with pure and holy light on the darkness of a ruined world. In order the more forcibly to work out this idea, the single ray of light which illumines the picture, is made to emanate from the body of the Saviour; nor is it thus introduced without profound thought and meditation, and with a far higher design in view than merely to excite astonishment and admiration of the painter's wonderful skill in the management of lights and chiaroscuro. Considering the subject in this point of view, what could be more finely imagined, than instead of leaving the glory of the divine appearance to be reflected back by the beauty and radiance of a few lovely and joyous forms alone, to call to mind the guilt and darkness of this degraded and ruined earthly world, and its deep need of a redeeming light, by contrasting that glorious beauty with other and earthborn images of pain and suffering? And we cannot but extol the just judgment which prompted him even to exaggerate these features beyond their ordinary degree. This has evidently been the chief design and object of the painter; but it may well be difficult for those, in whose hearts the idea of religion is so strange a guest, that they have never thought of summoning her to the assistance of their fancy, to unravel and enter into the designs of the old masters. Every idea expressed in the celebrated "Notte" of Correggio, is most harmonious and natural, and can scarcely fail to lead the mind above, where the countenance of Christ shines in glorious beauty over all. The design and intention in the two large altar-pieces at Dresden, the "St. George" and the "St. Sebastian," wander much further from the usual track of Correggio's compositions. In the first, the blessed Virgin wears an expression of loveliness and benevolence which seems almost childlike in its simple truth. All in the glowing heaven speaks of joy, gladness, and brightness; for this reason the landscape and the colouring are both so brilliant and transparent, and for the same reason, probably, the picture is encircled by glowing fruits and wreaths of the loveliest flowers. In this painting an artist may discover the true value and appropriate employment of flower-pieces, which, when torn from their place as harmonious elements in the organisation and

combination of some grand composition, lose all signification, and appear but an inferior branch of art. The attempt to form a separate work out of materials which are really valuable only when, by judicious association, they heighten the effect of a perfect composition, must infallibly rob them both of dignity and signification. The most charming features in the "St. George," are, the body of the child in the foreground, the smile of Mary, and the heavenly countenance of St. John. Here, again, we trace a similitude to that chord in music which forms the basis of a melody. It cannot be denied that Correggio, as a painter, abounds with exquisite touches, and though even these may, to prejudiced minds, appear to afford grounds for censure rather than commendation, yet I am well convinced that they intrinsically belong to the before-mentioned peculiarities of his style; I mean, the musical arrangement of his ideas and his predilection for allegory. And farther, these brilliant touches, far from being on any occasion introduced by hazard, are, on the contrary, deeply considered, and not merely the offspring of a love of beauty and beautiful forms, but are each the working out of some principle, heightening and making more intelligible the deep individual feeling of the whole. Joyous, and beaming with benevolent affection, as is this picture of Correggio's, even here, both in the body of St. George and in other parts of the picture, we trace the influence of that idea, which either palpably governs, or at least is dimly shadowed forth in every composition of this great master, — the setting forth in most striking colours the struggle and conflict between the powers of good and evil. It is true that we are not here, as in the "Notte," startled by the fearful contrast between heavenly light and beauty on the one hand, and the darkest deformity on the other; every feature of the latter is, on the contrary, softened and almost subdued; the evil principle seems almost overpowered, and the good triumphantly ascendant. This contrast is much more apparent in the "St. Sebastian," in which the mother of God, as if the glory surrounding her were intended to suggest a comparison with her own, is represented in the shining beams of the sun, like a scriptural symbol of the true faith of eternal love: and why should it be questioned that the painter, considering darkness and light as au-

thorized emblems of good and evil, expressed the existence of the former by nobing each countenance in light, its appropriate scriptural and ecclesiastical symbol.*

We trace so remarkable an affinity between each of the three large church paintings of Correggio, that to assign them to very distant periods of time, or to separate them from the great body of paintings just noticed, I can hardly think to be correct; for, notwithstanding the diversity of their subjects, the same peculiar characteristics run through them all, and, like different parts or cantos of the same poem, they are perfect in signification and beauty only when combined. In fact, these three pictures, the "Notte," "St. George," and "St. Sebastian," may each be called the key to some peculiarity in Correggio's second manner. The divine painting at Dresden, which represents St. John the Baptist and the blessed St. Francis, belongs unquestionably to an

* There is no subject in which the contrast between light and darkness, and the influence of the good and evil principle, can be so expressively brought forward as in that of the "Last Judgment," where the fiend-like rage and despair of the accursed on the one side, and the heavenly radiance of the blessed on the other, afford full scope for developing the most powerful elements of this conflict.

This subject has, therefore, been from the earliest period a favourite with the old masters, and is one of the most frequent primitive representations of Christian art.

Long before Michelangelo's gigantic representation of the "Day of Judgment" threw his contemporaries, and the world of art itself, into astonishment, the meditative Angelico, in the modest infancy of the art, had in several of his little pictures attempted to depict the judgment of the Lord in his own pious manner, and within the narrow limits of a few square feet: and though the figures of the damned give evidence, that to represent these successfully did not lie within the sphere of his genius, yet, in the choirs of the blessed, on the contrary, a most heavenly imagination is discoverable, whether we see them, as most commonly represented, forming groups with the angels, or in their reunion with those loved ones from whom they had on earth been separated.

The expression of the Redeemer's countenance, also, is incomparably more correct than in the same subject as designed by the later and greater master, Michelangelo, who too often allows himself to be betrayed into a theatrical style and expression. The legend of Cyril and Methodius sufficiently proves the antiquity of this subject in the Christian world. Being engaged in an attempt to convert the King of Bulgaria and other Sclavonian nations of that country, they are said to have employed a painting of the Last Judgment, in order the more clearly to exhibit to these pagan nations the heavenly rewards of the good, and the eternal damnation of the wicked.

earlier period, and deserves to be mentioned before any of this master's compositions — at least, in his later manner — and more nearly approaches the style of the early masters. Each of the three paintings I have named, indicates some peculiarity of Correggio's manner, and the Musée at Paris affords a rich illustration of this opinion.

The pictures which first attracted my notice in this collection are two, of small dimensions, and in them the strong contrasts with which Correggio is usually reproached are scarcely perceptible; the first picture representing simple happiness in its most radiant form, and the second an unparalleled excess of misery. The subject of the first, is the "Marriage of St. Katherine to the Infant Jesus." Behind the saint stands St. Sebastian, his countenance turned directly towards the spectator, and radiant with joy. Little more can be said of this picture, in which the smiling grace for which Correggio is so remarkable, is exalted and refined into almost unsullied beauty. A group of small figures is just discernible in the background, and, from the subject, it appears designed to represent the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, while a similar group, still more difficult to decipher, is probably intended for that of St. Katherine; but the background of this picture is so dark, that it is difficult, without the closest inspection, to distinguish either group. This picture, though a half-length only, is one of the most generally admired of all Correggio's compositions; its bright, cloudless beauty attracting the attention even of those who cannot enter into the deeper intention of this master's designs. In my opinion, however, the second painting is by far the most profoundly imagined. The subject is a "Deposition from the Cross," and it has been much censured, both by artists and the public, who, though guided by feeling and impulse alone, yet frequently form correct opinions. It is alleged that the figures forming the group assembled round our Saviour's body, are, many of them, decidedly ugly, and others, though noble in form, are placed in unquestionably awkward attitudes. But surely this objection is most superficial. How can the agony of intense grief be otherwise or more appropriately expressed? And is not such grief as the painter here designed to portray far beyond any sorrow we have ever known? If he strips the mourners of all that beauty with which he might

so easily have invested them, it is only because, in his wisdom, he sees fit to lavish *all* on the body of the Redeemer. Many of those whom I have led to study this picture, though at first sight shocked, and almost appalled, have been obliged to confess that the body of the Redeemer is unspeakably lovely — indeed, it could scarcely have been rendered more so ; still it is but a corpse — a corpse both in form and position ; instinct, nevertheless, with beauty and melancholy grace — a living picture of death in its loveliest form. Is there not far more truth and ideality in a conception such as this, than in the ordinary practice of painters, who, while the body of Christ becomes beneath their hand an object of horror, and even aversion, contrast with it some kneeling Magdalene, graceful and beautiful in her softly flowing tears, yet on whose features the pang of anguish, the real bitterness of grief, has left no trace? Even Andrea del Sarto's design on the same subject appears, by its side, superficial and commonplace. It were scarcely just, however, to follow up this comparison to the disadvantage of so meritorious a painter as Andrea: for the one true idea of the subject has been so completely appropriated and developed by Correggio, that every other conception must be regarded with indifference, if not with dissatisfaction.

Two other church pictures, by the same master, here exhibited, afford much scope for reflection, especially the "Repose,"* in the "Flight into Egypt." The mother is, with a shell, dipping water from a gushing spring ; the father gathering fruit from a palm tree ; for which the child, or rather boy, extends his hand, though at the same time waiting to drink from the shell held by his mother : his hand raised, as in the act of blessing, displays the usual symbol of the Trinity.

The clouds in this picture have been censured as too heavy and massive ; yet, their being so, is doubtless the intention of the painter. Amid the branches of the tree from which the father is gathering fruit, angels are hovering ; and the clustering leaves and stems, thick and interwoven, blend with the heavy clouds, and thus crowd the upper part of the picture, which appears enclosed as if in a frame. Although it cannot be doubted that the painter had some design in this disposition, the result of my meditations on the subject is not

* Madonna della Scodella. Now in the gallery of Parma.

sufficiently satisfactory to allow me to attempt an explanation. The indecision expressed in the countenance of the child, as he hesitates whether to accept first the fruit or the water about to be offered him, and the introduction of the symbol of the Trinity, are so much the more remarkable, because not seen in the original sketch of this composition, which is preserved in the Salon of Designs, and in which I observed several other variations: the child in the first design appears much older, and more formed.

There are two other small paintings, in water-colours, by the same master (Nos. 64*a* and 64*b*.): one represents the "Triumph of Virtue," the wicked lying bound beneath her feet, while an attendant spirit places a crown upon her head. On the right of these figures (the spectator's left), are seen the heathen virtues, Justice, Courage, and others, with their attributes; opposite to them is a heavenly figure, leaning on the globe, and pointing to a spot which is illumined by a ray from above, seeming to indicate that *there* the light of the world, the Holy Child Jesus, was born. Under the globe, and at the feet of Virtue, lies a beast with the head of a dog, or, perhaps, a wolf; it has fins and scales like a fish, and in parts resembles various other animals. The posture of this beast, and the grouping of the whole, is wonderfully incorrect and confused, and the drapery, moreover, of the reclining figure, seems so disposed as intentionally to increase the confusion; a part of the strangely-formed animal below is hidden by, or rather seems absorbed into, the circumference of the globe itself. It would be scarcely possible for me to make my description of this picture more intelligible, than the composition itself. None of the many artists and connoisseurs whom I have led to examine it, have ever succeeded in unravelling its apparent confusion, or deciphering its meaning; yet I think we may conclude, without any undue deference to this enlightened master, that even this confusion has its design, and is in some way indicative of the struggle between virtue and vice.

I now return to the church pictures. The most striking feature in the St. Jerome*, is the loveliness of the Magda-

* "Il Giorno." Now in the gallery of Parma. It is called "the Day," in opposition to the famous "*Notte* or the *Night*;" the St. Jerome being as remarkable for its joyous brightness as the "Notte" is for

lene. She is represented bending forward to kiss the foot of the holy child, and her lips, her soft round cheek, and flowing hair, in which the child's little hand is half hidden, form a most exquisite picture: nothing, indeed, can be conceived more pure and fascinating than the love, tenderness, and devotion which invest this beautiful figure.

Another painting — the Antiope — contrasts strikingly with the former, and affords an example of the more glowing and earthly character of Correggio's second manner: it is the only composition on a mythological subject here exhibited. We remark a striking difference in the treatment of this picture, and in those drawn from Christian subjects; in the latter, even when designed to exhibit earthly beauty and laughing loveliness, both are frequently veiled and almost hidden, in order the better to harmonise with the general design of the allegory. It was, however, so completely the character of Correggio's genius to embody the governing principle of whatever subject he selected, that in this mythological composition, his manner is entirely different. We have no reason to suppose his researches into ancient lore to have been more profound than those of his contemporaries, and he therefore discovered no higher object in the voluptuous fables of the ancients than the representation of natural beauty in all its unveiled luxuriance. Consequently he depicts his Antiope as a lovely woman, lying in smiling slumber, dazzling the eyes of the beholder with the joy-intoxicating spectacle of her growing charms: at her feet is a sleeping Cupid.

It is very difficult to obtain a good view of this picture, and, after various trials, I am convinced that it requires to be hung so low as to be, at least, on a level with the eye — perhaps even lower.

We know that Correggio was remarkably happy in designing his church pictures in such a manner that their effect is heightened by being looked at from below; and it is not impossible that the Antiope may have been designed with a contrary intention; perhaps at the desire of some rich patron, who wished it fitted for a particular place or destination in his house.

gloom. Kügler says, p. 345., "The pure light of day is diffused over the picture; the figures seem surrounded as it were by ethereal light." Kügler calls it "St. Jerome, or the Day."

I must at length bid adieu to Correggio, on whom I have dwelt so long and assiduously, not because I consider him a model of correctness, but hoping, from his example, to prove both to artists and amateurs that the conceptions and manner of the old masters differ so widely from our own as to render it impossible to form an opinion of their merit by comparison with our established notions of ideal and antique beauty. I now proceed to notice another order of painters, whom I may style the heroic artists of their times, not only from the severe and antique character of their genius, but more still from the profundity of their designs, the universality and unearthliness of their expression; their colouring combining with the whole in musical and celestial harmony, communicates to the gazer's heart a rapturous sensation, yet tempered and subdued into the most soothing tranquillity. Their genius has thus created for them an enduring monument, in which the noblest efforts of creative art and the loftiest ideas are united in surpassing grace and symmetry, while the lavish richness and triumphant luxuriance of the existence they depict, fill the eye and heart with wonder and delight.

I shall first notice Leonardo da Vinci, whose manner approximates so nearly to that of Correggio, that the consideration of their respective compositions is alone sufficient to induce the belief that Correggio probably studied with and after Leonardo.

Indeed, both are equally severe in their outlines; the governing idea of strife between the good and evil principle is in both equally apparent, and the development of each individual portion of the design as subjectively* true: the

* In considering the productions of human genius, the Germans always carefully distinguish between the objects or materials on which the mind works, and the manifestation of the individual mind in treating them. The general term "object" for the first, would be intelligible enough in our language; on the other hand, the word *subject*, which the Germans restrict to the *observer*, to the *individual*, is less appropriate in English without some explanation. In the German sense the *subject* is the human being, the *object* all that is without him. When the tone or tendencies of the individual mind very perceptibly modify the nature of the materials with which it has to deal, this is called a *subjective* mode of conception or treatment. When, on the other hand, the character of the individual is comparatively passive, and that of the *object* chiefly apparent, this is called an *objective* mode. — *Note to Kügler*, vol. i. (or Book iii.), p. 41., *Translation*.

very smile, indeed, which is so characteristic of Correggio, appears in every countenance of Leonardo, while all are marked by the same strong resemblance, till the effect, in some instances, is almost monotonous; like a poet who, to each individual in the narrow circle of characters which he describes, imparts some striking similarity of mind or feeling. It may be worthy of remark, that the portrait of Leonardo himself (No. 170.), in the Salon of Designs, has the very same features which we recognise in so many of his compositions: the same half-closed eyes and the characteristic smile upon the lips.

It is a still more remarkable fact, that the same uniformity is observable in the paintings of his scholars, especially the Luini,—and what master ever formed scholars more closely resembling, or more worthy of himself, than these? Correggio also considered the lovely expression of a pure rejoicing soul—which, like a strain of music, breathes from all Leonardo's portraits—a vital element of the art; an opinion which he may perhaps have imbibed unconsciously, but which eventually became no less the base and principle of his painting than if originating in an individual peculiarity. In no picture is this manner more strikingly evident than in the "Holy Family" of Leonardo. The infant St. John holds a lamb, and the Saviour is stretching forth his hand to take a pair of scales offered by St. Michael, who is represented kneeling before him, robed in white garments. The face of the blessed Virgin might, with little or no alteration, be taken for that of a youthful Christ, as that of the "Saviour in the Temple," * by the same master, seems equally fitted for a Madonna. The painter appears to have formed his ideal of the Divinity as combining in one form the closest possible union between serious womanhood and masculine adolescence.

I say his ideal, for what can be more properly called ideality than the harmonious combination of opposite and distinct elements? The mere perfection of contour and proportion in a half-length, which even in sculpture afford a negative clue to individual beauty, and which it is scarcely possible to generalise in painting, is not what I would be understood to mean by this expression. Leonardo appears to me to have

* "Christ arguing with the Pharisees," in the National Gallery.

formed a much grander and far more noble conception of the mother of God, in a little half-length, smaller than life-size (No. 922.), which, from its perfect execution, may well deserve to hold the first place in our summary. In it we see blended the colouring of Correggio and his softness in the treatment of lights and shadows, with the individual decision and accuracy which characterise the serious Florentine. It contains only two figures, the mother and child; and though under the size of life, no colossal painting could possibly be more grand in design or more powerful in execution. The head and lofty brow of the Madonna are stamped with God-like majesty; yet, as she bends forward in earnest beauty, gazing fondly on her child, we might compare her to some lofty rock, dispensing its friendly shade in calm consciousness of power; the abundance of her waving tresses flowing down stream-like on all sides, and covering her shoulders, harmonises completely with this idea. The bosom is partially visible above the drapery. The mother's attitude, and the position of the child on her knees, is most artistic and picturesque. The painter has, indeed, produced a rare combination of power and loveliness. The background represents the calm surface of the sea, motionless and uniform, with a hill or town in the distance, rising gently above the waves. The infant Christ has in his hand a tiny cross, on which he seems to gaze with affection; yet is he completely a child, and I even fancy I have noticed in children the same calm, meditative expression. The stem of the cross alone breaks the calm monotony of the background, the most remarkable feature in which, is its complete repose and tranquillity. The idea of the holy child appears to me strikingly correct and true. I have never seen any composition in which it is so completely and beautifully embodied. In Raphael's fine picture at Dresden the infant Christ is certainly beautiful, nay divine; yet might his divinity as well belong to some pagan god, an infant Jupiter for instance, as the blessed Jesus. In the "Madonna della Sedia," also, we have a hero-boy, though as such wonderfully beautiful, it is true, in quiet consciousness of power, yet nestling with childlike fondness near his mother, and playing with his feet.

This little picture of Leonardo's may convince the painter that quiet majesty of thought and expression, impart colossal

grandeur of outline even to paintings of the smallest dimensions.

I know not whether I have succeeded in imparting to you a just idea of the beauties of this composition; yet were I to attempt a more enlarged description, I should, I fear, be led to clothe my ideas in the garb and language of poetry; yet I know not whether this would not in many instances be the best and most natural method of describing any peculiarly beautiful painting or other work of art. For surely whatever seizes the imagination and leaves a powerful impression on the mind, may claim kindred with that wonderful organisation which we term poetical; and whether our thoughts be awakened, and our hearts touched, by the simple representation of outward forms, the melody of verse, or the more thrilling charm of music, is not the moving principle the same? It is true the outward form alone is comparatively immaterial, the mind readily accommodating itself to imaginary circumstances, and the necessary details connected with them, which are presented to the eye; and when familiarised with the general outline, we seek chiefly to realise the full force of the idea they are intended to convey, a perfect conception of the painter's meaning, unencumbered by any material medium, breaks upon the mind, and the whole picture, as if vivified by our intense contemplation, starts into life under a new and varied aspect.

A "Holy Family" by Luini (No. 860.), and an "Herodias" by Solari (No. 896.), both the works of pupils of Leonardo, are very excellent; being not only designed and treated in his manner, but finished with all his peculiar distinctness and precision. The "Herodias" far surpasses that at Dresden, which must be attributed to one of Leonardo's least meritorious scholars; but the "Holy Family" far excels it in beauty, and some touches in it would not shame even the master's hand.

It is thus that the high-souled master, instead of exhausting the power of his genius in isolated works, however diligently studied and appropriately handled, perpetuates his memory by the formation of a school, which shall bequeath to posterity the nature and principles of his peculiar style. And while this impenetrable exterior may often conceal a nature sensitive even to wilfulness, a heart alive to the most delicate feelings, so when once it breaks through its outward

apparent coldness and formality, it affects us the more seriously and strongly. From this cause arises, as I apprehend, the beautiful sensibility, the strong inclination to the mournful and pathetic, which characterises the works of the old masters. I even imagine that I recognise this now perhaps forgotten feeling, in Leonardo's preference for one peculiar character of landscape in his backgrounds. He usually selects a sea-piece, with rocks or cliffs; the former sometimes calm, and the shore rounded and uniform, and at others tempestuous and stormy, and the shore rugged and precipitous, but earth and sky always seeming to blend in the distant horizon. A landscape of this description will generally inspire a feeling of soothing melancholy, or at least incline the mind to tranquil silent meditation. In the picture we are now considering, the distant ocean is seen through an opening in the cliffs near the kneeling figure of St. Michael.

There is a similar background in another picture in the Grand Salon (No. 37.), which represents the Virgin seated on the lap of St. Anna; with this last, however, I was but little pleased: the same remark applies to two portraits by this master here exhibited. I should observe, that there are here too few paintings, actually from his hand, to permit any analysis of his different manners, or to elucidate the history and progress of his style.

The Musée Parisienne is so rich in excellent, or to say the least, in very meritorious portraits, that I am naturally led to make some general observations on that particular branch of the art, notwithstanding that the small size of the pictures and the contracted nature of the subject leaves less scope for genius and originality in this than any other style. My observations on the numerous excellent portraits by Leonardo, Raphael, Titian, and Holbein, will be comprehended under one general head, and illustrated by examples from their several compositions of the various manners of treatment which they have respectively practised. That of Titian appears to me the most simply true to nature, though he rises rather above the bare representation, which is all that is absolutely required of this style. He aims at exact fidelity to nature, combined with picturesque attitudes and situations; and this appears to be the main object with portrait-painters of the present day. The difference between them lies in this:—that Titian painted excellently, and *attained* the point

he aimed at, while they strive to reach it in vain. The most beautiful of Titian's portraits here exhibited, is that of a lovely woman, with luxuriant tresses flowing unconfined over her shoulders; she holds part of her hair in one hand, and is in the act of anointing it. The arm, the golden hair, and incomparably delicate fairness of the neck and shoulders, make it a specimen of the most exquisite colouring.

Holbein's portraits are treated on an entirely different principle; not content with the delineation of loveliness alone, nor striving to produce, in combination with it, a grand and effective composition, he aims simply at reproducing nature with the greatest characteristic truth and objective peculiarity. His attitudes are, in consequence, frequently stiff and formal; the background, merely a dark green uniform surface, and the costume and other accessories most minutely and laboriously finished. It must be allowed, that if a portrait be intended to mark the period of time at which it was taken, this manner of treatment is most appropriate. Besides, how can a painter, restricted to the imitation of any one individual figure, prove the correctness of his art, except by the most striking, objective truth. This does not, of course, lead to an idealisation of the features, but, on the contrary, to a contraction; the circle of individual ideas is narrowed and confined, and the picture seems, as is the case with Holbein, completely bounded and shut in by individual characteristics. Still, what do we most value in a portrait? Not a lofty and romantic impersonation, but rather such a correctness in delineating the natural features as marks its identity and secures immediate recognition. Passing emotions, then, speaking changes of countenance, attitude, and expression, to which a moment may give birth, and which, emanating from a noble soul, kindle, for that moment at least, the most exquisite beauty of expression,—these being from their very nature evanescent in the highest degree, necessarily produce indistinctness, and will be studiously avoided by every painter who strives to give a close imitation of nature.

In Holbein's portraits, costume, expression, and even the position of the hands are made subservient to this primary object, and the resemblance is thus so much heightened, that it becomes startling, and sometimes almost harsh in its palpable identity. Many of Leonardo's portraits are treated

on similar principles, aiming only at correctness in the outline of the features and minuteness in details: he appears to excel in discerning and embodying characteristic peculiarities, as, for example, in the portrait of the Duke of Milan* at Dresden, as also in that of a woman (No. 924.) in this Museum. The style of Raphael, many of whose portraits are here exhibited, generally resembles that of Titian: his representations are equally vivid and life-like, but with more strength of colouring and more grandeur in the delineation of character.

Raphael and Leonardo have also left portraits in a completely different manner, bearing no trace either of Titian or Holbein, and which may appropriately be termed "symbolic." In these portraits we have what appears to be a striking likeness, with a landscape background of sea, hills, and sky, as in the picture of Monna Lisa, by Leonardo (No. 923.). This addition is decidedly an infringement of the narrow circle within which Holbein and Titian confined themselves, for it is immediately seen that the landscape is designed to heighten and amplify the expression depicted on the countenance. Symbols introduced into any branch of art become a medium for facilitating the comprehension of what is not in itself sufficiently clear. It is undoubtedly the highest effort of genius to enable us to read in the human countenance the deepest working of the hidden soul within, and of which the outward indications are generally so few and slight. This expression being but dimly seen, and difficult to seize and depict, the artist finds correctness of form and features inadequate, alone, to convey this highest attribute of the human countenance, and summons to his aid the use of symbols, which, combining with the outward elements, invest them with a new and clearer signification. The old masters afford many examples of such a combination of a landscape background, and a characteristic face. I know none more remarkable, in this style, than two portraits by Raphael (Nos. 937. 938.), in the catalogue of the Long Gallery. They are likenesses of two young men; one, leaning on his arm, with an expression of careless confidence, looks forth into the world with joyous, animated eyes, as if secure of making his way clearly through all difficulties, and surmounting every obstacle; the other, silent and contempla-

* François Sforze, Duc de Milan.—Cat. to Dresden Gal. 1782. No. 245.

tive, not as if touched by care or anxiety, but serenely thoughtful, and by some magic of the painter's soul, wrought into a delicious expression of repose, blends in a countenance of lofty beauty, the utmost candour and simplicity. The background is an extensive landscape; the earth clear, distinct, and radiant; but the sky above troubled and tempestuous. The uniformity of the landscape is unbroken, except by a few little trees, which rise in the foreground; nothing, on the whole, can be more touching, or better calculated to induce meditation and tranquil thought.

Now I affirm that such a portrait, so decidedly symbolic, is quite distinct from the ordinary genre of portrait-painting. Its lofty expression and meaning seem almost to belong to the style of historical composition, and though not perhaps in entire conformity with any historical subject, it might easily be supposed to be a study, or fragment of some larger composition. In a word, this symbolic expression and treatment robs portrait painting of its only distinctive character as a separate branch of the art, namely, the embodying of individual features, in scrupulously correct identity. But why insist on making it a distinct branch of art? Were it not far better, if the majority of dilettanti, caring less to exhibit themselves in their personal character to posterity, trusted more to the discretion of the artist. The painter might then, instead of confining himself to the portraiture of the human countenance in its every-day character and expression, which must in the lapse of a few years lose all interest for the public eye, give it a permanent value as a work of art, indulging at freedom in his own manner and treatment, the result of previous study, meditation, and research. An interest thus firmly based would generally be a lasting evidence to posterity, that this particular portrait, at least in one sense, belonged to the sphere of the painter's productions, and was imbued with his peculiar manner; in fact, it is by carrying out these very principles that fine historical paintings are produced, any of which would seem but of little value if deficient in the individuality of expression which characterises portrait-painting.

Garofalo's portrait of himself (No. 786.), is completely in this style. I may here observe, that a portrait can scarcely be treated with so much objective truth in form and detail, and yet with a kind of partial interest in the correct render-

ing of the expression, as when the artist is himself also the subject. This picture is by far the finest of any here exhibited, and may be cited as the perfection of portrait-painting. Several Holy Families, by the same master, are to be seen here also, but bearing no resemblance to each other. One, in which St. Katherine kneels at the feet of Christ, deserves peculiar notice. The countenance of the Madonna, who is seated looking directly out of the picture, offers a most perfect ideal of serious divinity; and though so much smaller in dimensions, bears some resemblance to the Mother of God in the great picture by Raphael at Dresden; but the Madonna of Garofalo is, if I may hazard the assertion, even more severe and holy. I always leave the study of Raphael's portraits, impressed by the versatility of his truly universal genius, each being marked by some distinguishing variety of treatment and colouring. It is this predominant quality which appears to me to be the source and the elucidation of all his other peculiarities.

Certainly the recollection that a most extraordinary artistic versatility reigned in all the compositions of this master, affords a clue to much that it is otherwise difficult to account for. It was this which led him to imitate, and make his own, every peculiarity in the style of other masters, which, united and combined by his comprehensive genius, he has presented to us under new and striking forms.

Many artists of great discrimination have remarked the surprising resemblance between Raphael's manner in the tapestry designs, and that of Michelangelo: in many of his single figures he appears to lean to Masaccio, while the style of other paintings makes the amateur almost doubtful whether to assign them to him or to Giulio Romano. The similarity of manner between himself and some among his pupils would be most unaccountable, did we not know that in many instances he transfused their manner into his own, or, to use a more appropriate expression, lowered his own style to assimilate with theirs.

There are, however, even in this Museum, many remarkable instances of similarity between Raphael and other painters differing widely from him in their general manner and range of ideas. The great versatility of his genius unites in one composition the most distant epochs and dissimilar styles.

These remarks apply very justly to the Madonna di Foligno, (No. 55., Catalogue of the Grand Salon,) in the restoration of which every secret of chemical art has been employed. It is a votive picture. The Madonna and Child, surrounded by a halo of light, occupy the upper part, and the rays emanating from this glory illumine a city lying below. On the right of the spectator we see the offerer of the picture (donatorius), an aged man, kneeling, and joining his up-raised hands in an attitude of devotion. The holy St. Jerome, a fine old man with a white beard, places his hands on the suppliant's head, thus apparently accepting, and at the same time drawing attention to the devotion of the aged worshipper. Opposite to these figures, and on the left of the spectator, stands John the Baptist and the blessed St. Francis, both so precisely resembling the same personages in the oldest painting by Correggio, at Dresden, that any one who has seen both, must be fully persuaded that *one* of the two masters must, though perhaps unconsciously, have copied the other. Raphael's composition, though not in his latest manner, is yet certainly *not* one of his earliest works; that of Correggio, on the contrary, belongs evidently to a very early period. The figures, too, resemble many others by Correggio, in his various compositions. We can scarcely reject the idea of some intercourse, however slight, between the prince of Roman masters and the then little known Lombard artist: it is at least possible that Raphael may have seen the one painting to which we allude; and if so, he would doubtless appreciate it, since we are aware of the high estimation in which he held the designs of Dürer, which he at one time entertained the idea of working up into perfect compositions. Should the resemblance of which we have been speaking be merely accidental, it is a singular circumstance, and serves at least to prove the universality of Raphael's genius, which, with lordly power, concentrated the widest ramifications and most distant periods of art. His ordinary style in church pictures, is a combination of Perugino and Fra Bartolommeo, two masters of widely different style. His designs for tapestry, and some among his later compositions, as for example the Transfiguration, are in the manner of Michelangelo; and his portraits resemble those of Titian, whose manner he decidedly imitated, while infusing his own loftier

soul into the nature and truth of that master. How numerous the points of resemblance, a careful and systematic study of many paintings of the old masters would probably elicit! In the foreground of the very painting under consideration (the Madonna di Foligno), the angel who presents a tablet inscribed with the name of the votive offerer, exactly resembles one of those in the incomparable picture at Dresden.

In the celebrated Transfiguration, which from its grandeur and beauty, the vigour of the design, and its perfect development in the execution, enchains both artists and amateurs in silent admiration, Faith and Incredulity are most powerfully contrasted. On the left of the spectator stand nine of the apostles, all gazing on the Saviour with varied expressions of affection and unwavering faith; opposite to them the crowd, conducting thither the epileptic boy, all evidently full of doubts, and some even ready to give utterance to angry reproaches and murmurs against Providence, for permitting the innocent to be thus afflicted. In the centre foreground of the picture a woman is kneeling; her countenance, raised to heaven, is full of holy fervour, and she points to the Saviour as if in the act of declaring that there can be no hope for aid except from him alone, who is revealed upon that mountain. The allegory is finely imagined, and vividly represented. The landscape also is beautiful, and the treatment of the heads in the lower part of the picture incomparably expressive; but the glorified Saviour, and those who surround him, are less powerfully conceived, and in every way inferior to the rest of the painting. Connoisseurs of fine taste and judgment have imagined they could trace in the upper part the hand of one of the famous pupils of Raphael, il Fattore for instance; this is frequently the case in his later works. The treatment of the lower part is quite in the style of Giulio Romano.

There is less richness and variety in the St. Michael slaying the Dragon (932.), but the mind finds in it far more food for meditation and reflection. The figure and countenance of the archangel are full of divine beauty and expression; a stream of fire flows from a cavern in the dark rock, in which the dragon is lying. There is also another small picture on the same subject, probably the original sketch of the first, although it differs considerably in the

general treatment. The countenance of the angel is almost more beautiful than in the finished composition, and it appears to me a happy idea to have made his ample shield of pure white, with a blood red cross in the centre. Besides the dragon, whose head is under the foot of the angel, various wondrous and misshapen animals stand around. We discover in the distance a burning town and a churchyard, in which the devil is torturing and pursuing the spirits of the dead. Judging from this design, which is a most fantastic composition, we should pronounce the first sketches of Raphael to be the most singular and original.

We must also notice a Madonna of small dimensions (No. 935.), in which the blessed Virgin is represented taking a robe from the sleeping infant, and silently gazing on him: hence this picture is known under the name of the "Silence." I was greatly delighted with it, and should say (if I may venture to hazard such a conjecture) that, like many others in a similar style, it marks the progress from his earliest and childlike pictures to the glowing beauty of his riper years; of which, indeed, it gives rich indications, and seems to promise that abundance of tender grace and loveliness, which imparts to Raphael's original character such matchless purity and unbounded variety. The colouring is a little faded, yet it is easy to see that the red, white, and blue in the mantle of the Virgin are blended and contrasted in the same manner in which such tints are frequently employed by poets in their descriptive passages—a poetical assemblage and combination of colours to which this master is much addicted. In this painting we recognise also a predilection for pure masses of the most distinct tints,—red, green or white, which blend harmoniously by the intervention of a soft, grey shadow, like sweet strains of music, unbroken by any discordant note or unmelodious chord. This manner seems no less appropriate for producing effects of capricious or high-souled imagination, than that mixture of all colours, however great their apparent dissonance and incompatibility, which is the characteristic of Correggio.

I fancy I have frequently remarked and admired similar characteristic colouring in Holbein and Dürer. Holbein combines unmixed black, intense crimsons, and the richest yellow brown; a treatment exactly suited to his vigour of

design. The incomparable picture at Dresden, in which this design is peculiarly apparent, shows with how much earnest diligence he studied to attain the object we have noticed yet Dürer, in some of his paintings, seems even to have surpassed him, and by highly complicated efforts of art occasionally to combine, in a world of contrasting colours, the greatest vigour and expression, though from the nature of things the result of such an attempt must generally prove unsatisfactory.

I shall notice, in conclusion, some of the finest paintings by German masters: they are, for the most part, portraits; the "Offering of Isaac" (316.), being nothing more than a sketch, and of very little value.

John Van Eyck has some splendid paintings here. A "Marriage at Cana," is not only of fresh and vivid colouring, but full of beautifully designed figures. I can say nothing more truly commendatory of the latter, than that many of the female heads remind me of the Mother of God*, at Dresden, by Holbein, in whom humility is so finely combined with awful majesty. I consider this last more fully expressive of the idea of the Holy Mother, in her sweet benevolence and gentleness, than even the Madonna of Raphael, — divine indeed in glance and form, yet with too much of the ordinary character of divinity, — equally appropriate to a Juno or a Diana; and it is highly probable that one or both of these goddesses of antiquity may have presented themselves to the mind of the painter, when he formed the design.

Though the essentially German Holbein appears to have been an imitator and follower of Van Eyck, still the figures of that master, in his later compositions, are not completely in the style of Flemish painting. It would, perhaps, be most intelligible to consider Van Eyck as the author and founder of the great school of German painting, the history and development of which may thus be traced with great clearness and precision through the distinct and widest successive degrees of Van Eyck, Dürer, and Holbein. Yet in the history of our native art, at present so little known, many members may now be wanting, which subsequent research will probably supply.

* La famille de Jacques Meyer, Bourguemaître de Basle, à genoux, devant la Ste. Vierge qui tient l'enfant Jesus. — Cat. 1782, No. 437.

There is a small painting here by Van Eyck—the "Lamb of the Apocalypse." It is represented standing on the ark, and the blood streaming from its bosom is received into a shell. Near the ark are angels and seraphim worshipping the Lamb, and, more distant, choirs of holy maidens, martyrs, teachers, apostles, popes, and monks. The Holy Spirit, in the form of a dove, hovers above them, and a ray of light and inspiration emanating from the body illumines the kneeling groups below. A spring of living water gushes forth in the foreground, and a rich landscape, diversified with flowers, fruit, mountains, and buildings, fills the background. The figures forming each of the groups are most rich and varied, and, above all, perfect in architectural symmetry and technical correctness, presenting us with noble Italian-like forms.

The mystery and majesty of the Godhead is finely expressed throughout, but the opposition of the evil principle holds in this allegory but a secondary place.

Three church pictures by this master—God the Father, the Blessed Virgin, and St. John the Baptist*—have a striking affinity with each other, and are much finer compositions than the last-mentioned. These severely divine figures, designed with Egyptian force and formality, are wonderfully impressive, and appear as if sent from grey antiquity to demand our reverence and adoration, while their awful majesty leads us to devout meditation on the power and grandeur of an earlier world. As in an organised body, essential members, which stand out prominently, and give to the form itself its decided proportions, are but few in number, yet require, besides a certain proportion of the less prominent accessories, organic substance, and muscular power, to bind together the principal members and completely to clothe the body,—so it is with painting as an art. In tracing out its history at this period, we need name but few painters, because Van Eyck, Dürer, and Holbein are the types of different characteristics of German painting, which may be satisfactorily classed in three divisions, each tracing back its origin to one of those three masters. Still we must not overlook those lesser painters, who, in the early times of German as well as of Italian painting, claimed some regard, though

* These and the above are all parts of the famous altar-piece of St. Bavons, Ghent, by Hubert and John Van Eyck.

speedily eclipsed by the great princes and sovereigns of the art, whose names alone are epochs sufficiently indicating its progress. These inferior painters have many of them produced works, few in number it is true, and yet some of which are almost worthy of their chiefs, and though perhaps less effective and striking, distinguished by great and original beauties. These observations were called forth by a picture of the old German master, Hemling (No. 306.): the blessed St. Christopher, the Infant Christ, and a few other holy persons, are here represented in a landscape, which deserves to rank among the finest productions of the German school. Saint Christopher, bearing the Infant Christ on his shoulder, and leaning on a staff, steps across a little stream. Lofty rocks form the sides of the picture; in the left foreground we see Saint Benedict, and on the right Saint Egidius, who has just fixed an arrow in his cross-bow; the favourite deer stands near the saint. High up on the rock on the left side a hermit is seen issuing from his cell, carrying a lighted torch. In the side compartment, on the right of St. William, in full armour, the donatorius (or votive offerer) and his son are introduced kneeling, and the wife and daughters opposite, in the same posture, presented by another saint.* The landscape in the side compartments is a continuation of that in the centre division. I have rarely seen one more still and green — quite in the German character — natural and tranquil.

The benevolent and kindly expression in the countenance of St. Christopher, the luxuriant landscape, the symbolic deer, and the simplicity and single-heartedness of the whole, remind us of the best efforts of the old German masters, more especially of Dürer, though this picture has no alloy of caricature, and is throughout more calm and tranquil, though scarcely less expressive than the ordinary manner of that master.

The countenances are more completely *natural* than we generally find them in the old Flemish masters.

In a remote period and country, this most excellent painter, whose fame is far from equalling his merits, sprang to life, imbued with all the genius of the old German masters. The picture we have described may furnish an example of the correct manner of treating subjects taken from the history of the saints in their solitary and picturesque retreats. The

* Sainte Barbe. — Catalogue, 1802.

deepest devotion and holiness are apparent throughout, blended with all the charms of tranquillity and innocence.

The first step to that expressive style of painting introduced by Van Eyck into the German school, is by far the most comprehensive and easily understood. We cannot, therefore, wonder at its having been speedily adopted by succeeding artists, who, superadding an outward finish and softness, at length reached that degree of highly-finished correctness and accuracy which, in Holbein, seems to have attained the perfection of that manner. But it is in the medium between these two extremes that we discover the greatest depth of symbolic meaning, the most explicit and profoundly studied designs. The pictures of Albert Dürer afford the happiest examples of this style—his Crucifixion especially. Here the apostle St. John, standing at the foot of the cross, gazes mournfully upon the Saviour; opposite to him is the Blessed Virgin, supported in the arms of her attendants, her head bowed down with the weight of more than maternal anguish. The expression of her grief is perfectly free from exaggeration, and therefore the more irresistibly affecting. Her noble countenance seems suffused with tears; the lips parted, as if ready to give utterance to the heart-wrung cry of pain and sorrow.

St. Dionysius and Charlemagne are on the right of the spectator, on the same side of the picture as the apostle St. John. The first, in accordance with his legendary history, holds in his hand his own pale and severed head, the blood gushing from his neck. Charlemagne grasps a naked sword, and looks out of the picture, his eye full of wild determination and severity. Several soldiers of reduced proportions form characteristic groups in the background; some of the figures are rude and savage in expression, others mischievous, and others again boorish and vicious; yet all seem to gaze with fierce, demoniac joy on the Redeemer and his martyred servant. Two, who stand apart on a mountain, pointing with exultation at the crucified, appear meet companions for the Evil One. No verdure clothes this side of the picture; but a large Gothic church, with open doors, seemingly emblematic of the spiritual edifice which such princes as Charles, and such martyrs as St. Dionysius, established with blood and sword, may also indicate the path of return, even from the vilest degradation and sinfulness, to the holiness of a re-

newed heart; probably, also, the limits within which even disgust and rage (which we here see giving utterance to the most fiendlike scoffing against God and God's most holy things), may find lurking places. Every thing most repugnant to Christianity seems to be here assembled; but the opposite side of the picture (the spectator's left), has far more calm and tranquillity. We see, near the cross, the weeping mother; the holy Baptist, and his lamb, one hand extended, pointing to the crucified Redeemer, and with an expression of true grief and sorrow; also St. Louis, looking towards the group, yet more *serious* than sorrowful, gazing almost with envy on the grave of the Saviour. A road in the distance leads down to the water, and a few men stand calmly and as if in conversation. The landscape is dotted with rustic cottages, and a traveller leans over the wall at the side of the road, gazing pensively down upon the water and the opposite shore. Small vessels, sailing hither and thither, are mirrored on the glassy surface of the water. The foreground on this side is clothed and adorned with plants of varied hues and carefully painted. Various objects are scattered at the foot of the cross, — a skull, bones, drops of blood, a stone, the end of a rope, — all thrown together as if by accident. As you approach the side where Charles and St. Dionysius are standing, a few solitary plants only are introduced; but the foreground, further on that side, is perfectly bare. A dark cloud, black as night, envelopes the cross, and hangs low towards the earth, but all beneath it is clear and bright. The Redeemer himself is gloriously imagined, though weakness and pain are fully apparent in the prominent muscles and the livid form. His white mantle flutters far in the distance, as if left to be the sport of the rude winds.

Enough, however, for the present. A few only of the old masters now remain to be noticed; but their compositions appear to me to have been imperfectly understood; and the examination of their designs will give me an opportunity of fully developing my ideas on the subject of painting. They must, however, be reserved for a future occasion, and until I can study the *actual works* of these great masters; since, without consulting the existing examples, I could not attempt any comment on the general style of their compositions.

LETTER II.

Characteristics of Raphael. The Difference between the old Schools of Italian Painting and the modern Style. — On the Selection of Christian Subjects for Painting, and the Manner in which the old Masters treated mythological Subjects. — Description of a few remarkable Paintings of the Spanish School, with Observations on the general Principles on which the Distinction between different Branches of the Art of Painting is founded.

SECOND PART.

Beginning of the year 1803.

THE famous Transfiguration, the last and most wonderful work of Raphael, has been most successfully restored, and is now exhibited in the Long Gallery of the Louvre.*

It is, unfortunately, not in a favourable situation, the gallery being too small to admit of its being viewed from the distance necessary to give it full effect. The light too is bad; instead of entering from above, as in the Grand Salon, it is admitted, the whole length of the gallery, by side windows, and the effect is too dazzling, while it is scarcely possible to obtain a full broad ray of light.

Attention has been paid to lessening as much as possible this evil, — unavoidable in the existing building, — and the present position of the Transfiguration is the least unfavourable that could be chosen under the circumstances. Nay, it would, if possible, be compensated for by another very praiseworthy arrangement. The great picture is surrounded by a number of smaller pictures by the same master; on one side, a very valuable Holy Family, of his ripest time, and opposite to it an "Annunciation," the work of his earliest youth, and painted at the time when he imitated Perugino. Two church pictures, by the latter master, in his best manner, hang above the "Transfiguration," and below them, portraits. Sketches and small paintings, by Raphael, among which we find those I have before described, and a few others in addition. The "Madonna di Foligno" is hung near; and opposite, "La Belle Jardinière," or, the Madonna of the Garden.

A method of hanging so judicious, induces meditation,

* Since restored to the Vatican.

and at the same time facilitates the study of any great master, showing at a glance the progressive development of his genius, from its earliest youthful efforts to the full splendour of its meridian glory.

Both the church pictures of Perugino are hung too high to be conveniently studied, and their treatment appears so different to his general manner, and to one picture in particular which I had on my former visit seen among the works placed aside to be repaired and restored, that it is difficult to account for a contrast so surprising. Both undoubtedly belong to a much earlier and inferior epoch of this master's genius.

The earliest pictures of Raphael surprisingly resemble those of his master Perugino; so much so, that it is sometimes difficult to know to which to assign the earlier works of the former. A scholar capable of following so closely in the steps of the master, must have been endowed by nature with a strong imitative talent, and great facility in adopting the ideas and designs of others. This facility peculiarly characterises the genius of Raphael, and is almost inseparable from that predilection for glowing colours, which in some of Raphael's pictures, those of a later period especially, is almost too apparent.

A small painting, representing in different compartments the "Annunciation," the "Adoration of the Kings," and the "Circumcision," although apparently in his earliest manner, is less like Perugino, and most of the figures are badly drawn. I imagine that even this early picture contains indications of his subsequent attachment to ideal circumstances and construction. His colouring is in broad masses of the most decided crimson, white, and green; and these prevailing hues resemble that one chord in a melody, from whence the ear decides in what key a strain is composed.

I now noticed, for the first time, a little sketch, in neutral tint, representing "Faith, Love, and Hope:" each virtue is personified by a female figure, with two children beside her; those belonging to Hope are lovely and delicately formed. Love is finely depicted as a nursing mother, her children contentedly drawing nourishment from the breast; her countenance wears an expression of benign

tranquillity, and it seems an original and beautiful thought to have personified Love thus with her own life and strength supplying the wants of the necessitous, and soothing the fretful complainings of weakness and dependence.

The "Transfiguration" has been so long the object of universal wonder and admiration, that to extol its beauty would be indeed superfluous. It is not the perfect finish alone which raises it so high in the estimation of all artists; other qualities undoubtedly contribute to enhance its fame. This great picture, in the treatment of the colours, the grouping, as well as in the expression, and still more the method and principles on which it is designed, completely accords with the style of the later schools. The Carracci, indeed, adopted the same treatment, or at least aimed at the same point, though unable actually to soar so high. The difference between Raphael and his successors is more obvious in design than in actual treatment; or at least, their colouring approaches more nearly to that of Raphael, than it does to the narrow, severe, and more vigorous manner of older masters. Raphael himself frequently imitated the old style; and here again we admire the wonderful versatility and variety of his genius. Paintings belonging to the earlier epochs of the Italian schools may have little interest for the mere lover of art, but their value to an experienced painter is infinitely greater. In the time of the Carracci and their successors, Poussin, &c., the prevailing style of painting continued to be imbued, however slightly, with the feelings and manner of the earlier masters; but from that time forward their ideas seem to have been no longer understood or reverenced, and ere long were entirely laid aside and forgotten. None of Raphael's works, though there may perhaps be many of equal merit in existence, have excited so much enthusiasm as the "Transfiguration," and the reason may possibly be this,—it seems to form the last link between the genuine style of the old masters, and the more artificial taste of modern schools.

The expression in this picture is much heightened by the powerful contrast between the pious, benevolent ardour of the apostles, and the murmuring, complaining unbelief of those who lead the epileptic boy; a contrast most powerfully and effectively managed. The landscape is beautiful,

and the figure of the woman, who, kneeling in the foreground, appears to reproach the disciples with their incapacity or unwillingness to aid the sufferer, is divinely grand. The heads of the apostles are finely varied, and that of St. John, beautiful; the discontent and angry feelings of the surrounding spectators, and the suffering of the boy himself, are delineated with much truth and force. Yet the finishing is notwithstanding deficient in dignity and high expression. The reproachful looks of the murmurers are rude and wild, and the disciples gaze wonderingly on each other, surprised and grieved at their inability to render assistance; oppressed by their want of power, and with little grandeur of mien or dignity of deportment. A master of earlier times would not thus have handled his subject: he would probably have given us a far deeper insight into the complicated sources of bitter sorrow and anguish; but to compensate for this, the influence of the Consoler would have been unalloyed, and his power far more intensely felt. We should not, perhaps, have had our admiration excited by the rich grouping of the apostles, but the severe grandeur of each figure would have filled us with reverence; the imperative earnestness of the unbelievers, their loud and reproachful murmurs, would have appeared as if awed into silence, or softened into hope; and the conviction of the necessity of suffering, and the insufficiency of all earthly aid, would have given a more dignified and imposing character to the whole. This modern manner, richer indeed in art, but less imaginative and beautiful, may be traced also in the group upon the mountain. The figure of the Saviour, hovering in the upper air, appears like a moving flame; the three apostles, blinded by the radiance, lie on the ground, in attitudes almost too effective to be wholly natural; and the donatorius, kneeling in the corner, has also a wonder-stricken expression of countenance. The subject altogether is treated with a superficial, lightly-kindled enthusiasm, not with that simple, earnest power, that profound meditation and deep devotion with which the reverential love of the earlier masters would have approached a subject so truly divine and holy.

The inventive genius of Raphael is most gloriously displayed in such comprehensive works as the above; but the loveliness and grace which invest his composition with

peculiar fascination are more conspicuous in his simple paintings. The famous Madonna, known as "La Giardiniera," takes a very high rank among pictures of the latter class. The Madonna is represented sitting with the two children in a landscape of surpassing beauty; the sky of pure and cloudless azure, and the whole scene representing an earthly paradise of innocence and spirituality. This picture breathes only unsullied loveliness, and almost infantine happiness; the individuality of nature appears throughout, but with an absence of ideality, and no severity of outline. The charm and purity of the colouring, and the delicate bloom of the carnations are beyond all praise; this picture may well bear comparison with the most elevated and spiritual among those of Titian, at least, in so far as we habitually associate with that master the idea of the most exquisite perfection of colouring. Titian's fine "Head of Christ," noticed in a preceding letter, ought to be placed near the "Giardiniera" of Raphael.

This master has, nevertheless, in his representations of the Holy Virgin, indulged in the greatest diversity of manner and expression. It would be easy to enumerate a whole series of pictures on that subject, varying from the utmost loveliness of expression to the highest irradiation of majesty and awe. We may commence this series with the "Giardiniera," in which the blessed Virgin is represented, like the best beloved of some human heart, clad in mortal loveliness alone; and it will naturally close with that splendid composition at Dresden, in which the Mother of God is represented hovering in the clouds; the clear outline of the features, the serious, yet love-breathing countenance, remind us of the loftiest idealisation of Juno, and the severe simplicity of Diana.

Next to the "Giardiniera," we place the small picture known as the "Silence*," in which the Virgin is seen watching over her sleeping child: the features in this painting also are stamped with individuality, but the crown on the head, and the symbolic colour of the drapery at once indicate the Queen of Heaven: it forms a charming picture. Such lovely pictures as the "Silentium," and the "Giardiniera," seem to justify the opinion once expressed by

* La Vierge au Diadême.

Michelangelo, that Raphael was a fine miniature-painter. This observation, however, requires explanation, as it may otherwise appear prompted by an artistic jealousy, unworthy of so lofty a genius as Michelangelo. He doubtless meant to imply that, notwithstanding the circumscribed dimensions of these lesser pictures, Raphael appears in them to have given full scope to his ardent aspirations after beauty, lavishing on them the richest gifts of fascinating grace and spiritual loveliness; but when he undertakes a gigantic composition, misled by the example of others, and the mischievous tendency of the time, he is far from being equally happy. This observation of Michelangelo's should, therefore, if authentic, be referred only to the taste prevailing among artists of that time, for large and lofty proportions; and indeed Raphael's expression might be found almost too fine and elaborate for pictures of colossal magnitude. Michelangelo's predilection for gigantic forms led him to judge of designs chiefly as appropriate to paintings of such proportions.

In another "Holy Family," hanging to the right of the "Transfiguration," several angels are introduced, strewing flowers over the Holy Mother; all wear a lively expression of rapture and devout joy, and the expression of the Virgin's countenance is in perfect keeping. It certainly marks the first step of Raphael's progress from his earliest compositions, or rather *copies* of material grace and beauty to his later ideality of design. This picture has been the subject of much discussion; it has all the finished grace of Correggio, with a slight tincture of his laboured delicacy. The colouring, if not considerably faded, must from the first have been very feeble. The famous "Madonna della Sedia"* claims also an appropriate place in this series. The "Madonna di Foligno" ranks next to the Madonna [di San Sisto] at Dresden. In this picture the Holy Virgin is surrounded by the nimbus, and appears indeed a creature of heavenly birth; but her countenance is deficient in expression, and the child's even more so. The individuality of Raphael's earliest paintings has vanished, but as yet he attains not to the glorious ideality of his famous "Madonna."

The modern estimation of this first of painters and the opinions transmitted to us from earlier days, which are

* Pitti Palace.

too generally received and repeated without personal investigation or examination, require in many points to be carefully corrected and defined anew. Mengs considers the peculiar excellence of Raphael's style to consist in design, and expression; his shadows and colouring having been not a little censured. Not to mention that so many of his paintings may be cited as incomparably beautiful in colouring, (the so often mentioned "Giardiniera" for instance,) this distinction is altogether contradictory; for are not these qualities reciprocal throughout? Could Correggio, in combination with his method of light and shade, have employed any other carnations? and is not the colouring of Raphael as positively appropriate to his designs and forms? Do not lights, character, colouring and design enter, in the compositions of a good master, into the unbroken harmony of the whole? Instead of idly attempting, by an unsatisfactory classification, to divide things which are essentially inseparable, and must be judged of in their eternal connection, let us rather strive to penetrate the original design of each master, and to unravel the expression which he himself designed to convey, recollecting that the paintings under consideration were the offspring of a distant epoch, when the prevailing habits of thought, no less than the manner of expressing them, differed widely from our own. Should we succeed in fully comprehending any one design, we shall obtain a clue for estimating the value of the entire compositions, and, judging in how far they carry out the painter's own views and intentions; and if compelled, before obtaining that discriminating power, to study and examine numerous other designs by various masters, an additional advantage will thus be gained, enabling us to decide on the relative value of that particular composition as compared with others, and a number of genuine ideas and principles will thus be engrafted on the mind. Principles, in the highest sense of the word; not merely negative conclusions, teaching no more than men must understand intuitively,—isolated ideas, calculated only to break asunder and destroy that harmonious unity, which can be penetrated and understood only in the combination of every part,—but principles, properly so called, the basis and source of a new life, and the first step, distant though it be, towards an imperishable goal.

Many have pointed out ideal beauty, as the distinguishing characteristic of Raphael. In refutation of this assertion, it must be remembered that there are comparatively few among his works in which this tendency is discoverable; perhaps here and there almost too much so, to the neglect of the eternal barrier between painting and the antique forms modelled in sculpture. In other compositions he attempts only the delineation of some expressive allegory, giving to his figures a voluptuous charm, totally devoid of anything like ideality. This opinion of Raphael's merits is consequently ill-founded, and in a great measure incorrect.

The extraordinary variety and artistic universality recognised in his congenial treatment of character, and which appears to be the most essential property of Raphael's genius, is also apparent in his attachment to the earlier schools of painting; for although so many of his compositions belong completely to the epoch in which he lived, we trace, even in them, the genius of the old masters: their spirit and style present themselves occasionally almost pure, and thus, in a certain sense, mark out the transition from the old style to that of the modern schools. It is, therefore, in the highest degree worthy of notice, that the painters of that time, from whom he had almost seceded, chose him pre-eminently as their leader, because all his works and peculiar ideas, if rightly understood, must unavoidably lead them back to the right source, namely, to that old school which we have no hesitation in pronouncing infinitely preferable to the new.

The study of the new and rich collection of Raphael's works now exhibited in the Louvre, gives rise, in this place, to two general observations.

The first touches upon the old and new schools of Italian painting; the devout, pious deeply significant style of the former, and the florid pomp of the latter. This grand distinction requires to be particularly noticed in the history of the art, and other less remarkable differences should, on the contrary, be disregarded. Such as the many contrasts which may be found between the Venetian and the later Florentine school: in comparison with the old style, however, all these form but one general body, equally opposed to the principles and the execution of earlier masters.

The striking and richly effective character of Titian's paintings, as well as his design of placing before us in the most vivid manner the whole abundance and individual variety of actual life, is no more in keeping with the severe simplicity of the old masters, than the joyous splendour and dithyrambic luxuriance of Giulio Romano, whose mind seemed as fully imbued with the pomp and majesty of Romish ecclesiastical antiquity, as that of every Venetian appears to have been with the gloomy drama of opposing principles, and the contrast between good and evil, holiness and guilt. Many painters, little known to posterity, doubtless contributed to the establishment of that new school, which, originating with Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Giulio Romano, and Michelangelo, yet bore within it the seeds of premature decay. They indeed reached the highest summit of the art, both in conception and in the employment of every artistic power; yet their followers and imitators in each separate school, exaggerating every dangerous license, soon diverged into the wide digressions of a false style, the earliest symptoms of which decline may be recognised in the feebleness apparent in the latest works, even of those masters. If Correggio first gave the example of digressing [illegible] the province of music, the first introduction of that [illegible] and common error, of mingling the attributes of sculpture with those of painting, may be traced to Michelangelo. But not in these giant minds alone, but in all those [illegible] have been cited, we trace the wide-spreading, variable and for that very reason digressive tendency of the new schools offering a strong contrast to the severe simplicity of Mantegna, Bellini, Perugino, with whom Masaccio may also be classed, and finally the contemplative Leonardo; although the last evinces a decided tendency to the new school, as Raphael, amongst those of the modern epoch, adheres most closely to the earlier style. I should be disposed to question much whether any master of a much later period, however frequently cited among the new Italians, can deserve to hold a very distinguished place in the history of the art. The great era of creative genius ends with Giulio Romano and Correggio; the scholastic imitations and eclectic paintings of the Carracci, and others of their kind, resemble the learned labours and studied Alexandrines of a poet, who, in

that sister art, exchanges the beautiful simplicity of true sentiment and expression for servile imitations and florid passages.

Italian painting may, like its poetry, be classed in two distinct divisions; the old, and the new. If the simple grandeur of Giotto, the masculine and wondrous conceptions of Mantegna* remind us of Dante, the beauty of Perugino may no less aptly be compared with Petrarch, while Titian and Correggio seem alike representatives of Ariosto and Tasso. I have not cited these resemblances between the followers of the sister arts, simply as an exercise of ingenuity, but rather to illustrate the one simple yet important principle, that nature in similar spheres observes the same order of productions, and that the same stages of progress are apparent in all. The parallel between Italian poets and painters may be carried still farther,—the pithy sweetness of Dominichino assimilates completely with the poetic manner of Guarini, and the sweet inspiration of Marini finds a correspondent analogy in the capricious Albano.

The second general observation that occurs, relates to the *objects* usually selected by these masters.

It must be already evident, (and many more proofs may easily be adduced in confirmation of the fact), that Christian subjects, as treated by the old masters, are far from being of their own creation; since those which they have depicted are all, without exception, treated in one uniform manner, which, in fact, scarcely admits the possibility of any great variety of expression.

It is a matter of deep regret, that some baneful influence should have so far removed our modern artists from the range of ideas and of subjects adopted by the old masters, whose footsteps they would do wisely still to follow. How natural and laudable would it be, if modern artists pursued the road which Raphael, Perugino, and Leonardo trod before them;—if they again imbibed their ideas and conceptions, drank more deeply from the well-spring of their genius, and thus imbued the productions of modern art with the finest properties of the old masters. And how inexhaustible are the riches of that treasury! How comprehensive each of those circles in artistic beauty and expression! What a melancholy

* *Vide* Note by A. E. Rio, *antè*, pages 7, 8.

contrast is now apparent! How hesitatingly do our painters falter around, and, in the excess of their indecision, cling now to one, now to another, equally inappropriate subject, most of them deciding in favour of the so-called historical pictures, which being unsusceptible of deep natural feeling or spiritual symbolism, leave the loftiest objects of art unattained, and even unthought of; or, perhaps, ascending a degree higher, they fix on some subject from ancient mythology, the spirit and inmost being of which are so completely identified with the character of sculpture, that to embody them in painting is impossible.

It is not my intention to treat fully in this place of a subject so important; but merely to offer a few hasty remarks, which may be of use in inciting others to the consideration of the subject.

It is a fact by no means to be overlooked, that each great master of the old school not only found full scope for imagination and originality in the sphere of Christian art, but, willingly confining himself within its narrow limits, never grew weary of varying, by a series of experimental designs, subjects which might, at first sight, appear to be barren and unfruitful. Of this Raphael's numerous and varied representations of the Madonna afford an example, and the "Crucifixion" in the same manner supplied Dürer with an inexhaustible field for his meditative soul. The "Herodias" appears to have been a favourite subject with the school of Leonardo. The difficulty of this latter subject would alone make it of value in forming pupils in design. One picture on this subject is in the Musée, and another at Dresden; both evidently of Leonardo's school. I have recently seen a third, in a private collection, probably by Leonardo himself, different in execution, yet inferior to few, if any.

My second preliminary observation refers to the fatal, yet still prevailing error of modern masters, who, in treating subjects taken from antique mythology, conform rather to the principles of sculpture than to those of painting, all lofty ideality being thus completely lost.

I must observe, in the first place, that the old and new schools of Italian masters differ widely in their treatment of compositions from Greek subjects.

As far as a long study of antiquity has enabled me to judge of the spirit of Grecian art, I am decidedly of opinion that Italian masters, even of the modern school, possibly far more from correct impulse and true feeling than from classical study, have so truly embodied the expression of ancient life and faith, that the artists of the present day seem, in comparison, totally worthless. I have never contemplated the originals of the gigantic designs of Michelangelo, nor can I myself give an opinion on the style of Raphael in such subjects, his cartoon of the School of Athens having been too much injured to afford any criterion; but the vigour, luxuriance, and pomp of Giulio Romano, and the pure, fascinating beauty of the Antiope of Correggio, seem at least drawn from inspiration far nearer the source than any painter of our times has ever ventured to approach. And yet such subjects are handled by these masters in a spirit differing widely from that in which they approach works of Christian symbolism. They treated them as matters of amusement, — lighter occupations in the intervals of their severer studies; and though not, perhaps, themselves fully conscious of the fact, the style of their works sufficiently proves it to have been so.

In the new Italian school, on the contrary, we find the prevailing tendency of artistic genius to be an inclination to transport itself at once into the regions of mythology, often successfully symbolising its most mysterious conceptions. Not so the old school; at least in so far as I have been able to judge. By them the ancient mythology is employed merely as a recognised symbolic power; from it they borrow allegories and ideas, when less holy solemnity is required than in the highest subjects of Christian faith. The sense in which they are employed is, moreover, very arbitrary, differing widely from the meaning assigned to them in modern times. The oldest romantic, or Provençal poets, gave them the same signification. Their God of Love bears as little resemblance to the Greek Eros, as the Mercury of Mantegna does to the classic Hermes. A picture illustrative of these remarks may be seen in the Salon of Designs. It is a water-colour drawing by Perugino, representing the strife of Virtue and Pleasure. Two delicate trees, the one bright and clear, full of little winged loves, the other gloomy, with a solitary owl sitting amid the branches, indicate the contest

to be depicted. Female figures, armed with lances tipped with flame, engage in the conflict, some on the side of love, and some against him. The little loves also bear their parts, and one woman has been attacked by them, and thrown joyously on the ground, within the domain of pleasure, which is represented as a wild and savage forest. A second woman is seen struggling with three or four of these little sprites, one of whom she has already killed. The side of another woman is menaced by the dart of a little Cupid, a second clings to her shoulder, while a third is climbing up her robe. The metamorphosis of Daphne, Europa on the bull, and other histories from Ovid, are seen in the background, and Mercury hovers in the air. The whole composition is delicate and expressive, with great clearness of outline and richness of colouring.

Albert Dürer may be styled the Shakspeare of painting in reference to both Italian schools; and as both he and Raphael may, by the abundance of their poetic inspiration and the depth and significance of their symbolic designs, become to the artists of the present day, a wide-spreading principle and guiding star of national art, my subsequent observations on him must be more full and particular. Thus much is clear: his deep-souled genius is more in harmony with the style of the old Italians than with the modern schools.

I shall at present, without further interruption, continue my observations on the works of art here assembled, since the examination of this series seems naturally to suggest the origin and explain the tendency of most of the ideas now existing on the subject of art.

I had recently an opportunity of examining a private collection of paintings in the possession of Lucien Buonaparte, from which I gained much valuable information.

Many of the paintings have, till very lately, been the property of Spain; a country in which many other treasures, especially among the works of Raphael, Leonardo, and Titian, are still preserved, and little known in comparison with their other compositions in France and Italy. A description of these paintings will therefore be valuable, as an historical record, to those German artists and amateurs who have travelled in Italy only.

The actual treasures of this collection are comparatively few in number, and will speedily be discussed.

I could not, while in this private gallery, dismiss the reflection, that though artists may regret to see so fine a collection in the possession of a private individual, and therefore inaccessible to the great body of artists and the public in general, the amateur is infinitely a gainer. A private collection being to him, in many important particulars, far superior to a public exhibition. The rooms occupied by the latter are frequently unsuitable, — the best paintings hung in a bad light, and in other respects rarely arranged as they ought to be. In the Parisian Museum these inconveniences are peculiarly obvious. The grand salon, notwithstanding its large dimensions, is not sufficiently spacious to receive the pictures without some inconvenience. Lucien Buonaparte's collection, being on the contrary select rather than numerous, full justice is done to every picture, and the spectator is never either confused or disturbed in his contemplation by unartistlike hanging. There are, perhaps, one or two pictures which might have a better light, but the hanging is, in general, excellent. This is a circumstance of great importance, and after having long suffered inconvenience from the neglect of these particulars, it is doubly felt and appreciated.

This collection is singularly rich in rare works of the Spanish school, and those in the National Museum cannot be compared with them in point of value. The most remarkable are "Inspiration," by Murillo, and a "Saint at Prayer," by the same. The first represents a monk, in a lonely cell, with parted lips, his head resting on his hand, and his whole attitude expressing intense attention, as if completely carried away and entranced by the inward breathings of inspiration, and yet quite self-possessed, and even disposed to question the reality of what he hears. Though forming neither an unquestionably beautiful picture, nor a composition of unfathomable depth and meaning, this monk is yet represented with a truth and fervour, which seizes and fixes the attention of every beholder, while the execution of the painting is in a style rarely equalled. There is great sameness in the back-ground: a dull, dark, gold colour, or rather a transparent brilliant brown is the only tint employed; this forms a halo

round the head of the inspired one, and being gradually shaded into a deeper brown, is lost altogether in the background. In the upper corner of the picture various little figures, supposed to indicate the revelations communicated to the prophet, are depicted. This representation rouses us to the existence of a completely new domain in the sphere of art, and no German or Italian painting in any degree resembles it. We often remark in Spanish painters an inclination to select this rapturous inspiration as the subject of their compositions: it is as if they sought to approach the mysterious threshold of heaven and heavenly revelations, and thought the world of spirits alone a theme worthy the highest efforts of genius in their art. The style of painting in these pictures is completely original. It is easy to say, in general terms, that Murillo's style is *not* that of the old Italians, that he has not the bold outlines of Leonardo, nor the pure colouring and glowing life of *our* best masters. No; his outlines are soft, and undecided, and his laboured imitation of nature, and care in the mixing of his colours, belong rather to the later Italian school, and its unwearied diligence and correctness. When I consider the harmony and softness of Murillo's colouring, I am disposed to compare him with Domenichino, yet this latter master has far more delicacy of manner, and employs brighter tints, sometimes even pure white, in his colouring. Murillo is less brilliant, his designs more severely grand, and more melancholy in feeling and expression; but his infinite industry in the finish of these indistinct outlines, and in blending hues, is equalled only by the later Italians, and among them, perhaps, by Correggio alone: like him too Murillo belongs unquestionably to the class of *musical* painters. I have once already attempted to account for the indecision of colouring and vagueness of outline in painters of genius and originality, by referring it to an assimilation with a musical genius and manner of expression; but where, in these or later painters, it cannot be thus accounted for, it seems to originate only in a very faulty tendency to deceptive representations of nature — an error which it scarcely belongs to the peculiar province of a treatise on the art to notice The musical tendency of Murillo's genius is also evident in his selection of subjects, and the sentimental expression of all his pictures. This,

however, is more or less apparent in all paintings of the Spanish school. They are characterised by a serious expression of melancholy grace, belonging to the highest range of art. The prevailing subjects are religious. There is at Dresden a Madonna in this style by Velasquez, and one very similar in the Parisian Museum, the design after Murillo. A beggar boy, by the same master, was also for a short time exhibited here. This boy appears bowed by misery and want. His ragged clothing, and the wretched furniture around, are in melancholy harmony with the countenance and attitude of the boy struggling with hunger and neglect: the whole is bitterly and painfully real. It is certainly a splendid painting, though idealists may turn from it in disgust; but is not this a superficial feeling, as if all depended on the subject, and not rather on the peculiar manner in which it is treated? A beggar boy is, it is true, always a beggar boy; yet in how many different ways may he not be represented! A humourist will seize and depict only the comic points in his outward appearance, giving to the countenance that expression of easy indifference to care which a thoughtless character may retain, even in the lowest depths of misery. A deeply-contemplative painter, a Leonardo or Dürer for instance, will fix his ideas on the confusion and distraction which misery usually imparts to the countenance, and even to the character, and enter so deeply into its influence on the mind, that the perfection of his conception and representation will excite the utmost wonder and astonishment. The severe taste of the Spaniard has represented misery in its humiliation, yet accompanied with so much inward composure and earnest seriousness, that this individual picture speaks to the eye and to the imagination, like a general commentary on the moral degradation and poverty of our mortal existence. The handling of this picture, excellent as it is, cannot be compared with those of "Inspiration" and "Prayer," already mentioned. The latter is the size of life, as exquisitely finished as the former, to which it is in every respect so similar, that little need be said of it. It appears, perhaps, more rich in ideal beauty, but that of the Monk displays more true and vigorous genius. The glorious expression which in every day life illumines the countenance only during the brief moment of rapturous enthusiasm, is

seized at its highest point, and vividly embodied. Enthusiastic inspiration and complete self-possession, are both at the same moment felt and expressed; but how transient, how quickly passed that moment!

I have here one observation to make, which, though applicable to all paintings of the Spanish school, is especially so to those I have just described. A strongly marked national physiognomy characterises every countenance, difficult to define by any decided features, and yet so striking as to be evident at the first glance. So also the figures of Leonardo and Raphael are eminently Italian, and those of Dürer and his followers no less German in character. This proves at least that painters, if left to the influence of individual taste and personal predilections, instead of employing in every subject one general ideal type, cannot, even in such characters as these, escape from their own individuality, or avoid introducing that peculiar national physiognomy with which they are familiar. This is at least like the art and manner of the old school; an art and manner which our modern artists are become far too wise to adopt. But this very reason impels me the more frequently to insist upon the fact which I desire so much to impress upon their minds: that those who will generalise, and who indulge in purely abstract ideas, act in opposition to the whole circle of antiquity. A very remarkable difference exists, in this respect, between the progress of the old Italian and German schools. In the former, beginning from Ghirlandajo, or even earlier, the figures have a very distinct Italian character: the great masters of a riper period heightened this originally severe nationality into a greater ideality of expression, combined, nevertheless, with a life-like personality, until this too is lost in the eclectic style of modern times, and becomes an abstract generality of features, an empty charm of expression devoid of character or significance.

In the following short notice, I shall mention the finest productions of the Italian school, contained in the collection of Lucien Buonaparte.

A "Crucifixion," attributed to Michelangelo; in colours, but of small dimensions, for which reason I will not venture to make it the foundation of any observations, as this

master can be understood and studied only in his fresco paintings at Rome.

A "Leda," by Andrea del Sarto; of small proportions, yet not absolutely diminutive, is one of the finest paintings of that master. Leda stands naked in the centre, the swan near her, and the little cygnets breaking through their shells, and creeping out upon the ground. The countenance of Leda displays a singular combination of maternal instinct and unrefined voluptuousness.

The "Prodigal Son," by Titian, a large picture the size of life. The figures, though rather in the style of Paul Veronese, are by no means the best part of this painting, but the landscape is inexpressibly beautiful. The entire background is occupied by a chain of blue hills of heavenly beauty, and somewhat in the style of Bellini. Is it conceivable, that after seeing a landscape such as this, which is not only symbolic, but at the same time a correct imitation of nature, artists can be satisfied with merely making copies of beautiful scenes?

A "Spiritual Prince," by Perugino. In the background are four saints in pairs reverentially kneeling. This picture is small, and in the simple unadorned manner of that master; yet it is valuable as a memento, though but a feeble one, of the fine style of the earlier masters, because the artist does not suffer his figures to appear like wandering phantoms gleaming theatrically through cloud and sunshine, but designs them, however small their proportions, with firm, decided outlines, and in perfect symmetry, with great breadth of light and shade, while with silent assiduity he designs the lovely and expressive symbols of universal piety, investing them with all appropriate beauty of colouring like a hieroglyphic scroll.

A "Venus," by Allori; larger than life. The goddess lies unrobed in the foreground, defending herself with her right arm against the attacks of a little Cupid, and endeavouring, unless I am deceived, to get possession of his bow. Her upturned head is, in spite of its strong individuality, full of fascination; the figure is certainly that of a splendid woman, the colouring warm and powerful, the finishing elaborate, and the execution worthy the daring idea of depicting the goddess of love in naked beauty, and of more than

human proportions. Thus the great geniuses of former ages imagined their gods, and thus strove to place them in their majestic identity before the eyes of the wondering spectators. This is a most valuable work, and of surpassing excellence: it would be difficult to find any picture of the later Italian school more grandly imagined, and few are so powerfully executed; while still the delicate charm with which this master adorns pictures of smaller dimensions smiles on us in the richly-finished head and ringlets of the little Cupid.

Paintings by this master are rarely seen; the Parisian Museum has not one in its present collection.

The "Portrait of Francis the First," by Leonardo, is here exhibited; it is one of the most skilfully finished that we have of this master's. Beyond it, is a half-length of a woman holding a wine-cup; her countenance seems familiar to us, and has certainly many of those peculiarities which distinguish the school of Leonardo; it somewhat resembles the "Herodias" in the Parisian Museum. The most valuable work of Leonardo's in this collection is an allegorical picture representing "Modesty and Vanity,"* and seems intended to contrast a spiritual and retiring piety with worldly vanity and pomp. It is a half-length, and contains these two figures only: the Good Principle is here kept rather in the back-ground, its influence being, as the intention of the subject requires, rather negative than actual, and the colouring of the figure is dim and feeble; perhaps only to heighten the effect by contrasting it with the highly-finished personification of Worldly Vanity, its self-satisfied smile and elaborate costume. This design is extremely significant. Symbolic paintings of this character require to be severely analysed; we must look through the life-like individuality apparent in the working out of the design, and penetrate its abstract idea, striving to trace the deep, hidden meaning of the philosopher's soul through the exterior garb of art.

This collection, besides a "Sketch for the head of Jehovah," by Raphael, and a charming "Portrait of the Painter il Fattore," contains two "Madonnas," one of which, purchased in Spain, may compete with the noblest conceptions of that glorious genius. It is the size of life, the landscape open and

* This picture is now in the Sciarra Place, Rome.

glowing, and in this respect also, as well as in the brilliant beauty of the colouring, surprisingly and charmingly similar to that known as the Giardiniera. The child is sleeping*, and the mother silently withdraws the veil that covers him, to gaze upon him, while St. John stands praying by her side. The entire composition, and particularly the attitude of the sleeping child, is very like that known by the name of the Silence, which has been already described, and is besides familiar from having been frequently the subject of engravings. This picture seems, indeed, a combination of the Giardiniera and the Silence, different portions of it appearing to be borrowed as much from one as the other, so that it is difficult to say which of the two it most resembles. The head and countenance of the little St. John, though intrinsically childlike, happy, and vigorous, are broader, and not altogether so noble as in other Holy Families by Raphael. The same may be said of the infant Christ, and also of another Madonna of Raphael's in this collection, and which resembles the Madonna della Sedia, both in the expression of the countenance, and also in the manner in which the Blessed Mother holds the child: at least as far as we are able to form an opinion from copies and engravings, the original being deposited in the palace of St. Cloud, and therefore not accessible to the public. The Madonna in this collection is called the "Vierge aux Candélabres,"† from the ornaments surrounding it. All these compositions combine to prove the truth of my former assertion, that Raphael's numerous pictures of the Virgin follow each other in regular order and gradation, clearly showing the transition in his mind from one idea of the appropriate treatment of his subject to another. We see him striving to embody the ideal form imaged in his soul by various and almost incongruous methods; we follow him through every modification of earthly charms and loveliness, from the Giardiniera and the Madonna della Sedia to the highest degree of godlike sublimity, as displayed in the great picture of the Madonna at Dresden.‡ Finally, a marvellously beautiful "Holy Fa-

* A picture in which the infant Christ is represented asleep is generally called "Silentium."

† Now in the palace at Lucca. Kugler's Translation, 80. 9.

‡ The Raphael-like "Madonnas" at Florence are deeply imbued with

mily," by Bellini, a half-length, the size of life; on a light ground and with brilliant lights introduced. On the right of the spectator is a saint turning affectionately towards the child; on the left, Joseph, a majestic old man; the Virgin is in the centre. The child's attention seems occupied partly by the old man, and partly by St. John, who stands, praying, below in the foreground; his arms are folded upon his breast; his eyes deep black, and hair black and curling: the whole figure beautifully childlike, and simple, full of truth and nature. The countenance of the saint is graceful and expressive, rather resembling one of those in the train of Mary ascending to the Temple, in Bellini's beautiful picture at Dresden. Not so the Blessed Virgin: her countenance wears an expression of languor, or even sadness, which makes it bewitchingly tender. This intentional contrast to the brilliant beauty of the surrounding figures is most pleasing; it seems as though the painter would fain have given *Her* some charm more exalted than mere beauty, and thus *indicate* the Divinity, which it is impossible to represent. The child is even more wonderful. Any one whose ideas of art go no further than the correct imitation of what is beautiful and charming, will admire it but little, preferring rather the infant St. John. But the rapt, meditative air of the Saviour, the clustering curls that crown his head with peculiar beauty, the clear and well defined outline of the figure, which is, notwithstanding, round and childish in contour, immediately inspire the thought that this child is no ordinary creation, nor is it possible to entertain any other idea than that he is divine. What could be a more worthy object of the painter's art, in such a subject, or rather such an *ideal conception* as this? By the union of apparently incongruous materials indicating, rather than attempting, to picture the indescribable and unseen;—

the expression of silent devotion and inward piety. They are of moderate dimensions, and the treatment very simple. One is in the Casa Tempi, the other in the Pitti Palace; not, however, forming part of the collection, but hung, when I saw it in 1819, in the Grand Duke's chamber. This latter is indeed worthy of the highest praise, and, with the similar pictures of the Madonna, might occupy a middle place in the complete series, as forming a link between the almost too childlike, yet lovely Giardiniera, and the grand pictures in his later manner.

this is the only style of painting to which the term Ideality can with justice be applied; and therefore this conception of the Saviour, in which nature appears to have united and modified all her contending faculties, is essentially childlike, and for that reason correct, it having been a too common error with other masters to attempt to convey an idea of the in-dwelling power of divinity by a wild and unchildlike seriousness.

This collection contains several other valuable paintings of the Italian School. One is a most beautiful "Judith," but the painter's name is unknown to me. A "Magdalene," by Guido, not only excelling most of the pictures I have seen by this master, but in warmth and richness of colouring surpassing even the Fortuna (No. 800.) in the Musée. Also a few other portraits and small pictures of the old school, many of which, though at first thrown into the background by the vicinity of such acknowledged masterpieces of genius, deserve separate study and attention, because reiterated examination frequently reveals new, beautiful, and characteristic ideas.

This hasty notice may, in the meantime, be of service to those who comprehend and enter into the designs of such compositions, enabling them to estimate rightly the value and importance of this noble collection.

May I here be permitted to pause for a moment, before proceeding to the consideration of other memorials of the art of painting, and select this place as well adapted for the introduction of a few general observations which will form the best preparation for our future researches? An examination of all the really important paintings now collected at Paris, such as I hope gradually to complete, and which I shall strive to render as perfect as possible, may become historically valuable to posterity; and I am induced to attempt the execution of it, believing that it cannot fail to interest every real lover of the art; but as it is scarcely possible to describe painting, except from some definite point, and in accordance with some peculiar and determined feature of the art, I have endeavoured to fix on some such principle as the basis of every idea and observation here introduced; and although I presume not to anticipate a general and unreserved assent to my opinions, I must hope that many even

of those who differ from me will perceive with pleasure the advantage of such unity and connection as I have thought to preserve throughout. I feel it, therefore, incumbent on me to afford my readers some insight into my general feeling for the art, and to trace to their source those peculiar ideas and principles, in regard to manner and style, to which possibly their attention may now be directed for the first time: so that every one will easily perceive the particular grounds on which we agree or differ in opinion, as well as the grounds on which that difference rests; and this criterion will make him the better able to judge how far my observations are likely to guide him, and in what points they militate against his own opinions.

It must, in the first place, be remembered, that the following ideas are far from being designed to form any thing like an arbitrary or well-digested theory, but are almost entirely practical, being founded on examples of the finest and most excellent compositions of the German and Italian masters; indeed I have had no other object in view than to lead back the taste of modern times, and to form it in some degree on the models of these old masters. I would only remind those who are prone to philosophise even in the study of the arts, that there would be no difficulty in collecting all that is known and acknowledged to be actually correct and right in painting, and condensing it into certain general rules and axioms; but that, at the same time, the true idea of the art might be completely lost sight of, not only as it is traced in the systems of the great masters before mentioned, but even in those more important principles founded on the essential qualities of the human intellect and organisation, and the observation of nature. Consequently, the very facility of such a system as the above makes it the less desirable to be attempted, as likely to lead to great misapprehensions and to militate against the true interests of the art. The divine representative art does, indeed, comprehend something more than the mere delineation of human nature, which such an arbitrary classification of its powers would seem to imply. Consecrated as it is to the glorification of the Divinity, we must seek those results which we are accustomed to extol so highly, in an original freedom of will and emancipation from all arbitrary restraint, because, knowing and living among

things of ordinary necessity and indispensability alone, it can attain the highest strength of freedom, only as an exception to general rules, and the positive, only by refusing to submit to conventional restrictions. We may perhaps say of many very useful arts, that they necessarily arise as the reason of mankind becomes developed and material objects concur to render them necessary or desirable. But far be it from me thus to sin against the hallowed art of painting: it is *not* necessary to the existence of mankind. Its pure being has no influence upon the natural system, and if annihilated, it would make no change in the laws which govern the world, nor rob its arrangement of either strength or order. Yet were this more than intellectual, this truly heaven-inspired art destroyed, man would lose one of the most powerful means of uniting with the Divinity, of drawing himself closer to the Godhead. In this instance, as well as in many others, it would be well if philosophy thought less of investigating and scientifically explaining the idea of divinity; of defining, and proving, and attempting, as it were, to bring it materially before our eyes, because, by so doing, it completely mistakes its true principle, denies its spirituality, weaving into it the idea of earthly necessity, and drawing it down within the sphere of exact thought and reasoning, thus affording unlimited satisfaction to those who altogether deny a positive manifestation of the Eternal.

The idea of the art can be explained only through, and in connexion with, practical representation, and its theoretical principles must be sought and traced in the experience of history.

The opinions here advanced have been touched upon in a preceding portion of this work, and are now merely brought together in a more distinct form. Still they are for the most part inconclusive, and leave the freest and fullest scope for further elucidation by originality and creative genius, when once the right path of painting shall be found, or rather when men shall once more return to walk in it.

The first of these immutable principles is, that there is, properly speaking, no *peculiar* branch in the art of painting, except the complete compositions, usually termed historical, but which, instead of being restricted to any such specific name or title, should rather be generally termed

symbolic paintings. What is usually said of other branches treated as in themselves distinct and unconnected, is a vain and imaginary delusion. Landscape, for example, forms the background in those pictures of the higher class which I term symbolic, and is in its proper sphere and endowed with its full force of expression when thus introduced alone. In foregrounds, however, it should be very slightly treated, lest too great correctness and minuteness produce the effect of a representation of inanimate nature alone. In this manner the beautiful landscapes of Leonardo, Raphael, Titian, and Bellini are treated. A mere representation of inanimate nature, without reference to any other object, cannot be very interesting; but becomes, when in its proper sphere and appropriately treated, fraught with beauty and expression: as for example, when broken and scattered, as we see the foregrounds of Dürer's compositions, or when introduced with such wonderful effect by Mantegna, or in still higher perfection by Leonardo: it is indeed employed more or less by all the great masters of antiquity. The effect of such accessory works (as they may be called) depends almost entirely on their entering appropriately into the general structure of the design; and so again their significance is increased by the admirable and artistic beauty of their treatment. The same observation applies to the so-called flower-pieces, which are significative only when used to crown some picture, with the expression of which they form an harmonious combination, as was first most ably demonstrated by Correggio, Raphael, and Mantegna. Indeed, all these accessories derive their interest from forming component parts of an entire composition. Symbolism appears to have been a primary object with all the earlier masters. Without it, landscape and still-life painting becomes a mere exercise of mechanical facility in surmounting difficulties, or even declines into a discordant and worthless medium for the bare copying of visible and sensible charms; or still worse, a most unartistic commonplace. Even portrait-painting forms no exception to this rule. It is no less necessary than landscape in every perfect composition, and woe to that historical picture which contains no figure or countenance likely to excite the remark that its expression of truth and intelligence produces the effect of a portrait, even though it be not one! It is certainly no subject of reproach to an artist, if besides those

more important works, in the production of which every effort of his genius is concentrated, he occasionally imagines some isolated and expressive countenance, and fixes his mind upon the contemplation of it. Many great masters have done this, and we find designs of theirs rich in inventive genius, yet either left unexecuted or finished on a plan totally different to the original design. All these sketches should, however, be treated merely as fragments; outlines and ideas for future works; or studies, intended for the individual benefit of the painter; not complete or finished works of art.

The historical interest attaching to portraits, as faithful representations of remarkable personages of other times, will always give them a certain value, even though not exalted by artistic treatment and feeling. The same may be said of landscape-drawing, since, if true to nature, it places before our eyes some beloved and familiar spot in all its native beauty; or perhaps a wondrous scene in some far distant land, a magnificent assemblage of mountains, woods, and water. What eye would not rejoice to wander over a representation of such lovely scenes,—perhaps situated in a part of the world so distant, that there is little probability of their ever being personally visited; or still more, when the picture recalls familiar scenes, localities endeared by memory and associations? Thus we value a collection of engravings presenting true portraits of personages famed in history, or representations of people and of customs in distant parts of the world, or of whatever our native country may contain of rare and valuable, harmonising with the before-named characteristics of the art. Still, these accessories can no more be styled essential branches of the art, than works of travel, however interesting, or of biography, though inspired by the utmost taste and feeling, can deserve to be ranked among poetical works; notwithstanding the acknowledged truth that just delineations of character and glowing descriptions of nature form essential parts of a perfect poem, of which indeed they are necessary elements. However, we cannot be astonished that portrait and landscape painting should be highly esteemed; for, apart from the personal or historical interest attached to a portrait, the delineation of the human countenance must always

rank among the highest efforts of the art. The view of a rich landscape, whether represented in a picture or seen in the brighter beauty of nature herself, excites in every susceptible mind soothing and agreeable sensations; yet, as in nature herself, the original expression remains the same, with little change or variety, there must necessarily be a certain degree of monotony in the enjoyment imparted by such representations. Generally, however, the symbolic will very easily overpower and efface the natural expression in isolated landscapes; and it is for this reason, that having once consented to consider landscape-painting as a separate branch, I prefer the adoption of a simple confined style, like that of Ruysdael, in whose paintings a few trifling circumstances of ordinary nature are, by perfect artistic treatment and the deep sentiment imparted to them, exalted into a splendid work of art, in which nature reveals herself in a flood of gushing beauty to the eyes of every one capable of feeling and appreciating her charms. In fact, such a painting offers a completely artistic representation; while, on the contrary, in every other description of landscape, not excepting even that lofty style in which Claude Lorraine unquestionably holds the first rank, the painter enters the lists against nature herself, vieing with her in the delineation of her highest and grandest scenes of beauty. If the result be successful, our astonishment subdues every other feeling, absorbing even the pure sentiment of the art; and still it must be remembered that the majesty of nature will ever remain unattainable, even by the highest artistic efforts.

Every art should strive to attain perfection in what peculiarly characterises and distinguishes it from others. If sculpture be most fitted to represent the pure simple forms of actual material beauty, — if music, the language of the soul, concentrate in herself the power of arousing every deeper feeling, — so the most appropriate sphere of the spiritual art of painting, its fittest aim and object, is the imparting a glorified expression to individual figures, or diffusing a divine and holy sentiment throughout a composition.

Not only are the productions of the art often divided into the so-called branches and species, thereby destroying its very essence and vitality, but the art itself is further subdivided into certain fixed elements, styled design, expression, colouring,

and I know not what. Thus to sever what is originally and eternally one, is a most destructive error, and the lofty spirit eludes the rude grasp of those who would thus foolishly disturb its perfect unity. Yet this analysis of the art, this reducing it to its primitive elements, is no new error, that is to say, it has not originated entirely with the moderns. It may be recognised even in the Carracci, and we are indebted to Mengs for having made it most clearly evident. No painter can in truth be called a good master who does not set himself in decided opposition to such a mode of reasoning; and that critic knows little of painting who believes that Raphael's colouring or Correggio's designs might have been altered and thereby improved. It is vexatious continually to repeat this alphabet of the first principles of painting. If people must divide and analyse, let them confine their operations to things which may be divided,—and what are these? The *letter* and the *spirit*—*words* and *ideas*. Between these there will always exist a chasm, whether we consider the arts, or philosophy, or real life; how many excellent pictures are to be seen, the design of which we readily allow to be noble and admirable, but the execution, although artistic and uncommon, we yet feel, is far from carrying out the full significance and intention of the conception. Other pictures may be cited, admirable in execution, yet in which the idea (since a picture can scarcely be formed without *some* ideal design) is yet far less significant than in many other compositions. But it is for perfect execution, or what people usually consider as the whole of the art, to combine every essential element—correct outline, as well as appropriate colouring and expression,—so that united they may form an harmonious and indivisible whole. The invention must also be so managed, that what is called order and arrangement may be combined therewith; in a word, it must be poetry in painting. Not that the subject need be poetical; yet the painter, if he would be worthy of the name and not merely a servile copyist, must inwardly conceive and arrange the design he seeks to represent. The spirit and the letter too, mechanism and poetry, are all elements of painting, although it is possible for one to exist in far greater perfection than, or even in the absence of, the other. It will be expedient, before proceeding further, to explain a possible misunderstanding in

regard to the cultivation of poetry, to which these observations may give birth. A painter must be a poet. This is beyond all question: not however a poet in words, but in colouring. Still, poetry must be as completely diffused throughout the whole composition as it is in the works of an actual poet, if they be indeed poetry. The example of the old masters affords us here the best guiding star. It is true, if poetry be supposed to exist in *words* alone, very few of the antique pictures can be termed poetic, and those few rather frivolously imagined and not of the loftiest grade. But we understand the word in a more extended sense, as exemplifying the poetic idea of things; and this the old masters imbibed from its purest source. Their poetry took its rise sometimes in religion, as in Angelico, Perugino, and Fra Bartolommeo, and many others; sometimes in philosophy, as in the deeply meditative Leonardo; or, was drawn equally from both, as in the unfathomable Dürer. The actual poetry of that period, as known in the world, and by painters, was far less poetical, if I may be permitted the expression, than the devotional ideas of the Catholic faith, or the contemplative philosophy of the artist. But since then, philosophy has quitted the region of mathematics and natural science, and withdrawn into the realm of pure, abstract ideas and words, whither the painter is not permitted to follow her; and since then too, religion becoming more confined within the province of ethics, the painter, whose art is far more universal and comprehensive than either music or sculpture, has no resource left but to seize and employ every thing beautiful and immortal which he can gather from other arts, and more especially from poetry, in whose glorious inspiration he finds united both the pure simplicity of devotion, and the profound natural philosophy of other days. Now it is beyond all doubt, that this poetical expression may be traced in all ancient pictures, both of the Italian and German schools, and was the moving principle and the ultimate aim of all the old masters: my present observations on the principal paintings of the old schools, are confined to the simple object of tracing and pointing out more successfully this poetical design. And the following remarks may help to explain the practical notions generally existing concerning the poetical ideas of the ancient masters.

People say, "the painter should study nature," or, to speak more correctly, the divinity that is in nature. Let it not be imagined that this is a mere speculative subtilty: my meaning must be obvious to all whose minds are not entirely unskilled in tracing the connexion between words and ideas; and the artist especially will feel the distinction to be most just, although it is possible that he may not himself find language, or be able to explain in words his own deeply felt idea so clearly as an unmoved spectator. What then is the divinity in nature? It is not life and strength alone, but the one incomprehensible union of soul, expression, and individuality; and this we believe to be the proper aim of painting. Sculpture may perhaps more successfully embody the ever-springing life, the inexhaustible strength of nature, or give the simplest imitation of material forms, or the contrast of happiness and death; but painting will mistake her own peculiar province, if, instead of following the track of the old masters, she diverges from it to pursue the objects more peculiarly appertaining to sculpture, which must result only in vain delusive attempts, or in producing a feeble and sickly shadow of the antique. And this brings me to a third and most important principle, —painting must be painting, and nothing else;—and however trite and commonplace this observation may appear, it is in general far too little regarded. I would therefore enforce it with all the earnestness which its importance demands. It is true that I have extolled some paintings as characteristic and significant in which I have nevertheless traced a prevailing tendency to the musical expression. But I employed this term chiefly in reference to the governing idea of the composition, and the grandeur with which that idea is expressed; besides, it is not always possible to resist the influence of a great and genial error, prevailing so universally among the friends of the art. Neither is it necessary to warn artists of the present day against the errors of Correggio, since they are not likely to be in danger from his example until they reach a very high degree of excellence as painters, of which at present they give little promise. The prevailing tendency to identify painting with sculpture is an error far more dangerous and exceptionable than musical painting, and leads to a complete misconception

of both. In the French school this error is peculiarly conspicuous, and the ground of it may also be traced in Mengs. A sound inquiry into and examination of the principles of the antique will fully prove that painting is not sculpture, and that the ideal of the two arts is completely distinct. Should it be objected that to insist upon the prevalence of the poetical idea, is to oppose the assertion that painting must primarily be itself and nothing else, we reply, first—that poetry alone, amongst all other arts, enters intrinsically into the genius of each, and forms a general and universal link between all, however otherwise distinct; and secondly, that in speaking thus I refer to artistic invention which is poetical only in the subject and mechanism, the creation of which must of course differ greatly from the actual poetry of words.

LETTER III.

The Treasures of the Art exemplified in a Recapitulation of different Paintings belonging to the old Italian School. — The "Carità," of Andrea del Sarto, and "A Deposition from the Cross," by Bramante; "St. Agatha," by Sebastian del Piombo. — On Martyrdom, as a Theme for the Art, and the earliest Subjects of Christian Paintings. — On Dürer's Designs, considered as suggestive Ideas for Paintings. — The "Madonna della Sedia," and the "Saint Cecilia," of Raphael. — Paintings by Le Sueur. — Remarks on a few antique early French Monuments; on Painting on Glass. — The "Antiope" of Titian.

The art of painting having gradually abandoned its early office of adorning the sacred edifices of the Christian faith, and placing the mysteries of our holy religion more clearly and beautifully before the eyes of men than could be effected by words alone, became ere long frivolous and unmeaning, till, vacillating between misconceptions of the ideal and a faulty struggle after mere effect, it wandered still farther from the high object to which it had been originally devoted, and eventually degenerated into uninteresting and commonplace generalities. Every attempt to separate the theory of the art from its practice will in the same manner lead

invariably either to empty generalities or fantastic dreams of the imagination. In pursuing, therefore, my present attempt to develope the true and correct principles of the art, I shall, instead of confining myself to a theoretical outline alone, accompany my observations by such an uninterrupted description of various old paintings as may amply suffice to illustrate the ideas suggested. This description will form an appropriate introduction to my subsequent remarks, the results of which will thus rise naturally, and arrange themselves according to certain general principles whose innate affinity and connection will be easily perceived by every reflecting mind.

It is true that no contemplation of works of art can be throughout entirely systematic, more especially at the present time; still the unconnected character of these observations need not by any means interfere with the general unity of the views set forth in the minds of those who have already imbibed correct ideas of the art; and it may be in a certain degree advantageous, as serving continually to remind us of a fact in the history of art, which ought never to be forgotten. A fragmentary form is indeed the most appropriate for observations on an art which is in itself no more than a fragment, the ruined remains of by-gone times. The great body of Italian paintings is torn in pieces and dispersed, and rarely, very rarely, indeed, do we see any attention given to the older masters of the Italian school, or to the study of their works, although the original idea and object of the art is far more simply and naturally expressed in their compositions than in those of a later period. The old German school is in even a more deplorable state, although its preservation is of equal, perhaps even of greater importance than the other, on account of the decided superiority it evinces in principles and technicalities, because also it was more true to the object of religion, and besides remained always pure painting, not infringing the limits which properly divide that art from others. Yet, both German and Italian schools are now almost entirely unknown. The art, as a whole, no longer exists, and a few vanishing traces alone remain which may again furnish ideas for future development to those who, alive to the spirit of the past, are prepared to imbibe them. As we proceed in our survey of

modern art, this dismemberment appears to us under a new light. The paintings at present existing are not only dispersed throughout all lands, and formed into the most heterogeneous collections, not one of which is altogether satisfactory and complete, but pictures requiring to be viewed and studied together are, on the contrary, widely distant from each other. Christian art is in itself but a fragment, and probably will never be completed; and although this is less palpably evident in painting than in the ruined towers and churches of Gothic architecture, many of which have remained unfinished during the last thousand years, and have been suffered in that state to fall into decay and ruin, the observation is equally true of painting, and applicable to the Italian no less than to the German schools.

In the sphere of Christian art we frequently find paintings even of the earliest style deeply imbued with true ideas of art, and rich in the most beautiful symbolism; such pictures are often also very finely imagined, and correctly and powerfully executed, even in those mechanical points in which the art was as yet in its infancy. What an abundance of heavenly imaginings are found in the works of Angelico da Fiesole! how rich a store of pure and lovely ideas! although he belongs, in regard to technicalities, to the very infancy of the art, and is in this respect far inferior to his contemporaries of the old German schools. When a higher perfection was attained in technical execution, painters, feeling confidence in their own powers, aimed at combining the richest luxuriance of outward charms with the loftier intrinsic beauties of soul and expression, and the original inspiration thus became clouded by secondary views, until it was at length entirely lost. Artists, ambitious to excite astonishment by the display of their extraordinary acquirements and consummate skill, made it their great object to charm the senses and communicate voluptuous sensations, or, beguiled into the pursuit of other objects equally frivolous and vain, selected their subjects from Pagan mythology, and even treated sacred themes in a superficial manner: addressing themselves to the senses alone, they degenerated into an almost heathen style, and that alone would suffice to render Christian compositions tame and spiritless. The Italian school, in its decline, became first studied and un-

artistic, and at length descended into a vague ideality, destitute of all character and expression. The German schools appear to have been less near perfection than the Italian, and their present state is also much more imperfect. The Reformation, by estranging the ideas of art from their accustomed channel of Christian devotion, produced in Germany a violent change and division. Hence ensued in the new school of the Netherlands a kind of elementary analysis of the art, the influence of which induced men, when the subverted principles were at length brought into a kind of system, to tear from their proper connexion all the unimaginative parts of a perfect composition, and treat them as distinct branches, thus producing not only landscape and portrait-painting, but cooking and kitchen pictures, hunting and dog-kennel studies, fruit, flower, and cattle-pieces, architecture and still-life, domestic scenes, and whimsical caricatures, battle-pieces, and half-comic representations of the lower classes of the people: all treated separately and in the highest degree of technical perfection, till at last this chaotic confusion of chivalric designs, and copies of the rudest every-day subjects, overwhelmed every true idea of art, substituting bare technicalities in their room.

That happy combination of fine conceptions, perfect outlines, and a delicious abundance of sensible beauty, which characterises the compositions of the old masters, at the period of their greatest brilliancy, existed but for a few fleeting moments. The harmonious perfection of every part, which is still prized above all other beauties, appears to be rather a glorious exception than the general rule, and therefore, easy as it is to describe in general terms the progress of the art, it is useless to attempt to preserve a severe regularity in the explanatory details of each step. One single work frequently soars far above all other productions of the same master, or is even greatly in advance of the time and the general style of art at that period. We must keep this observation continually in view during the following description, and I shall not neglect to draw attention to it whenever an opportunity occurs of so doing.

Many of the paintings of the later schools now in the Grand Salon of the Louvre have been already exhibited, and but few among them deserve especial notice: perhaps

one of the most charming of the newly-exhibited pictures is the "Carità" of Andrea del Sarto (No. 8. in the Cat.). Charity is here personified as a loving mother surrounded and caressed by her happy children: one at her bosom, one in her lap, playing joyously with flowers and fruit, and a third lying at her feet in quiet slumber. The mother is of lofty stature, slender in form, and noble in demeanour; her countenance and clear, bright eyes very beautiful and individual, and the head-dress characteristic and appropriate. The idea embodied in this picture is simple, beautiful, and easily recognised; its highest charm seems to consist in the expression, the cheerful beauty, and next to that, perhaps, in the colouring. The blue and crimson tints in the mother's robe are so delicate, transparent and brilliant, and the carnations in the flesh of the naked boy sleeping between its folds, so beautifully blended and softly subdued, bright, yet not in the least degree glaring, that it seems as if our open glowing eyes drank in at every glance the soft fascination of love. This picture is one of the old collection, and I have never seen any by the same master in a similar manner, nor half so exquisitely charming. It seems as if among all the successors and imitators of Raphael, the excellent Andrea alone had inherited the versatility and varied genius of his great master. Each of these followers has his own decided manner, from which he rarely deviates, though perhaps, as is the case with Giulio Romano, he merely carries some single peculiarity of his master's genius more fully and powerfully, it is true, yet, at the same time, with a greater degree of prejudice and partiality. But, however different the pictures of Raphael may be in themselves, his predilection for the same oft-repeated subject, and the constantly recurring resemblance of many individual figures, make those of Andrea del Sarto appear like multiplied variations on the basis of the same all-pervading theme

The "Birth of the Saviour," by Spagnuoletto, is remarkably fine in colouring and expression, deserving of notice also from the individual beauty of other parts: few pictures by this master are free from the defects of the later Italian style and the rude school of the naturalisti. The lively ultra-marine in the drapery of the mother, and the

brilliant reality of the colouring, together with a freshness and joyous vigour rarely found among modern Italians, rivet our attention to this picture, and perhaps we gaze longest on the figure of the old shepherd, which is almost larger than life, and being placed close to the margin, on the right, seems intended to indicate the foreground. There is a bold grandeur both in the figure and the honest, open countenance, while the rude and tattered skin with which he is girded is painted with a truth and solidity almost like nature: the whole figure is uncommon, stepping forward with an expression of thoughtfulness and integrity. So fine a composition is rarely seen among the Italian paintings of that epoch. Possibly the Spaniard may have engrafted his own serious character on the ordinary Italian manner, and in fact the apparent solidity and general treatment remind us rather of Murillo than of the laborious industry of the Netherlands.

A "Visitation of the Virgin," by Andrea da Salerno * (No. 5.), is completely in the old style, although not of very early date. "Zacharias" is a portrait of the poet Bernardo Tasso, and the other figures represent various historical characters of Salerno†: it is not of much value generally, and marked on the whole by a sort of similarity with the bad or indifferent pictures of the old German and Flemish schools rather than with the best. We trace a surprising resemblance in the old manner of both these schools, not in their most excellent paintings alone, but also in their worst; a convincing proof that both Germans and Italians drew their earliest inspiration from the same source.

There is here an excellent female portrait by Bordone, and also the "Ring of St. Mark" (No. 15.). The latter is a large picture in the Venetian style, rich in figures, and full of life and action: it represents the assembled nobles of Venice, while a poor fisher, humbly approaching, exhibits to them the ring, which he had received from the patron saint of that city, and they proclaim its promised salvation from the overwhelming inundation with which it is menaced. The simplicity of the arrangement and the beautiful colouring afford a pleasing proof that the later masters of

* Otherwise called Sabbatini (Andrea).

† The Virgin is said to be a portrait of the Princess of Salerno of the family of Villa Marina. Cat. 1816. — *Trans.*

the Venetian school long retained the beautiful style of their founders.

A portrait of Bandinelli, painted by himself, adds another to the circle of charming portraits by Italian masters, now to be seen in Paris. How noble, lofty, and intelligent must the men of those days have been, if we judge of them from their outward appearance alone! It is true that we cannot expect in Bandinelli the deep, soul-felt calm, the delightful individuality of Leonardo's portrait, nor the lofty, yet love-inspiring hauteur of Garofalo; he does not possess the wild and savage grandeur of Giulio Romano, nor the noble, manly, and sedate expression of Il Fattore; still his countenance is far from commonplace: it has much vigour and expression, in which, however, pedantry, combined with an indomitable self-love, appears to me to predominate.

There is one picture, an "Entombment of Christ," by Bramante of Urbino, a celebrated architect of the fifteenth century, worthy of earnest and reiterated study and investigation, and which seems to excite greater wonder and astonishment the more frequently it is viewed. My attention was first attracted by the capital distribution of parts in this picture. I know not whether a connoisseur would style it artistic, but to me it appears grand and judicious in its uniformity. The picture is simply imagined, presenting but few features, and those of noble proportions and combined in architectural symmetry. The figure of a saint, seated in the foreground on the right, deserves especial notice, being as finely designed in every particular as those in old paintings, and I have rarely seen it surpassed even in them. On the right, stands St. Anthony, carrying the hermit's little bell; St. Jerome, more in the background; on the left, St. John, Nicodemus, and Joseph of Arimathea, surrounding the mother of God, who is placed in the centre of the picture, and most expressively designed; the deepest grief is depicted in her countenance, and a chastened tenderness of feeling, a sorrow exalted and subdued by fortitude and self-command, is apparent even in her manner of clasping the corpse to her bosom. It seems scarcely possible to give a better representation of genuine and sincere grief than is expressed in the countenances of the by-standers, nearly every one of whom exhibits either the instrument or some symbol of his martyrdom. A heartfelt sorrow is

stamped on every countenance, yet without monotony or repetition. The idea of sincerity conveyed by each individual figure, and stamped upon the picture generally, doubtless renders its expression so peculiarly tranquil: it is certainly very plain and simple, and far from having any claim to lofty passion, or the more interesting charm of sentiment; but this simplicity makes it appear to grow in loveliness each time it is revisited. Many paintings have more abstract beauty of colouring, and yet in this the peculiar harmony and propriety of the arrangement seem almost to indicate the sentiment revealed by the general structure of the work. It is scarcely just to institute comparisons between pictures, unless evidently suggested by some similarity in design, or in the necessary conditions of the subject: otherwise we might easily point out separate parts in other pictures more beautiful and effective. Still the truth and uprightness of character, united as it is with sincerity and firmness, with which the artist has here invested the friends and followers of our Lord, is infinitely more appropriate than the conception and treatment common in later times, when, in spite of the highly artistic grouping of the whole, we find among the apostles, if separately examined, many forms well fitted to represent Greek philosophers and Roman senators, or even athletæ, but which are very far from embodying the idea usually conceived of the apostles of our Lord.

A "Holy Family," by Andrea del Sarto, half-length (No. 7.), deserves notice for its vigorous execution, the beautiful head of the old man, and charming, smiling gaiety of the boy. Among the followers of Raphael, Andrea alone approximates to his master in that beautiful delineation of children for which Raphael was so superlatively admirable; yet, even in his compositions, the difference between the master and the scholar is clearly perceptible. A picture resembling this is also to be seen at Düsseldorf, but not equally well painted, and with slight incidental differences.

Among the paintings of the late Italian school, one, by Michelangelo da Caravaggio, deserves especial attention. It represents a grand master of the knights of Malta*, with a noble boy beside him, and is favourably distinguished among the pictures of the later Italian school by its vigorous,

* Adolphe de Vignacourt, created Grand Master in 1601.

firm, objective reality, almost, as it were, starting from the canvas; by the splendid knightly costume, and gold-gleaming coat of mail. It is true that those who have had an opportunity of studying portraits of the old German school may have seen many paintings more beautifully handled in these particulars; still it forms a fine exception to the ordinary class of Italian portraits of that period.

The "Judith" with the head of Holofernes, by Cristoforo Allori*, has much merit, both in the expression and outline of the figure, although the languid softness of colouring, and an overstrained imitation of nature, give it too decided a resemblance to the modern Italian schools. Our attention is immediately caught by the beauty and splendid attire of the Hebrew heroine, as well as by the expression of simple piety and wonder in the head of the old woman, and the external correctness of the representation. The rich, rosy mouth of the heroine, her dark, gleaming eyes, half veiled in serious thought, the brown tresses shadowing her lofty brow, and delicate yet noble features; her tall, slender form, its outline gracefully veiled by the heavy drapery; the perfect freedom in the arrangement of the drapery, and the ease of the whole figure, and of her manner of carrying the severed head and the great sword, of the weight of which she appears but that moment to have become conscious; her countenance, expressing not thoughtful seriousness alone, but rather an indwelling sadness, a silent, overpowering weariness;—the combination of all those characteristics finely reveal the melancholy enthusiasm, the pride, faith, courage and resignation which prompted this wondrous woman to believe herself summoned by her God to perform the action recorded of her. It is generally said that the artist has given his own portrait in the head of Holofernes, and his mistress in the Judith.

The "Martyrdom of St. Agatha"† (No. 60.), a half-length, by Sebastian del Piombo, is completely in the antique taste, not from any artificial imitation of sculpture, but from its sentiment, and the Roman grandeur, freedom, and vigour with which the subject, a glorious circumstance in the annals of Christianity, is seized and depicted. It is one of the most instructive pictures I have seen, both in its general treatment, and the significance of the expression; a classical

* From the Pitti Palace. † Ibid.

picture, if any may be allowed to deserve that name: not, however, from its carrying out the whole category of requisitions which theorisers in art love to insist upon in their books of instruction, but rather because a grand uncompromising power, a deeply-contrived clearness of design, the noble intelligence and excellence of classical antiquity, pervade and give soul to this rare work. Tradition attributes to Michelangelo the design for this painting: it is said that he hoped, by this assistance, to raise a master of the Venetian school, then highly esteemed for colouring, into a rival of Raphael, even in his own peculiar province of oil-painting and devotional subjects. It is for this reason that ordinary critics find nothing worthy of admiration in the picture, except the wonderful foreshortening of the figures: this tradition appears the more worthy of belief from the circumstance that another picture by Sebastian del Piombo (No. 989.), representing the Virgin and sleeping Infant, surrounded by angels, is not only far inferior in design to this, but so very different in style, that it can scarcely be believed to be by the same master. It should also be observed, that the figures in the St. Agatha are much less exaggerated than in the little oil-painting by the same master, and rather resemble the latest manner of Raphael, at which period he appears to have imitated Michelangelo, both in the style of his easel-pictures, and also in his designs for tapestry. How, our readers will perhaps ask, can a subject so horrible form a beautiful painting? Indeed, I have seen many spectators turn shuddering away after the first glance, and blame the artist for his selection of such a subject, and yet the very same persons have perhaps stood long in pleased astonishment before the "Martyrdom of St. Agnes," by Domenichino (No. 765.), or have gazed on the "Massacre of the Innocents," by Guido (No. 819.), without turning from the confused heaps of dead bodies and infants writhing in mortal agony; without being horrified by the streaming blood and agonised countenances therein depicted. Nothing of this description is visible in the picture of St. Agatha. No blood, no heart-rending agony, no wounds; for as yet the threatening instruments of torture have not touched the body of the saint; we do not here see that expression of fiend-like, revolting malice, which usually distinguishes paintings of this kind: every-

thing loathsome or disgusting being kept as completely out of sight as is possible in the representation of a martyrdom. It seems therefore probable that the horror it inspires, prompting every one, after the first glance, to shrink and turn away, is produced by the stern, soul-freezing reality of the representation. The artist has chosen for his picture the moment immediately preceding the application of the torture. Already the majestic form of the noble woman is uncovered, the glowing irons approach her bosom, and the horrible idea of anticipated suffering thus engendered cannot be otherwise than painful to excess: still there are comparatively few who will find its agony insupportable; those alone who, overpowered by the exhibition of suffering, overlook the lofty god-like character of the design; who derive no pleasure from the majestic beauty of the figures, or the fine arrangement of the whole.

The structure of the composition is very simple: the figures are the size of life, but the dimensions of the picture so small, that the grouping is necessarily confined. The saint stands in the centre, completely in the foreground; she is naked to the waist; her mantle, lying at her feet, and her under robe wound tightly round the hips and gathered together in a knot in front. She leans against a column, which her extended arms encircle, and to which they appear to be firmly bound, but they are partially concealed by the heads of the executioners who stand on each side of the martyr, and also by a dark green curtain suspended from above. The painful delineation of actual violence is much softened down throughout. The tyrant stands opposite to her on the right; a table is introduced into the foreground; on that side one of his arms, wonderfully foreshortened, rests upon it. Behind him stands an attendant, whose expressive eyes are cast down, [illegible]f in sorrow. On the other side, quite in the foreground, before the executioner on the right, a great knife is lying on a grey pedestal; he grasps the irons with both hands. On the right of the column which divides the background, we discover a crowd of persons, a fire, and a group of small figures apparently occupied in preparing the instruments of torture. The background opens on the left side, and a tranquil landscape with calm waters in the glowing distance, is seen below the dark green curtain already

mentioned. In front of this landscape, near to the attendant who stands with downcast eyes, two Roman soldiers with bright unclosed helmets are seen—sympathising spectators of the fearful scene.

The form of the saint is of heroic maidenly beauty, and vigorous proportions. There are no rose and lily tints in the carnations, but the pure, firm form glows with all the colouring of unaltered health. The countenance expresses no superhuman spirituality, but rather the heroism and strength of human virtue; her dark eyes gleam with all the ardent feeling of an impassioned woman, but have also an expression of fortitude and magnanimity, and the conscious thrill of inborn heroism. The careless fall of her dark tresses leaves the brow and beautiful firm throat completely bare, but while thus silently and unhesitatingly yielding up her body to the martyr's doom, her head is turned towards the tyrant with a majestic action, full of unquailing courage;—we feel that she is speaking, that she gives utterance to that bitter reproach, "You—born of a woman's body, and nourished at her breast,—do you not shame to give a woman's body to the hand of the executioner?" An ashy paleness alone reveals the insuperable terror of mortality at the horrible doom approaching; for her lofty countenance and gleaming eyes bespeak more indignation and contempt for her miserable tyrant than concern for her own sufferings. In the midst of torture she yet triumphs over him, who stands gazing on her as if he sought to arm his soul, by the very spectacle of the martyrdom, against doubt and irresolution. The singular constraint of his attitude and the almost unnatural manner in which he rests his elbows on the table before him, heighten the expression of internal disquietude in his physiognomy; he seems to harden himself in his once decided purpose, as if the stubborn cruelty were struggling with and subduing a better impulse.

His head especially is of noble form, and very vigorous execution. The two executioners who with their burning irons menace the bosom of the Saint, are, in their peculiar style, even more powerful. They are the fitting instruments of such a crime; vulgar, hideous, and totally devoid of feeling; solicitous merely to perform the task they have in hand, and regarding it as part of their ordinary trade; still

the extraordinary power displayed in the delineation of these countenances, and the reality of the execution, softens without weakening the impression they impart, carrying the spectator's mind so irresistibly to the character and form, that the feeling which must otherwise be unavoidably excited is thrown into the background.

Perhaps nothing in the whole picture is more worthy of notice, or more grandly conceived, than the two soldiers, armed, but with helmets raised, who stand behind the tyrant and look at the proceeding in perfect sympathy with the sufferer. Their countenances, though calm, express the most heartfelt sorrow ; no wild rage against the tyrant is in their looks, nor does pity prompt them to make vain efforts at resistance which must be utterly useless and impracticable. Mute spectators of what they neither can nor dare attempt to alter, they gaze only on the saint, think of her alone, watch her movements, hang upon her words, and seem by their entire and lofty sympathy like a strain of attendant music to perform the part of the chorus in Greek tragedy, alleviating suffering and the more acute pangs of grief, by the idea of an inevitable law, and a due reliance on the eternal decrees of truth and justice. There is a remarkable resemblance, almost an exact likeness, between the two, as if they were designed to represent only one being, though under a double form; and this circumstance is yet more strikingly in affinity with the old chorus of those tragedies. They are erect in form, and their attitude stiff and martial ; firm, but neither savage nor violent; manly and iron-like in frame and temperament, so that the perfect sympathy of two such warrior hearts seems even the more soothing. The distant landscape introduced is like a symbolic promise of future happiness to calm the shuddering soul. No angel, no blessed spirit hovers near, offering to the martyr her crown of immortal palm; but her steadfast soul, firm in the conviction of its inborn strength, hastes to eternal freedom, and to God. In this respect again the picture seems superior to other conceptions of similar subjects. It must however be confessed that it is in the antique style, and in its treatment rather Stoic than purely Christian, but imbued with a lofty moral devotion.

Whence is it that martyrdom has been so absolutely and uncompromisingly rejected, as an unfavourable, and in-

deed unworthy subject of representation? The invaluable picture above described affords a triumphant refutation of that opinion, and clearly proves that it is possible from these materials to produce a beautiful and highly valuable picture. Great questions have indeed been raised, concerning the choice of appropriate subjects for the arts in general, and painting more especially, and theories founded on some imperfectly understood philosophical idea have been blindly adopted and dogmatically enforced. A very different and far more successful result might have been obtained had people rather attempted to discover what was right by the aid of historical and traditional records. It appears highly natural that among the earliest subjects of representation should have been that which indeed no effort of imagination can ever successfully achieve, and yet which more than once has been brought wonderfully near to perfection,—the "Holy Virgin and Child:" the other subjects are perhaps equally ancient, but although frequently treated, have even more rarely attained any degree of perfection; viz., the representation of the thorn-crowned head of the suffering Redeemer—the "Ecce Homo," and the "Crucifixion." The legend of Saint Veronica and the holy handkerchief attests the antiquity of the former symbolic representation, at least as certainly as that of St. Luke proves the portraiture of the Madonna to have been of early origin.* As the Annunciation, the Holy

* The earliest representations of the sufferings and death of Christ were entirely symbolical, for instead of the actual human figure of the Redeemer, a lamb only, fixed on a cross, served as a symbolical memento of the Crucifixion. The principle which led to the adoption of a symbolical lamb instead of the Redeemer in his suffering human form, was probably this:—the earliest Christian communities were formed chiefly of Jews, who penetrated with the belief that Jesus of Nazareth was very God, and remembering the old Mosaic probibition against making any image or semblance of the Most High, objected to a representation in human form, or at least feared thereby to offend the weak in conscience among Jewish believers. Such prejudices were at length thrown aside by more advanced Christians, as mere vestiges of Judaism. The transition from the purely symbolic Cross to the complete and real representation of the dying Redeemer, is first shown by the outline of our Saviour's face on the handkerchief of St. Veronica, the most remarkable instance of which may be found in the old German picture in the Boisserée Collection, designed according to the traditional Byzantine type. The head alone, thus separated from all connexion with the body, and left in miraculous

Family, the Adoration of the Magi, the Heavenly Conversation, all remind us more or less of the simplest and purest expression of divine loveliness ever imagined by the spirit of inborn love: each varied conception of these subjects forms only a more adorned development, and conveys to the human heart a more perfect image of this love; and in the same manner, the highest possible degree of mortal anguish, as embodied in the Crucifixion of our Lord, mirrors itself afresh in each subordinate picture of suffering. But the art and religion, from which it can never be divided without utter ruin and subversion, should not represent the Son of God to the eyes of man as if free from all relation with mortality, in unapproachable bliss and happiness; but rather also in those more circumscribed relations in which the very divinity breaks through, and appears in his mortal creatures. Painting therefore must, and ought to represent to us the deep pain of those glorious martyrs who, while yet within the circle of mortality, voluntarily retraced their steps to heaven, yielding their bodies sacrifices to the purest and most devoted love. The Madonna, and the Crucifixion,—these, with all their inexhaustible variety of grouping and treatment, form the primitive types, the two eternal poles on which our spiritual life, no less than the pure spirit of painting, continually revolve. Hermits and recluses, of whom in legendary lore we find so many beautiful histories, may offer more cheerful subjects for delineation than the real, genuine conception of a martyrdom. But would not the pursuit of such

and shadowy outline on the holy handkerchief, occupies exactly the middle place between a simple symbol and an actual picture. Among the earliest paintings of the Madonna, there is certainly one, most fitly termed symbolic, presenting to us the Saviour on his mother's lap, but as an already grown boy, a crown upon his head, and the brows of the Virgin also encircled by the crown of heaven; for this design does not coincide with the actual condition of Christ in his lowly childhood, but represents two distinct periods, historically divided, but each in itself artistically perfect taken together and blended into one,—the mother of God, as we picture her in the childhood of Christ, full of nature and humility, and Mary the crowned queen of heaven. The other symbolic representation of the Virgin, is that known by the name of the Immaculate Conception, in which we see her, with the moon at her feet, crowned with stars, and with the rays of the sun encircling her; but it belongs in point of history to a later date, and will be noticed hereafter.

subjects as are gay and pleasing alone lead to a confirmed mannerism, and the most narrow ideas,—not to mention that such bewitching grace frequently eludes those who strive most earnestly to imagine and represent it? It is a destructive and erroneous principle in works of art to seek only outward grace and sensible beauty, which may not always be compatible with general truth and fidelity in the treatment of the subject; but the painter's first and highest aim should be, to render justly that divine signification, without which no picture can properly be called a work of art, and when this is correctly given, the blossom and fruit of divine loveliness frequently starts unsought into existence. The subject of martyrdom is certainly susceptible in the highest degree of this lofty yet profound signification. It will be easy for the artist, if he know how to avoid exciting disgust by the details, to introduce such a contrast between purity and loveliness on the part of the suffering saints, and savage repulsive cruelty and malevolence in the persecutors, as throughout all its gradations and modifications will afford but too true a picture of actual life, and unfold, in the doom of those martyrs, the fate which in this world too often awaits the lofty and pure in nature; and in doing this he can scarcely fail to meet abundant opportunity of recalling to our minds the ineffable essence of love and beauty. There is certainly one distinction to be observed; which is, that in actual life the martyrdom of the pious, in their conflict with the wicked, is less palpably evident, being rather diffused throughout the entire course of existence,—but is this detrimental in any degree to the art? Painting demands, above every thing else, sensible intellectual life; and the concentrating in one powerful focus, what in reality is widely scattered, ought certainly to be the chief and only point in which the art, in its treatment of isolated particulars, differs from the laws and circumstances of reality. Martyrdom, rightly treated, may undoubtedly afford most effective subjects for composition. It is certainly far more affecting in this art than in that of poetry, unless in the latter a great number of secondary circumstances be introduced, in which the fact of the martyrdom must become the point of interest and the crowning climax. To describe this alone would be to weary one's-self in vain, and prove after all

cold and monotonous; or at the best, to engage in a painful struggle for such actual truth of description as is scarcely attainable. Miraculous circumstances, which have sometimes been introduced by those who wished to give a complete representation of the whole legend, appear rather to be the exclusive property of the poet: he alone can properly prepare for their introduction, and partially explain facts, which however must always remain enigmatical and mysterious; but in this very mystery and obscurity imagination and poetry delight to revel, and by its aid frequently attain the highest brilliancy of expression. Miraculous occurrences however, which are comparatively familiar, such as the Ascension, and the Transfiguration may be noticed, as belonging preferably to the sphere of painting, being less obscure, and therefore less likely to leave the mind cold and unimpressed.

How strangely do artists of the present day appear to vacillate in their choice of subjects! Sometimes having recourse to classical fables, to modern French, or Celti-Ossianic figures and subjects: or possibly to such as have no existence at all, except in the brain of the bewildered artist, lost amid the mazes of false and erroneous theories. Were it not better to return at once to the beaten track of the old Italian and German masters? We should find in it no lack of materials, and those persons who imagine the circle of designs from Christian subjects would soon be exhausted, are most completely mistaken. Let them but examine attentively the series of Albert Dürer's engravings, — how rich a fund of new and profound ideas do these supply! I do not refer exactly to the apocalyptic wood-cuts, because, however profound the meaning they convey, these would, especially to the youthful artist, prove most dangerous guides. Yet, what originality is there in Dürer's treatment of ordinary subjects! His varied designs of the Crucifixion are familiar, and require no further notice here; so also his conceptions of the Virgin. Where, even among the greatest masters, can we find a Madonna superior to that of Dürer at Dresden, known by the name of the "Immaculate Conception," in which the Blessed Virgin is represented with the moon beneath her feet, the crown of heaven hovering as it were above her head, and her long hair flowing round her, like a veil, even to the hem of her garment? Where can

you find a picture so truly and vividly representing the Queen of Heaven in all her divine majesty and loveliness, and at the same time so perfect as a work of art, and so entirely consonant with the symbolism of ancient Christianity? How rich, too, how finely imagined is his "Madonna in the Garden," the silent solitude of which, adorned with varied and beautiful plants, with here and there some curious animals, seems amplified into an abstract symbol of external nature! How vigorous, and at the same time incomparably true to nature, are his attempts to portray the Mother of God in her mortal condition, surrounded by domestic cares,—the infant Saviour, playing with angels in the workshop of his nominal earthly father! Where else can such pictures be found—and yet are they not almost necessary accompaniments of our belief? If the image of the star-crowned Madonna, with the planets at her feet, belong intrinsically to the sphere of Christian ideas, her picture as the personification of spiritual love in the very heart and centre of the blooming garden of nature, lies surely very near to the same circle. Such paintings must undoubtedly be of great rarity, for we cannot point out one resembling either of these, in the collections of Dresden or Düsseldorf, Paris or Brussels, rich as those collections are in oil-paintings, and antique treasures. In the Salon of Ancient Paintings at Brussels, there is one very early picture of the Madonna, with the crown on her head and the moon beneath her feet, but it is far from giving all the signification of which so lofty an idea is susceptible. Were there any painters of merit now to be found, who, emancipating themselves from the trammels of modern errors and innovations, had entered upon their course in the true spirit of ancient art, what could be a more worthy office for any noble and wealthy patron, than by a suitable and most invaluable gift to encourage the young artist to employ his genius on appropriate subjects, and with this object, to select for him some of the grandest and most beautiful of Dürer's unexecuted designs? Still, it must be remembered, leaving him at liberty to alter whatever is unpleasing to modern taste, or appears imperfect in form, or not essential to the general effect. It was probably in this hope, and with this intention, that our great master bequeathed to posterity the unbroken series of his designs:

the outpouring of that inexhaustible activity, which yet could not suffice for the systematic development of all his profound ideas. These plates ought, therefore, to be considered as a collection of fragments of artistic thoughts, a store of creative art-ideas, and not merely as studies, nor as copies from paintings, uncoloured, and in every respect most imperfect. Engravings on copper merit the highest approbation and esteem as previous studies or sketches, preparatory to the execution of a perfect work; and Dürer's should undoubtedly be viewed in that light; hatched hard upon the copper, they will never please the eye at the first glance, yet the outline alone is amply sufficient to realise all that Dürer wished to effect. The engraving of the Sikkingen riding through the wood*, shows sufficiently the perfection of Dürer's finished plates of this description. In this we are scarcely sensible of the absence of colour, but on the contrary return again and again to the study of a good impression, as we should do of a good picture; and although it seems impossible for colourless outlines to attain that inexhaustible individuality of character and expression, which is the privilege and property of the all-pervading elements of colour alone, yet the impossible is here attempted and almost attained; as many other great masters have been seen to carry their art to the utmost limit of its peculiar province, and even (feeling the path of return secure) venture for a moment daringly to overstep the boundary. It is this which makes the example of the great luminaries of the art so dangerous to feeble imitators, who venture thoughtlessly to tread a path in which they must find themselves unprepared. Thus Dürer, and many great Italian masters, innocently contributed to the diffusion of erroneous principles in the new school, and to that all-destroying separation between design and colouring, which is no less fatal to the theory of the art than to its mechanical execution. Thus the teaching of Socrates, who first distinguished between the beautiful and the necessary, laid the earliest foundation of inconsistency; thus the erroneous principles supported by Descartes, asserting the absolute distinction of soul and body, and setting an awful gulf between the two,

* Knight, Death, and the Devil? See Kugler, xxvii. 39. The knight is said to be a portrait of Franz von Sikkingen. — *Trans.*

necessarily gave birth to all the succeeding errors of philosophy; and thus also the prevailing error of dividing painting as an art into the distinct branches of design and colouring, has become the fruitful source of all subsequent errors and aberrations. Dürer especially, like so many of those old philosophers, set a far higher value on truth than on personal fame; and feeling it impossible to bring to perfection the entire abundance of his ideas, confidingly bequeathed the designs alone to the world at large. During a short period, some, among his contemporaries and followers employed them sometimes even without acknowledgment, till there arose at last a feeble generation, incapable of completing or even of comprehending his ideas: ere long, they ceased to be esteemed, and in process of time were entirely forgotten. When after contemplating this splendid collection of Dürer's, I turn to all the throng of sketches and copper-plate designs among which we now live, he appears to me like the originator of a new and splendid system of thought, burning with the zeal of a first pure inspiration, eager to diffuse his deeply conceived, and probably true and noble views; and all the heap of frivolous sophists and sweet explainers succeeding him seem like those would-be connoisseurs, whose prattle is now to be heard in all markets both among the amateurs of art, and in every-day life.

In examining the collection of Dürer's copper-plates in the Cabinet de Dessins at Paris, I was particularly struck by the excellence of the expression, but disappointed that my anxious inquiries after any oil-painting by that great master proved fruitless. It is true that four large pictures of his were brought hither from Nuremberg; yet I was informed on credible authority that, in conformity with a decree for sending various works of art to different towns in the departments, these pictures are already deposited at Rennes, in Brittany, where they will be almost inaccessible to German lovers of the art.

In the palace of St. Cloud again I saw pictures which I had already seen and admired in the Louvre: the "Marriage of St. Catherine and the Infant Christ," the majestic portrait of Julius II., and many others. Also a portrait of Charles VIII., by Leonardo, which deserves to be numbered among his most remarkable works. The background, though

clear, is uniform, which is rarely the case with oil portraits, and in this harmonises admirably with the open, intelligent, and not unheroic character of the face; the truthful reality of the portrait is most tangible and evident, as is usual in this master's pictures; it is also characterised by unusual distinctness. This head is both more charming and infinitely more expressive than the far-famed head of Francis I., of which I saw at Paris two different copies; one in the collection of Lucien Buonaparte, and one among those set apart for restoration in the Louvre. Not the hand of Leonardo himself could ennoble that strangely ugly countenance with its little blinking eyes. The most valuable picture to which I could here devote my attention, though but for one short hour, and without being at liberty to repeat my visit, was the famous "Madonna della Sedia"* of Raphael. The enchanting loveliness of this painting is universally known and acknowledged, and numerous copies and engravings make the subject of it generally familiar. The Madonna in this picture has not the tender loveliness of the "Giardiniera," nor the ideality of the great Madonna at Dresden; it holds a place between the two extremes, and in this point resembles the highly-esteemed "Holy Family" in the Parisian Museum, the "Madonna di Foligno"† in Lucien Buonaparte's collection, and the "Madonna dell' Impannata"‡ in the palace of the Luxembourg. In each of these the same invariable plan appears to form the groundwork of the whole; but the "Madonna della Sedia" is beyond comparison the most successful, and may serve as an example for each of the others. Raphael appears always equally and peculiarly happy in his delineation of children and the heads of old men; in some instances, also, his female heads display the highest artistic beauty, both ideal and individual; yet in these we more frequently recognise a noble, earnest struggle to attain some peculiar ideal conception of beauty than the very beauty itself. The artist has attempted to express the Divinity in the Infant Christ by imparting to the figure an almost superhuman strength and vigour. Yet it wants that peculiar majesty of look and expression distinguishing the Saviour in the picture at Dresden: in the latter the child looks seri-

* Pitti Palace. † In the Vatican. ‡ Pitti Palace.

ous, grand, and noble, but his attitude, playing with his feet, is, with intention, careless and childlike. The *weaving* of the colours in this picture, if I may be permitted to employ that expression, appeared to me very remarkable. I fancied, also, that in the treatment of the colours I was able clearly to trace the varied modifications of this master's manner. In some pictures a decided preference for heavy masses of distinct, vigorous browns, reds, or whites is obvious, resembling the grand principles of harmony in which Dante drew the light, illuminated, and dazzling portion of his immortal poem. Some of Raphael's other pictures, as, for example, the "Madonna" in the Lucien collection, and the "Giardiniera," are of glowing radiance and purity, the carnations wonderfully delicate and lovely. Others again, as the "Saint John" at Düsseldorf (as far as the changes produced in it by time enable us to judge, and if, besides, it be justly attributed to Raphael), the "St. Michael" at Paris, the "Transfiguration," and many others, are remarkable from the strong shadows, the chiaroscuro, and blending and contrast of bright and sombre tints, with smaller masses of less vivid hues, among which blue holds a conspicuous place, and appears to indicate the first predominant use of that colour in the later Italian schools. The clear brown tint in the unfinished picture at Brussels would not have been entirely subdued in the finishing; but in the "Madonna della Sedia" a completely different manner, which I should rather term many-coloured, or *variegated*, prevails. A predilection for green, red, and other vivid colours is predominant in this picture also, not, however, in broad masses, but, on the contrary, more like the design of a costly carpet, the gayest and brightest hues being interwoven in a highly artistic manner, and forming fine and elegant undulations, delicate circles and flowers, so that each idea teems with the richest luxuriance, and is depicted in genuine pomp and splendour. Whoever, after seeing the "Madonna della Sedia" and the "Giardiniera," can still affirm or believe Raphael to have been an unskilful colourist, must have eyes and senses not of the most susceptible order. It must be remembered that the preceding general observations on Raphael are not intended to apply to his fresco paintings at Rome, but to his easel-pictures alone, the best and most valuable of which I have had oppor-

tunities of studying. The "Madonna della Sedia" resembles the earliest representations of the Virgin, especially in regard to the simplicity of the subject, representing the mother of God only with the holy child on her left arm, her head gently inclining towards him, with little ornament, and few accessary details, except the adoring figure of the youthful St. John; and it is an interesting fact, that the most lovely of later flowers of art, and of all its highly-adorned and ornamented compositions, should so closely resemble the formal simplicity and beauty of its earliest commencement. This picture also approaches the pure loveliness of the "Giardiniera," and, like it, appears to stand on the verge between the two grand epochs of Raphael's artistic history, exemplifying both the fervent love and devotion of his youthful manner, together with the lofty development and rich maturity of his prime, before his later imitations of that dazzling meteor, Michelangelo, led him away from the path of love and devotion.

The wondrous picture of "St. Cecilia"* also unites the peculiar beauties of each different manner, which in it are woven into a full chord of the most delicious inspiration. The "St. Cecilia" may be compared with the "Madonna della Sedia" in its rich colouring and gorgeous drapery: this, and the extremely careful finishing, are undoubtedly the reasons why the excellent and meritorious old copy of this picture at Dresden falls so far short of the original in expression, even more so than is usually the case with good copies. The chief *motive*† of the "St. Cecilia" is a ravishing sentiment of

* In the Gallery of Bologna.

† The word *motive*, familiar as it is with technical phraseology of other languages, is not yet generally adopted in our own, and hence some apology may be necessary for employing it as above. It may often be rendered *intention*, but has a fuller meaning. In its ordinary appellation, and as generally used by the author[1], it means the principle of action, attitude, and composition in a single figure or group; thus it has been observed, that in some antique gems which are deficient in execution, the *motives* are frequently fine. Such qualities, in this case, may have been the result of the artist's feeling, but in servile copies, like those of the Byzantine artists, the *motives* could only belong to the original inventor.

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[1] Kügler.

intense, inward devotion, which, incapable of being restrained within the narrow limits of a human heart, breaks forth in song, almost in the same manner as in that great supplicatory picture by Perugino, where we see every thing melting away in a devout inspiration. In Perugino's picture, also, we find an expression of silent devotion, like the long-drawn solemn tones of an old cathedral chaunt; in Raphael the tendency to music is still more decided, and the whole mysterious depth and wondrous richness of that magic art is successfully unfolded. The figure of St. Paul, with the mighty sword on his left side, reminds us, by its rapt and meditative expression, of the power of those old melodies at whose sound rocks melted, and savage beasts were tamed, and which could penetrate the human mind, tearing asunder, as it were, soul and spirit; the harmonious grandeur of the Magdalene opposite to him, whose perfect beauty resembles in some features the Madonna at Dresden, reminds us of the pure unisons resounding in the abode of blessed spirits, and to which the magic tones of earthly music breathe a feebler response, yet still undoubtedly reply. The Soul of St. Cecilia, who stands in the midst singing praises, seems as if soaring upwards on a ray of dazzling brightness to meet the glorious harmony descending, as in a flood of light, from heaven. The two other figures *, which occupy the space between the three already named, appear as if combining to form the whole into a full unbroken chorus. The childlike ring of little angels hovering in the clouds above her head seems to be a divine reverberation and echo of the mingling harmony. The transparent foreground, the scattered instruments of music, indicate a vast and wonderfully varied world of harmony and sound, on the basis of which the holy hymn reposes, and from which it ascends like a structure of lofty

In its more extended signification, the term comprehends invention generally, as distinguished from execution. Another very different and less general sense in which this expression is also used, must not be confounded with the foregoing, thus a *motive* is sometimes understood in the sense of a *suggestion*. It is said, for example, that Poussin found the *motives* of his landscape compositions at Tivoli. In this case we have a suggestion improved and carried out; in the copies of the Byzantine artists we have *intentions*, not their own, blindly transmitted. — *From the translation of Kügler's Handbook of Painting in Italy*, b. i. p. 21.

* St. John and St. Augustine.

artistic beauty. The picture is fraught with a soul-felt expression of music and inspiration, and the execution in the highest degree solid and effective.

But although the very subject of this wonderfully magnificent picture appears to lead to a musical treatment and expression, there reigns in it throughout, not merely the floating charm, the soul-fraught inspiration which characterises painters of musical feeling, but also a tendency to develope, in the clearest and fullest majesty, that lofty, poetic imagination which exalts these first among painters and poets in soul, so far above all who are simple painters and no more. It is the enthusiasm which flashes at once through both intellect and imagination, of lofty flight indeed, dwelling amid the glancing stars, and crowned with never-dying laurel. It is poetry, as depicted by Raphael himself in the "Camera della Segnatura,"—the very breathing of divinity, and yet nearly allied to all the natural forms around; to science, or philosophy, with her starry mantle, the variegated robe full of figures of animals, and the rich abundance of living symbols; as well as to theology, or the knowledge of things divine, and the true proportions of the balance of clearsighted justice. Yet neither the breath of Parnassus alone, nor a heathen muse, nor a poetic fancy sportively touching the painting, formed the source whence Raphael drew the poetry of his pictures. No! the light of truth was poured into his heart, and all the blessed mysteries of heaven were revealed to his enraptured gaze, that he might thus represent them in glorious forms and hues, for the aggrandisement of the church, and of our most holy faith. This poetic painting, this wondrous flow of feeling, although at the same time in severe systematic arrangement, stands most proudly forth in that crown of all his works, the "Theology,"* embracing the whole of heaven, and giving the first true indications of the high destination of Raphael himself, and of Catholic art in general, which it was his proud mission to complete and to raise, even to the highest degree of perfection. Therefore on him was bestowed the richest abundance of gifts and endowments; every thing combined in favour of the fortunate artist, who, even in his youth, soon surpassed the most experienced masters. He not only learned to blend

* Erroneously called La disputa del Sacramento.

the devout genius of the earlier schools of an Angelico or a Perugino with the glow of art and the highest perfection of design, but if ever painter could justly claim to be called not only inspired, but even divinely enlightened, that painter was Raphael. And what, we may well ask, would this gifted mortal have failed to accomplish, who in so short a life performed such wondrous works? to what an unheard-of degree of perfection would he not have raised his art had nature extended his term of life to a grey old age, like so many of the connoisseurs and masters of his time! Yet as we reflect on the melancholy history of his early death, we find an inward consolation, and gratitude mingles with our grief at the mournful tale of his interrupted course. It was because he neglected to keep alive the sacred fire in its vase of crystal, and lest he should in any degree injure or destroy the delicate limits of heavenly beauty in the art itself, that the crystal vase was broken, the thread of his life was severed, and the flower of Christian art, which it had been his mission to unfold, remained as he left it — leafless and imperfect in the hour of its most glorious promise.

A collection of paintings, the property of the senate of France, is at present open in the palace of the Luxembourg.* Besides many other modern works, one apartment is almost entirely filled with the compositions of Rubens; chiefly allegorical designs of the life of Maria de Medici.†

These pictures are, perhaps, preferable to many others by the same master in the Louvre — at least as regards the struggle for uncommon ideas — but they are in very bad preservation, and whoever desires to study the history of the art, with all its errors and aberrations, must trust alone to the gallery‡ at Düsseldorf for obtaining just ideas of this master. A series of small pictures by Le Sueur, representing the life of St. Bruno, gives a favourable idea of that artist, and of the manner in which he raised himself above his contemporaries of the French school. He has none of the perplexing ostentation of Le Brun §, nor the pedantic erudition of

* This gallery is now appropriated to the works of living artists purchased by government.

† Since removed to the Louvre, Nos. 549. to 569.

‡ Removed in 1808 to Munich.

§ A proof of the high excellence which a mannered artist may some-

Poussin, but on the contrary has a feeling for colour at the least, and in general some degree of soul-felt expression. All his compositions, however, follow the peculiar genius of the French school, which, when it adopts a more tranquil and subdued manner, in opposition to the theatrical and highly exaggerated style usually predominating, becomes feeble in outline and in colouring. We cannot refuse sympathy to the love-deserving genius of one, who in the midst of excessive frivolity, in complete ignorance of, and far removed from all true principles of the art, gained even a mere superficial exterior, and actually lost himself in his ardent desire to attain a higher object. Yet there is little artistic pleasure to be derived from these pictures, but rather a human sympathy, such as is sometimes aroused by the verse of Racine, between whose works and those of Le Sueur I trace a strong family resemblance. Nothing further can be said of these pictures.

There are in this collection only two *old* Italian pictures: A Danäe, by Titian, but hung so high, and in so bad a light, that it is impossible to describe it; and the "Madonna dell' Impannata"* of Raphael. The most striking feature in the latter is the over-exaggerated old age of Saint Elizabeth: she is probably a portrait, for I find the same face repeated in the Holy Family at Düsseldorf. The Virgin's figure is designed on the same type as the "Madonna di Foligno," and the Mother of God in the Holy Family in the Louvre. There is unquestionably much that is deserving of notice in

times attain in a single work, if he is endowed by nature with great talents, and induced by any circumstance to abandon his usual manner, may be found in a large family picture by Le Brun, of the Jabach family, well known in the history of art [1], and which I saw at Cologne in 1818, in the possession of Mr. Van Groote. Probably the French artist in this picture aimed at following the simple narrow style, truth, and reality of the best artists of the Netherlands, or he may have been led into that manner by his subject. Every one must be surprised at the talent with which he accomplishes this, and how in this painting he has made the German reality of manner his own, as if it were but another style equally familiar to him; so that his former bias to the modern-antique, instead of being disadvantageous, is called into the service, and thus combined with the simple truth of the Flemish manner produces new and peculiar excellence.

* Pitti Palace.

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[1] See Guide des Amateurs, Ecoles Italiennes. Preface.

this picture, and it holds a remarkable position in the series of Raphael's Madonnas. Considering the present violent and continued disallocation of works of art, it would, perhaps, afford gratification to amateurs to learn whither they have been removed, and where they are now to be found. In this review of old Italian pictures, I have thought it expedient to give but a short description of those which are of less importance in illustrating my peculiar opinions, or which have been already commented on in other works.

A great number of old French memorials, fragments torn from ruined churches and monasteries, mutilated and in many instances more than half destroyed, have been carefully collected, and are now exhibited, in chronological order, in the ancient monastery of Les Petits Augustins. M. Alexander Lenoir has compiled a very full and excellent catalogue of this collection, which possesses at least *one* useful property, showing, in the clearest and most remarkable manner, what the imitative arts, and especially sculpture, ought *not* to be. It would be difficult to believe, without the direct evidence of the senses, that human fancy could wander so widely astray, as many of the old French sculptors have done, presenting us with exact images of dead bodies, stretched naked upon their biers, or clothed in the modern fashion, and surrounded by crowds of kneeling *ladies* and *gentlemen*. Many ancient monuments of the early kings of France, which have been torn from their places in the old Gothic churches, deserve a strict examination, as illustrating the history of Christian architecture in the Middle Ages. A very few old paintings in this collection also deserve notice. The most ancient, perhaps, is a Russian Madonna, apparently of the earliest date. It was customary among the Greek Christians for the priests themselves to practise the art of painting, and it does not, therefore, appear extraordinary that the Muscovite Christians should have learned the same style of treatment.* We find, also, in the collection of antiquities in the National Library three small companion pictures, representing God the Father, and a few attendant figures, evidently

* The uniformity of style observable in Greek church painting is still further accounted for by a MS. recently translated into French, and published by M. Didron. It is entitled "Iconographie Chrétienne." — *Translator.*

in the Greek taste, and belonging to the earliest period of Christian art, but in execution undoubtedly Russian. A Madonna, No. 8. sect. i. of the Catalogue of old French pictures, is nearly as large as life, and although it has been very much injured, we cannot fail to recognise the foreign national figure and portraiture, especially in the Infant Christ. It is even more remarkable, that in the countenance of the Madonna we recognise the same type as was adopted by so many distant nations in the earliest epoch of Christianity. The same perfectly oval countenance and regular features, the small mouth, lofty brow, the head inclining gently to the left shoulder, and the eyes turned fondly on the child. A star is painted on the bosom, and on the drapery encircling the head, probably in allusion to the appellation of "morning star," "ocean star," frequently given to the Virgin in old ecclesiastical hymns. This symbol frequently occurs in old pictures of the Virgin. I have remarked it in several of undoubted antiquity, which were brought to Paris from the church of San Luigi in Rome, among which are some remarkable antique treasures, although the greater number are but indifferent; they were placed when I saw them in the Salon at the Louvre for restoration.

In the same collection (Musée des Monumens Français), there are also various old paintings on glass, important from their antiquity as well as from their intrinsic value. Among the most beautiful of these is a St. Veronica carrying the holy handkerchief, with which she wiped our Saviour's face at the bearing of the cross, and the "Annunciation" (Nos. 16 and 18. Sect. 298.); both of early date and style; and both, particularly the Annunciation, worthy of being compared with the most beautiful and highly finished oil-paintings. The colouring is remarkably pleasing, and well managed; the centre bright and clear, encompassed by grand masses of blue and red, the dazzling brilliance of which throws out the centre part most beautifully. I was, however, even more delighted with the colouring of a large "Ecce Homo," by Dürer. This subject, and others connected with it, has been so frequently treated by Dürer, both in paintings and in wood-cuts, that any description appears superfluous; the suffering Redeemer is of perfect, exquisite beauty; the murderers, warriors in caricature, replete with wickedness and ferocity, but

still caricatures of profound and original signification. The conception of the subject, as here treated, is far from being one of the worst among Dürer's many designs of the same event. But the all-surpassing effect produced results chiefly from that burning, intense depth of colouring, which can be obtained only in glass painting. The startling dissonances introduced into the music of our finest masters often indicate an intensity of suffering amounting almost to despair; and on the same principle, the strongly contrasted colours employed in glass painting seem to have a most powerful effect, revealing a whole history of anguish, and impressing it with added force upon the eye and heart of the spectator. It must of course be presupposed that the size of the picture and its situation are analogous to that of oil-paintings in general. Where, as in the choir of old Gothic cathedrals, the narrow windows rise to an elevation scarcely attainable by the eye, it would be impossible to execute any work in the style of an oil-painting. Painting on glass must then become merely a tissue of variegated crystals, a transparent mosaic of gems, arranged in distinct masses, vividly contrasting with each other, so that the light of heaven may enter like a dazzling flame, through this varied pomp of earthly hues. In this manner the whole may be worked in broad masses, each separate portion being divided from the others only at intervals and by certain determined lights. The finest specimens of glass-painting that I have ever seen are in the beautiful, though still unfinished, church of St. Gudule, at Brussels: there are many also at Cologne, but they do not abound at Paris. The church of Notre Dame, the only building in that city which can be called a really fine architectural work, is meanly situated, and the interior is much defaced by the modern finishing of the columns, which required restoration in consequence of the injuries they sustained during the Reign of Terror. It contains no fine specimens of coloured glass. In the upper window of St. Sulpice, a few better examples are to be found. I was particularly struck with a figure of St. Denis carrying in his hand a chalice, with the host, surmounted by the nimbus.

Painting on glass is undoubtedly a distinct branch of the art. To make the difference of the motive represented, a ground for the division of painting into distinct and separate

branches, is acting on a completely false principle and erroneous basis; since, whatever the material, it is still the same imitative and representative art, and only directly affected by the nature of the material employed. In a perfect and truly artistic representation, the various subjects are only the means collectively employed for a certain end; the signs or symbols indicating it. But the aim and object of the whole combination is a lofty and expressive signification, lying concealed, and yet shadowed forth by each token or symbol, and which might justly be called the spiritual motive. * Thus I have already shown that portrait-painting, landscape, caricature, and still-life are grandly and intelligibly employed only in what are styled historical, but which should rather be termed symbolic, compositions, because, being the only really perfect kind of picture, it does not deprive each accessory branch of its peculiar signification, but rather, restoring all to their true position and importance, the meaning and intention come into perfect operation; and thus for the first time they arrive at that position which indeed they ever ought to hold. I have shown that these branches of painting, as they are called, though occasionally separated in the studio of the artist, who may be sometimes compelled to make studies of separate parts, to be reunited in his perfect compositions, are, singly, nothing more than parts, or members, and even these may easily be subdivided into still more superfluous distinctions; as, for example — battle-pieces, miniatures, genre, &c. &c. Reasons for the division of the representative and imitative art into various branches, rise most naturally from the different capabilities of the materials and bodily substance employed. But the place for which the picture is destined, is a point of the highest importance, and affords a far surer ground for division than the diversity of subject. Every good picture should be designed for some particular spot, and most of the old paintings were thus appropriately conceived. Some for altar-pieces, others to adorn the entrance to the choir, others for the refectory or cells of a monastery. It is easy, in the works of the really good masters, to trace their destination; thus, for example, a picture intended for the high altar is easily distinguished from those for the little side altars; not by the size alone, but

* See note, *antè*, p. 94.

rather by its subject and general treatment: and again, the grand centre-piece, and the wing-pictures, are distinctly different; and finally, the paintings on the inner and outer panels of these wings. There is, indeed, no image, even in nature, which can be universally appropriate, and every work of the imitative art ought also to be confined to some peculiar destination; otherwise these compositions, even if rising to the lofty freedom of poetry, will be found utterly empty and ineffective. Still a distinction founded on the diversity of materials employed is more solid; for as the wondrous decorations of Gothic architecture can be executed only in delicate sandstone, while Greek sculpture demands the fine transparent marble, and granite or basalt are most suitable for the gigantic proportions of Egyptian art; so the different materials used in painting can alone produce different branches, as oil-painting, glass-painting and fresco-painting; because the artist, while studying to avoid everything unfavourable in each of these various materials, and to avail himself of every advantage they may present, is unavoidably compelled to treat the same subject in a very different manner.

From this little digression we return to our enumeratioo of remarkable pictures, first noticing those which I omitted in the previous letters. I neglected, in my account of Lucien Buonaparte's collection, now removed to Rome, to mention a very remarkable Entombment by Giorgione. Though but a small picture, it has great merit. The dark green foreground, of thickly interwoven herbs and plants, is beautifully true to nature; the portrait-like character of the heads, the ease and freedom of the attitudes, and the costumes, generally in the Venetian taste of that period, with here and there some fanciful varieties; — all this reminds us of the schools of the Netherlands, but in their oldest and grandest style: the expression is noble, free, and manly: it is one of the most thoroughly Venetian pictures I have ever seen.

In the Restoring Room at the Louvre, I found a number of famous and beautiful paintings, but can devote my attention only to a few of the most important; and, indeed, several of the most charming of these were so hastily removed that I had no opportunity of studying them as I wished, particularly a very excellent St. Catherine crowned

with lilies, by Leonardo, and a series of heads of the apostles brought from the church of San Luigi, at Rome. The latter are small, on a gold ground, through which the rosy flesh tints appear, and they altogether remind me strongly of the earliest period of Christian painting, and the predominance of the Byzantine style. A reminiscence of that simple child-like period of the art which always brings so much that is charming and instructive to the mind of the thoughtful spectator, and at the same time breathes a soothing tranquillity of feeling. The three Fates, attributed to Michelangelo, may be cited as examples of a completely opposite style and the degeneracy of modern art; an excessive vigour of design and conception being expended in producing the representation of ugliness the most fearful and revolting, and without, as it appears, any higher ultimate intention.

A large painting of Titian's, the "Antiope," will, by those who set his highest excellence in the loveliest carnations and the delineation of naked forms, be considered as at least one of the finest pictures by that master to be seen at Paris. The broad, clear, joyous landscape, the figures near, and their occupation; — dogs, horses, and huntsmen; and one shepherd drinking from the stream, introduced, it is said, as symbolic of desire: this is in all respects one of the finest of Titian's paintings, with the single exception, perhaps, of the figure of Jupiter, who, represented under the form of a satyr, seems almost too entirely faunish. Still these details are but casually noticed, so completely is the eye riveted on the slumbering beauty who reposes in the foreground. The slightly shadowing drapery partially reveals all those charms which it is designed to hide. Nothing can be conceived more delicate, and at the same time more full of life, than the outline of the naked body, the finely-formed and rounded limbs, and the warm tints of the fine, soft skin, surpassed only by the rosy smiling mouth, the half-closed eyes, the treacherous glow upon the cheek, as she seems to lie before us in motionless slumber, or, perhaps, wrapt in some delicious dream. The right arm is placed under the head, which it supports, so that the whole of the side nearest the spectator is fully visible. Those modern artists who desire to imitate the antique, and even attempt to delineate the naked forms of sculpture, may learn a cor-

rect treatment from that adopted by this great master in representing sensible charms in all their living, glowing fascination; in doing which, those first among painters, Raphael, and even Titian, are never found to overstep the boundaries of beauty and propriety. Still there must always be a strong line of demarcation between sculpture, whose office it is to depict the simple, and consequently unveiled forms of nature, and in which the naked outline cannot possibly offend a healthy eye, and painting, the vital principle of which art consists in deliciously revealing, yet at the same time wisely shadowing, the gifts of beauty, being endowed with the magic veil of colouring, not only the better to complete the illusion by imparting a life-like carnation to the lovely form, but also, through the eye of fancy, to kindle our sympathetic pulses, and exalt the general expression.

It is remarkable that the great Italian masters, when, as it not unfrequently happens, they selected subjects from Greek mythology, and that general class of ideas, treated them merely as recreations in the intervals of their severer compositions, either in an expressive, easy manner, not rising to any imaginative allegory, or, as in the instance before us, striving only to display the highest perfection of sensual beauty. This is the result of a true and pure instinct, and the painter, in choosing that already almost exhausted sphere of subjects, far less adapted to his art than to that of sculpture, must find the Greek mythology present itself to his imagination under that particular form. There are, it is true, some instances of modern art rising to a spiritual and almost Christian manner in the representation of mythological subjects. Giulio Romano, in his fresco paintings at Mantua, has treated the Overthrow of the Titans with a highly poetical feeling. There is surprising power and vigour in his conception of the two contending elements, the overwhelming floods of rising water, and the sinking of the earth, bearing down all its ruined temples and broken cliffs. In this, the spectacle of Titanic arrogance overthrown, while some of the giant beings presume proudly to defy the impending ruin, and thus sink sullenly to destruction, or strive to pray, with hands rarely clasped in supplication, leaves an almost Christian impression on the mind. Subjects from classical mythology, susceptible of the treatment here described, form

extraordinary exceptions to the usual class, and are no less rare than such noble and artistic representations as the above-mentioned. It were vain to seek in mythological subjects the beautiful, true symbolism, the exceeding love and loveliness, the bliss, as well as suffering, which more modern art possesses, and for this simple reason, that such spirituality of sentiment lies not within the scope of their character. Even Raphael's glorious imagining of the beautiful myth of Psyche is rather graceful than profound; that fiction, too, belongs almost to antique philosophy, rather than mythology, and in its development affords an example of true spiritual beauty, almost unparalleled in Greek fable, the motive of which is seldom more than an overflowing abundance of animal life and delight in the utmost sensual grace and fascination, the perfect development of undisguised bodily vigour. All these allegorical and symbolic pictures, if seriously studied, and conceived with any depth of imagination, will be found to refer, more or less distinctly, to the deepest pain of all earthly existence, or the summit of its highest bliss; to the perfect delineation of unveiled forms of exquisite beauty, or to the fearful strife and tragic horror of heroic deeds and sufferings; and in the most sublime works of the ancients also we find the union of both elements — life and death, agony and bliss — placed in bold and striking contrast.

If in these compositions we do not look below the surface, we shall certainly find them easy of comprehension, and devoid of any profound meaning; but the lofty efforts of ancient art were always directed to the unfolding of the mysteries of nature, and the inexhaustible treasures of animated existence. The mythology, nay, rather the religion of antiquity, was throughout sensual and material, an inspired, intoxicating adoration of natural life, in its inexhaustible luxuriance and energy, confined and restrained only by human laws, yet rarely infringing the limits of an almost inconceivably matured intelligence and propriety. The Italian painters of the olden time ought not to be too severely censured for choosing their classical subjects from Ovid's Metamorphoses, and other similar works, in preference to Homer; and if, rather than lose the delightful variety afforded by these subjects, painters of the present day venture to adopt stories of antique fable, like glowing episodes, among severer and loftier

studies, it should be remembered that such delicious representations, emanating from a mind absorbed in the contemplation of beauty and grace in its most fascinating imaginative perfection, may justly claim to be regarded with peculiar indulgence and toleration.

It frequently becomes a question, whether modern painters are at liberty, considering them especially as the votaries of Christian art, to employ their genius on such representations of sensible beauty, or to interweave them into any of their compositions. The art of painting, although capable of intense spirituality of expression, is, strictly speaking, a purely imitative art, and as such devoted to the delineation of material forms; therefore, to censure an artist for depicting the blooming grace of youthful attractions, or to require him to shun their representation on the canvas, is a bitter and constrained severity, which, tending to compress the art within too narrow limits, would infallibly cramp its energies, and, depriving it of free scope for exertion, injure it in a most important point. The attainment of beauty is the peculiar object of the art, and by its success in this point it ever has been and will be judged. Still as on the one hand it seeks holy and devotional subjects for the adornment of ecclesiastical edifices, and on the other tends to the useful ministering to the varied luxury of our dwellings, or the splendour of public buildings, its peculiar province consists, in both, in the representation of material forms; the charms and attractions of the human figure, constituting the highest element of sensible beauty, cannot therefore be entirely excluded, although they should at all times be made subservient to the nobler impulses of devotion and spirituality.

A painter can hardly be considered a master in his art, if he be incapable of drawing the naked figure, or imitating the glowing carnations of the flesh; but it is essential, that besides making it his first and chief care in compositions of a more serious tendency to keep the sentiment of beauty in subordination to spirituality of expression, the distinction already insisted on between painting and sculpture should be studiously preserved. He should never fill his canvas with great masses of naked beauty, which only confuse the eye, destroying its simple perception of loveliness; for the magic grace of a picture consists rather in the representation of womanly,

child-like, or youthful figures, modestly veiled, and revealing only a few timid, yet blooming charms. Little will often suffice to give the effect he seeks: a delicate cheek, a soft clasping arm, a gentle smile, captivates the soul far more than a more open display of charms, and in this respect the idea and treatment of painting differs widely from sculpture. The "convenances" imposed by the art cannot, of course, be regulated by the laws which hold good in actual life, and an artist ought certainly to represent every thing belonging to, or required by, his subject. What mind, indeed, could be so perverted as to find anything objectionable in the naked body of St. Agatha, as depicted in the Martyrdom by Sebastian del Piombo? And this brings me to the third rule for the treatment of sensual beauty in painting, which, in addition to the appropriate subordination of what is merely pleasing to the loftier objects of the art, and the distinction already noticed between painting and sculpture, imperatively demands to be observed. It will give new confirmation also to the opinions already set forth of the ruinous and destructive practice of separating into distinct and independent branches those single elements which, in their harmonious union, constitute a perfect composition. If, for example, an artist select one of these charming branches, and confine himself exclusively to the practice of it, he may produce a separate and pleasing genre; but his success will probably be injurious even to his own talent; certainly fatal to the art, which being thus intentionally dismembered, will ere long sink to the lowest stage of degradation. When, however, these united elements combine in one perfect composition, their sensible charm is happily contrasted with the severe grandeur of the surrounding figures and circumstances, and while themselves elevated and refined in expression by that very association, they diffuse an indescribable tenderness and softness throughout the whole. Raphael may be studied as an example of perfection in this, never suffering his representations of sensible beauty, though equal to, and even surpassing those of Titian, to disturb the harmony of the whole composition. The only naked female figure belonging to the cycle of Christian art is that of Eve; but here the solemnity of the subject, if adequately rendered by the painter, must prevent all injurious association of ideas. Raphael, in the "Camera

della Segnatura," has depicted the pure consort of the Father of mankind as a charming seducer, lovely and graceful, in all the tenderness of youthful beauty; but what eye could be offended even though the blushing shame of her looks, the conscious guilt of her expression, awoke far other thoughts and memories? Even in mythological subjects, the charms of sense are interwoven by Raphael merely as a quite subordinate element: take, for instance, the Psyche, the Galatea, and the exquisite Marriage of Roxana. A principle, however, is involved in the choice of such subjects, which is always liable to be carried to excess. Thus in the fresco paintings of the Carracci, who aspired to tread in his steps, all restraint is completely thrown off, and sensual beauty becomes the centre and object of the entire composition, to the utter subversion of the spiritual idea of loveliness.

We cannot be surprised that Parrhasius should have been a voluptuous painter, since that property harmonised completely with the religion and philosophy of paganism; yet even *he* never suffers himself to expend his allurements and embellishments on ordinary voluptuousness, but rather seems to entertain a devout feeling of the sacredness of that lofty beauty, whose bosom is the source of all earthly loveliness and grace.

If succeeding painters aimed at a different object, and selected other subjects foreign to the perfection of beauty (for Greek art could never rise to the highly spiritual in character or expression), it was only because they too early wandered from their original truth and purity. After the death of Phidias, who had treated sculpture as its true intention and grandeur required, those who succeeded him wandered into innumerable paths of error; the subjects they selected, and the objects at which they aimed, were alike incompatible with real excellence; and it seems probable that Greek painting expired with Parrhasius, as sculpture did with Phidias. Our ideas of the progress of art are in general too systematic. It may be possible to adhere to system in that later period of already declining art, when the natural, the severe, the charming, and the voluptuous appear to be elegantly and systematically arranged, rising gradually one out of the other; and it is to these times, already designated the *later*, that the old authors, whose opinions we

are prone blindly to follow, most probably referred; these opinions will consequently be of very little use in illustrating the grand Christian style. There was no gradual transition from the old to the new manner: a vast gulf divides the latter epoch from that which we characterise as truly beautiful and noble, and in the same manner the distance between the first timid attempts of the art and the lofty boldness of its maturer epoch was traversed at once, and by a single bound. The same, doubtless, occurred in Greek art, and has done so in all periods, and in all spheres of human operation. The truly excellent, combining in itself every element of purity and truth, starts like a ghost into the astonished world, and even as suddenly the glorious apparition withdraws, leaving only a long line of feeble shadows on its track, like echoes of remembered tones, the dim memorials of departed greatness.

The progress of modern art has been precisely similar. For upwards of a thousand years from the first establishment of Christianity, the pictures of saints, designed for devotional purposes, repeated precisely the same symbolic forms, thus corresponding with the so-called Etruscan manner prevalent in the earlier stages of classic art. These purely ecclesiastical paintings are still common in the Greek church; but suddenly in the industrious West a new impulse stirred, like that indicated by the Æginætic figures in classic art, and with Giotto, in Italy, and the predecessors of Van Eyck, in the German Netherlands, a new sun dawned on the morning of Christian art, to whose rising beams your attention will be directed in the succeeding letter.

LETTER IV.

The Victory of Alexander, by Altdorfer. — Paintings of the old School of the Netherlands at Brussels. — Great Alter-piece by Raphael. — The Dusseldorf Gallery; a grand Martyrdom, by Dürer; St. John and a Holy Family, by Raphael, Guido, and Rubens, as exemplifying two opposite Extremes of Mannerism in Painting. — A Copy of the St. Margaret, of Raphael, at Cologne. — A few Figures of Saints, on a gold Ground, by Dürer. — Old Cologne School of Painting; great Altar-piece, representing the Three Kings worshipping the Infant Saviour, and the Patron Saints of Cologne. — A Series of old Pictures on the Passion of Christ, in the Lyversberg Collection. — Portrait of the Emperor Maximilian. — Challenge to modern Artists.

Summer, 1804.

BESIDES the Italian paintings in the Restoring Room at the Louvre, with a description of which my last letter closed, I saw at the same time many of great value belonging to the early German schools.

The account I propose giving of them will serve as a sort of explanatory introduction to my succeeding observations on many of the finest compositions of that and of the old Flemish schools, which a journey from Paris to Brussels, and thence through the Rhein-land as far as Cologne, gave me an opportunity of seeing.

I shall open my description of those I saw at Paris, by noticing one little picture, brought from the church of San Luigi, at Rome, a "Madonna in the Garden." The foreground is occupied by a richly ornamented fountain of transparent water, and the neatness and delicacy of the execution remind us so entirely of the old German style, that it seems scarcely possible to assign it to any other school; yet there are no authentic grounds for so doing, and if this very early picture be indeed Italian, it affords a new proof of the great similarity between both schools in their first commencement. Further on is a votive picture, brought from Munich, and attributed to Van Eyck; yet this statement appears to me scarcely credible, and in the absence of all historical evidence to set the point at rest, I must doubt its belonging to that master. The countenances are very different in ex-

pression from any of those I have seen in his pictures, and belong rather to the lower German school. Though of small dimensions, this is one of the most remarkable devotional paintings I have ever seen. The highly-finished execution of the various diminutive animals and wandering figures dispersed throughout the garden is almost marvellous, and the rich and delicate landscape which fills the background is seen through richly-adorned, open church architecture. One might inspect many collections of pictures without finding one equal or similar to this: a little world as it were, in the smallest, almost microscopic, style of miniature-painting. Still there is nothing about it either trifling or insignificant. No, it is calm and serious throughout; and these characteristics are so prominent in the figure of the Donatorius kneeling on the left, and in that of the Madonna enthroned on the right, above whose head angels suspend a crown of entwined jewels, that we cannot mistake the pious character of the early masters of the old school: the same peculiarities, indeed, characterise the entire work. The head of the Donatorius is very profoundly imagined, so much so, that even the finest heads of Holbein appear comparatively frivolous and superficial, and all the smaller figures are no less carefully finished. The countenance of the mother of God is of the severest beauty, in the exact proportions of Van Eyck, but almost more graceful than in many of his pictures. The head of the Saviour fully justifies my remark on the national features apparent in this painting. It strongly resembles another old German picture of less than life-size, which was some time since exhibited in the long gallery of the Louvre, but without any number. The Holy Virgin in this picture, though somewhat differently treated, is undoubtedly by the hand of the same master. She is seen enthroned in the centre of the picture: on her right a holy bishop, and on her left the kneeling Donatorius, presented by St. George in full armour. Except in German pictures, we rarely meet with a countenance so expressive, chivalric, and smiling, as that of the Saint George. The head of the Donatorius in solidity and profoundness resembles that in the little picture. The architecture and surrounding objects are even more ancient, and the dress is exquisitely finished, as in all other pictures of this school. Judging from others that I have seen of Van

Eyck's, there seems still less reason for supposing this painting to be his, but I should affirm it to be a very excellent work in the manner of the old German school.

Were I permitted to select a few from amongst all the pictures I have ever seen, this little painting would undoubtedly be one of the number, on account of its exquisite finish and delicacy. Yet it is far surpassed by a little composition of Altdorfer's with figures of one or two inches in height.* I scarcely know whether to call it a landscape, an historical painting, or a battle-piece, — it is indeed all these combined, and much more. I cannot describe the astonishment I felt on first beholding this wonderful work. It was as if to one familiar only with the light, graceful verse of the Italians, and aware of no higher order of poetry, the magic world of Shakspeare's genius were suddenly unfolded in all its glorious creations. This simile, however, applies only to the depth and richness of the *poetry* in Altdorfer's painting, not to the romantic spirit which reigns supreme throughout it; so remarkably, indeed, that we might justly style it chivalric. It represents the victory of Alexander the Great over Darius. But there is no servile imitation of the Greek manner; it rather resembles the stories of old knight-errantry, as related in the romantic poetry of the middle ages. The costume is German and knightly; both men and horses clad in steel, with surcoats of gold and embroidery. The chamfrein on the heads of the horses, the glittering lances and stirrups, and the rich variety of the armour, form a scene of indescribable beauty and splendour. There is neither blood, nor any object likely to excite disgust and horror, — no severed or distorted limbs; only in the immediate foreground, if examined very closely, we discover under the feet of the charging hosts on either side, in their impetuous onset, many piles of corpses, lying thickly together, like a web, and forming, as it were, the groundwork to this world of war and arms, of glancing steel, and still more glittering fame and chivalry. It is, in truth, a little world comprised within a few square feet of canvas. The innumerable hosts of combatants advancing on all sides appear inexhaustible, and the distant landscape seems also to lose itself in immensity. The wide ocean stretches before us in the distance; an historical error, if you

* Pinacothek, Munich Cabinets, No. 169.

will, but which is made the vehicle of a lofty and speaking allegory. We see the sea, with lofty cliffs on either side, and a rugged island lying between them, ships of war and whole fleets of other vessels; on the left the sinking moon, and the sun rising on the right, form a striking and correct emblem of the event represented. The armies are arranged in rank and column, without any of the strange contrasts and distortions common in battle-pieces; indeed, with so vast a number of figures, this would have been impossible. It has the order, perhaps it may be termed formality, of the old school. The character and execution of the little figures is wonderful, and would not be unworthy even of Dürer. Let it be remarked, once for all, that the solidity of execution apparent in this picture, notwithstanding the injuries it has sustained, is superior to any we meet with even among *good* masters of the Italian school, and belongs only to the early German. What variety of expression is there, not in the individual knights and warriors alone, but in the whole assembled armies! Here columns of black archers rush down the mountains, with the impetuosity of a sweeping torrent, while added numbers press on behind them. On the other side, high above, among the rocks, a scattered body of the flying is seen, turning into a narrow defile. Little can be distinguished except their helmets, glittering in the sun; and yet the whole scene, even in that remote distance, is most expressive. The point of highest interest stands out brilliantly in the centre, as the general focus of the composition,—Alexander and Darius, both glittering in armour of burnished gold. Alexander, mounted on Bucephalus, with lance in rest, and advancing far before his followers in eager pursuit of the flying Darius, whose charioteer has already fallen on his white horses, while Darius looks back upon his conqueror with all the rage and despair of a vanquished king. One may withdraw to so great a distance from this picture, that nothing else can be discerned, and yet this group is still clearly defined, and excites feelings of the deepest sympathy. It is a little Iliad on canvas, and by the mute language of its colouring, might instruct those who abandon the holy path of catholic symbolism in quest of new and grand subjects, and aim at producing really romantic compositions, how the stirring spirit of chivalry ought to be expressed.

"The Siege of a Town,"* painted by Martin Fezcle, though not actually in a bad style, has little lofty poetic feeling. I was particularly struck with a group of knights in the furthest background, represented within the court-yard of the citadel, clad in black armour, their helmets raised and hands mutually clasped, exchanging pledges of fidelity. Thus, the sensibility of the early German masters betrayed a feeling soul, when others would perhaps have thought only of contrasts and trifles, or have contented themselves with attending to secondary details,—less essential, but more easily mastered.

Both these pictures are said to have been brought from Munich. If there be many more such paintings in that town, German artists will do well to travel thither, and learn the art of our national predecessors †, as they now visit Rome or Paris in order to study the treasures of classical antiquity, or of the Italian schools. We can scarcely hope to see a revival of art in Germany until we possess some art-loving prince of German origin and temperament, or until some connoisseurs and investigators of the art arise, who being able to devote their lives to that sole object, seek to unite in one great body ‡

* Pinacothek, Munich Cabinets, No. 155. The artist is styled in the Catalogue Melcher Feselen.

† Munich has now united with its original treasures, consisting chiefly of works of the Upper German school, the delightful Augsburg and Schleissheim Collections, as well as the valuable Dusseldorf Gallery. If, in addition to this, we reflect on what the Æginætic Collection, unrivalled in its kind, and the building of the Glyptotheca, designed for the more worthy preservation of ancient sculptures, have done towards the encouragement of fresco-painting in Germany, we see that a body of early German art of various kinds is there united, which inspires the brightest hopes, and, with the national seats of art, Dresden and Vienna, seems to promise a new basis for the future elevation of the general style of German art.

‡ This wish has since been fulfilled by the formation of the Boisserée Collection, (also now in the Pinacothek at Munich,) and in a manner far surpassing every expectation that had been formed concerning the then little known superiority of German art. Its value consists not only in the masterpieces of various artists there assembled, but also in the perfection of the historical arrangement, the correct judgment, and artistic feeling with which these fine works of the old Germans have been selected. It affords a further example of what, even in our day, may be effected by a noble perseverance constantly directed to one object.

all the now-existing and widely-scattered compositions of the old German schools. The mingling rays of German art being thus concentrated in one focus, their effect would be inconceivably heightened, and they would prove at least as valuable and surprising as any exhibition of the assembled treasures of Greek or Italian art. The ancient Germans were peculiarly grand and original in their works, though modern ignorance is unacquainted with them; and a shallow rage for imitation, in bitter self-contempt, seeking the darkness, refuses to acknowledge it. But has this copying ever produced anything excellent in any art? Nothing,—nothing throughout! except what is either preposterous or completely shallow and useless. The poet who suffers his fancy to stray and luxuriate in distant regions, may perhaps be pardoned, yet even poetry must return from its quest of foreign treasures, and seek at home for what forms the closest point of union of feeling and of poetry among his own people and in his own times, or his poetry will be ever cold and feeble. The intellect, however, and the imitative art, become choked up, restricted in their length and breadth by such apparent improvement in variety. Certain circumscribed boundaries are necessary to the vigorous and successful development of the peculiar feeling of the art, and of what it ought to effect. Truths, dictated by reason, are universal. Imagination loves to wander in the unknown distance, but reason seeks rather to pierce to the lowest depth, and latent origin of what is near to us and around, and so to reproduce it in painting, that in this new-born and clear representation of the incomprehensible mystery of nature, an impulse from the heart may suddenly break through, uttering as it were unspeakable words; while imitation can find none more lofty or expressive than have been already heard. Springing from what is near and peculiar to us, the character of the art will infallibly be local and national. We may trace the general proportions of a beautiful figure according to a certain type or idealization, but to preserve a distinct individuality of expression and of couhtenance is also of the highest importance. As long as the art devoted itself to the service of the church and of religion within the mysterious circle of symbolism, that spiritual beauty and holy signification which is the same in

all Christian countries, of course supplied the first and highest distinction to which national characteristics must ever be held subordinate. Still this latter element is not to be blotted out, nor entirely lost; it must rather interweave itself with each higher attribute, and thus give to the arrangement of the whole that sensible grace and living charm which are so peculiarly its own. It has already been remarked, that in the works of the oldest masters of the Italian school the national features and physiognomy are so marked as often to appear harsh and glaring, while in the later period all these characteristics disappear in a general ideality, becoming by degrees completely frivolous and characterless. The reverse appears, generally speaking, to be the case with the Germans. In their earliest pictures, designed after the Greek style, a holy symbolism and severe dignity of devotional expression predominate, while the actual characteristics of the people in features and costume are first remarked in a much later period; then it is true, so glaringly brought forward, as often to appear harsh and almost caricatured. This is especially to be observed in Lucas van Leyden and his contemporaries of the Netherlands. The vivacity and varied expression with which Dürer seized and depicted the German national features, contributed to preserve a less variable character in the upper German schools, which in them ever remained predominant, and in time assumed a heavy, dull breadth of expression. It must not, however, be overlooked, that in the schools of the Netherlands, at their best period, all these elements were most happily blended, as in Van Eyck, and Hemling, who united the deep symbolism of devotion and holy beauty with a German abundance of feeling and expression. Nay, Meister Wilhelm, of Cologne, nearly as he assimilates to the Greek style, still in the calm godliness which forms the general characteristic of his pictures, and of his conceptions of the Madonna in particular, and of other glorified saints, clearly indicates a tendency to the rejoicing life of the German manner at that period. We trace this in the countenances, as well as in the surrounding groups of figures, and a certain fantastic richness and delicacy in the many-coloured robes and costume. The study of these lively characteristics and national peculiarities is of especial importance at the present time, as forming a necessary element

of every vivid representation, and one in which modern art is most deficient, being more in danger of losing itself in the abstract generalisation of an ideal, equally feeble and frivolous, than of falling into errors of an opposite tendency. Until the amalgamating confusion of later times, every nation had its own distinct features, in manners, customs, feeling, and physiognomy, and equally national peculiarities in music, painting, and architecture. How, indeed, could it be otherwise? Much has been said concerning the universality of beauty, and the art, as unrestricted by the limits of any locality, yet never has a single spot been discovered in which it can successfully throw off the peculiar characteristics of the sphere in which it exists. Certainly the attempts hitherto made on this principle give us little reason to anticipate much advantage from the promulgation of this new faith. The Greeks and Egyptians, the Italians and Germans, all became great in art while it was confined within severe and well-defined limits, and in all alike we may date their decline from that high eminence at the period when indiscriminate imitations were first practised. The excellence of painting, in particular, which can present an outline only of material forms, depends greatly on its power of seizing both the purely spiritual and the individual expression of those forms, and it should so employ the magic of colouring, as to embody and retain the exact proportions and appropriate ideality of each object, as existing in different nations and localities. The artist will do well to adopt and act upon the well-grounded principles of Dürer, who, when would-be critics blamed his manner of painting, and strove to turn him from his path, replied, "I will paint nothing antique." In him the many magnificent works of art displayed at Venice excited no false attempt to imitate the Italian style, for he held it much better to remain true to his own deeply-studied art. He had no higher ambition than to paint as a German, striving to attain the highest perfection in that style, and fully carrying out the vigorous and energetic principles of the upper German school. He united and blended with them the varied vivacity and rich imaginative faculty of the lower German masters; a manner which harmonises entirely with the inconceivable treasures of his own creative genius, and, indeed, is almost necessary to their full develop-

ment. I shall now attempt to analyse and examine the principles of this peculiarly imaginative style of the old German masters, and the schools of the Netherlands in general, by giving a concise description of the most remarkable antique paintings at Brussels and Cologne.

The Exhibition opened at Brussels, since the 9th Messidor, year XI, consists partly of pictures sent thither from the Parisian Museum (in compliance with the order before alluded to), and partly of such as belonged originally to that province; besides some old paintings removed during the Revolution from churches and monasteries, and which are now collected and shown to the greatest advantage in a well-lighted and spacious museum. The six first apartments contain many famous paintings of the later schools of Italy and the Netherlands, and, unlike the generality of such collections, many not unworthy of their fame. I select from among them a good picture by Palma Vecchio, a "Deposition from the Cross," of small dimensions; two "Holy Families," after Leonardo and Raphael, which, although copies, certainly give a very intelligible idea of the great originals. A portrait of a woman with a carnation in her hand*, by Garofalo, said to be a picture of his wife: it has been greatly injured, and was not originally finished with so much decided energy, depth of feeling, and expression, as his own portrait painted by himself in the Louvre: the latter is rather under the size of life, but the female portrait at Brussels is the full life-size.

I was most delighted, however, with the seventh room, which, with the exception of one large picture by Raphael, is filled with the early masters, namely, with compositions of the school of Van Eyck, Engelbrechsen, Coningsloo, Van Orley, Coxcei, or Coxcis, Schoreel, Hemskirk, and many others less known, and belonging even to an earlier period. This exhibition is most instructive in regard to the history of the art, and gives a far better idea of the treasures and characteristics of the old school of the Netherlands than can be obtained from ordinary collections, which rarely possess many of these rare antiquities. We see here no trace of what is called the Dutch style, as applied to the more modern schools; none of their uniformity in the choice of subjects,

* Garofalo used the carnation (Garofalo) as his emblem flower.

their deceptive imitation of nature, and mannerism of colouring, but everything is in the highest degree simple and noble. In almost all the earlier pictures of every school we trace the manner of the first Van Eyck, although they have not, it is true, all his originality; and notwithstanding the great general similarity, we remark also many decided variations. Some, for instance, are so completely in Dürer's style, that they seem almost like intentional imitations. Nor does it appear in any degree surprising that Dürer should have been so frequently copied, both by the schools of the Netherlands, and of the Lower Rhine. The "Adoration of the Kings," with the "Circumcision," and the "Adoration of the Shepherds," on the side wings, by John Schoreel (No. 99.), struck me at the first glance as completely in Dürer's style. This famous Dutch painter was one of the last to preserve the serious, meditative, and devotional style of Van Eyck and Hemling, and even in his time explained and developed it: his finished pictures have a soft, bright tenderness of outline and colouring not often seen in pictures of the same size, even by Dürer, whose characters appear to be of harder metal. We possess, however, abundant and incontrovertible evidence, that long before the period of Dürer, many old pictures, completely in his style, are to be found, and figures which we can scarcely avoid assigning to his school; this observation applies to a wonderfully excellent picture which I saw in one of the private apartments of the Brussels Gallery (No. 155.), representing the "Betrayal of Christ," and the "Resurrection." In the Catalogue it is merely described as "a very old picture." It is without a frame, and probably belongs to the earliest period; but it is so completely in the style of Dürer, that I willingly acknowledge that it may actually belong to his school; in many respects it is highly excellent, and would scarcely be unworthy even of Dürer himself.

In order the better to account for these reciprocal resemblances, we may remark that Dürer himself worked in the spirit and style of the painters of the Netherlands, and that in all his compositions we recognise, more or less distinctly, an attempt to blend the style of the Netherlands with the ordinary character of the German school. It is easy to trace the point of transition, the first step towards the union of both German schools; and it is precisely because Dürer

so completely embodied both the rich fancy and artistic skill of Lower Germany, and the peculiar spirit of his own school, that so many paintings are found in the Old Netherlands which, not bearing the stamp of any other known master, are supposed to belong to Dürer and his school, either as followers or predecessors.

In others of these paintings we see a decided leaning to the Italian style, or, to speak more correctly, an effort to attain it, that style having been brought into notice either by tourists and amateurs, or perhaps only from an influx of designs. Such especially are Nos. 93 and 94., by Engelbrechtsen, and No. 98., by Coningsloo. There is nothing at all deserving commendation in any of these pictures; and if the union of the two German schools appears to contribute to the perfection of each, the false Italian tendency of a few among the masters of the Low Countries appears like an attempt to combine and unite essentially distinct and incompatible principles. It is remarkable that these Italianizing painters of the Netherlands were far inferior to the others, and the habit of copying soon obliterated the admirable peculiarities of their early national school. Even the treatment of costume betrays a predilection for undefined, half-antique drapery, instead of the delicate art and industry of highly-finished garments; and the countenances, notwithstanding the feebleness which they mistook for ideality, have occasionally a wonderful affinity with the best painters of the French school. Thus the groundwork of degeneracy was first laid, and a false manner introduced, which ere long diverged into the broad road of universal error. Certainly other painters of the school of the Netherlands, and most probably those who best knew the Italians, remained faithful to the old German style, and the wider range of their cultivation is discernible only in the superior freedom of their treatment. The truth of this remark is sufficiently proved by a votive painting of Bernard Van Orley (No. 96.), a half-length, in three compartments. One is a Pietà, representing the body of the Saviour, mourned over by his friends and the holy women: it resembles the style of Lucas Van Leyden, but is more noble. The family of the Donatorius are represented beneath, in two compartments; on the left, the men presented by an apostle, and, on the right, the women headed by St. Margaret: the objective solidity

in the head of the old man, and the soft, tender colouring in the extremely lovely female figures, remind us of Holbein. In the old schools of the Netherlands there are in reality many more varieties and diversities of manner than we are accustomed to imagine. The imitators of Dürer and of the Italian style are sufficiently characteristic, and how different from both is the style of Lucas of Leyden! The latter is certainly highly original, and therefore merits attention, although I cannot award him unqualified praise, on account of his numerous errors of form and attitude, and his exaggerated and artificial delicacy. He is by far the most *mannered* of all the painters of the Netherlands, almost approaching to the false nature of the later schools (called Naturalisti). He is, however, most remarkable for a certain arbitrary, yet delicate and fantastic waywardness and caprice; so that his productions sometimes appear to us like those of a highly intellectual but sickly child, and sometimes like those of a wonderful but premature old age. We must not be surprised if the works of so capricious a master be found to take their character from his moral temperament and the chief events of his life. In so far, however, as the preponderance of the whimsical and fantastic marks the Lower German school, we must trace these peculiar features, both when they are found in the greatest excess, and when they appear to be but partially developed, and in this respect Lucas of Leyden presents an instructive example, and is himself also an important member of the school of art in the Netherlands. I saw in the Lyversberg Gallery, at Cologne, two finished altar-pieces by Lucas of Leyden, which gave me a much higher opinion of his genius than I had formed from the large "Deposition from the Cross" and the "Herodias" at Paris. One of these pictures represents the Saviour on the Cross, St. Agnes and St. Alexius on the right, and on the left St. Cecilia, and St. John the Baptist: St. Mary Magdalene, in the centre, embraces the foot of the cross; by her side is St. Jerome in the habit of a cardinal, and with the lion. The other painting represents Christ in the Clouds: St. Thomas is placing his finger in the Saviour's wounds, and numerous saints surround him; on one wing are Hippolytus and St. Afra. The landscape is particularly bright and glowing, the background being formed by a line of clear blue hills, as in the best Venetian paintings. The

pictures of Lucas of Leyden have a decided affinity with those of the old Venetian school, as, in a later period of the already-bewildered art, Rubens, by the soft blending of his colours, and his struggle for poetical energy and richness, approached the grand Roman and Florentine style of Michelangelo, or rather that displayed in the genial compositions of Giulio Romano.

The already-noticed Hemling stands alone in the circle of well-known masters. He has all the pathos and German feeling of Dürer, but without his caricature and other peculiarities. In spiritual beauty and devotional feeling, as well as in clearness of meaning, he excels all painters of that school, and can be compared only to Van Eyck; his execution is tender and highly finished, yet his objective profoundness cannot be surpassed even by Holbein, or any of the Upper German masters, while none of the Lower German school possess equal richness and poetic fancy.

Quintin Metsys, a few good pictures of whose are at Paris, is, to a certain extent, original in his manner; a confined manner, it is true, and a red brown tone of colouring is at least perceptible, if it does not predominate in all his pictures. Thus, throughout all the compositions of some masters, we trace either their own characteristics, or the history of their love, repeated under every variety of expression: still the careful finish of Metsys's pictures, and their expression of piety and sincerity, will always inspire pleasure and deserve esteem. Among poets, some of narrow and confined views write of sentiment alone, and from the influence of personal feeling, while others, of universal genius, portray various characters and individual temperaments; and thus, in the art of painting, each master cannot be a Dürer, a Holbein, or an Eyck; but even those of inferior genius, if their feeling be sincere and their execution careful, are beautiful and necessary members of the art, and all will be seen blooming and prospering together in the Paradise of God, the mighty and the feeble, in peaceful union.

When we examine for the first time a collection of old German pictures, like that at Brussels, or others, rich in works of art, but not arranged in historical order, it is like voyaging on some wild and unknown sea, without chart or compass. We feel the want of some fixed point amid

all the rich treasures before us; some guide to aid us in tracing the gradual progress and structure of the whole, and the numerous ramifications through which it reached its existing stage of development. The inferences to be drawn from our preceding contemplations may perhaps serve as a guiding idea for this purpose, and at the same time form an introduction to my subsequent remarks. Van Eyck * was the grand scientific founder, the master and originator, of the old Flemish school, and yet, from his profound science and the objective solidity of his execution, he alone possesses a remarkable affinity with the schools of Upper Germany, his style comprehending, indeed, everything that is grand and noble. We must go back to Wilhelm of Cologne for the first beautiful beginning, the rosy dawn of art in Germany. Hemling has been already noticed as having reached the highest perfection in that school, and Schoreel, who adhered longest and most faithfully to the beautiful laws of Catholic symbolism and devotional painting. In a state of universal degeneracy and aberration, Lucas of Leyden became remarkable from his singular and capricious waywardness, the first germ of which may indeed be found implanted in the elementary character of the school of the Netherlands. The rich luxuriance and fanciful delicacy of the Lower German school appears to resemble, as far as the difference in the art and the material permits, the second flowery and ornamented period of Gothic architecture. A similar strain of glowing fancy reigns in both, and it was in the German Netherlands, where romantic architecture attained its highest perfection, that the chief schools of painting also flourished. If Dürer be considered as the point of union and an intermediate step between the schools of Lower Germany and the Netherlands, Holbein, on the other hand, at least in his finest compositions, displays the Upper German style in greater purity. In both schools there is an inexhaustible fund of isolated and remarkable ideas of art, which cannot be comprehended under any particular head in tracing its gradual development.

After this short digression, we return to consider the collection of pictures at Brussels, none of which appeared to me finer than two very old paintings by an unknown master (Nos. 153 and 154.), in an apartment not yet open

* Hubert, John Van Eyck's elder brother and instructor.

to the public. They are both of small dimensions, but the figures are larger than is customary in old Italian pictures of that class, and the same observation applies to many of the old German and Flemish paintings to which I shall have to direct your attention. The subjects are the "Flagellation," and the "Ascension." Judging from the style alone, we must, in default of historical data, pronounce these pictures to be of much earlier date than Van Eyck; still it is easy to be misled by first impressions in regard to the period of works of art. We are always disposed, by our preconceived ideas, to imagine that what is rude in art must necessarily be of early date; but that this conclusion is not always just is proved by the architecture of the middle ages, which, after attaining, in the thirteenth century, the rich perfection of the decorated style, became, in succeeding years, incomparably more coarse and defective. Thus, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, we find among the successors of Van Eyck many pictures which, from their homely manner and treatment, we should assign to a much earlier date, had we not historical evidence to the contrary: in fact the development of the arts can never be subjected to rules of such mathematical strictness and accuracy as to admit of no deviation. In both the above-named pictures, the beauty of the heads, their energy of expression, the splendid colouring and delicately-finished execution of the drapery, are all strikingly excellent, and must claim unqualified praise even from modern taste, scarcely being surpassed even by the best pictures in the school of Van Eyck. They are all simply designed, on a gold ground; in the "Ascension," the feet only of our Saviour are visible, seen through an opening in the heavens, the body unseen. This position is customary in the oldest representations of that subject. The Madonna is particularly beautiful, and many of the heads of the apostles are also excellent: the whole treatment is similar to the oldest of the Italian pictures brought from San Luigi, decidedly in the Byzantine style, though the old German school is distinctly recognisable. The singular pomp and rich tints of the costume afford indications of the manner afterwards carried to perfection in the school of Dürer; but these pictures are altogether more simple, and less crowded with marvellous and fantastic ideas. The expression of malevolence in the figure of the tyrant in the

"Flagellation" reminds us of Dürer, but there is less of caricature in this. Dürer, in his later time, was undoubtedly much indebted to the better masters of the Netherlands; nor can it be doubted that he both learned and borrowed much from the earlier paintings of that school. Both the pictures just described are correct examples of the old style of the German school in the countries of the Netherlands and the Lower Rhine: by *old style* I shall in future understand particularly those which are earlier than Van Eyck.

A large altar-piece by Raphael, the size of life, is the most important of those in the Museum of Antiquities at Brussels: it was sent thither from Paris on account of the repairs it required, and was besides but little valued by the French, being in Raphael's first manner. It is what is generally called a holy conversation.* The Madonna is seated on a simple throne, surrounded by four saints, with angels below, singing from a page of music. Connoisseurs assign to this picture a very important place in the series of distinct works by this most exalted genius. It belongs to the period when Raphael had not yet, lured by Michelangelo and the antique taste, proved false to himself; yet it has all the warmth of feeling, the vigour and richness of treatment, in which his earlier pictures are deficient. In but few of his pictures do we see Raphael so completely himself, so expressive, so pure and free from all foreign intermixture. The heavenly boys are the perfection of childish beauty, in the representation of which Raphael still remains unequalled. Joseph also, rudely clad in a pilgrim's habit, and leaning on his staff, is a majestic figure, with a fine head and long-flowing beard, looking on the Infant Christ with an expression of unfeigned affection. The St. Bruno also is one of the most expressive Italian countenances ever drawn by Raphael. The Madonna belongs to the intermediate style of Raphael. But the majestic unity of the whole picture most claims our admiration; and among the numerous representations of the same subject, this is perhaps the only one in which the appropriate sentiment is preserved, the theme being in general completely lost in the working out. The surrounding saints are not idle, useless figures, arbitrarily introduced, and only for the

* The following description partly applies to the Madonna mentioned in Kugler's Handbook of Painting, Italy, p. 249.— *Trans.*

sake of artistic contrasts of attitude and expression. The various parts belong essentially to each other, and every figure introduced seems necessary to the perfection of the whole; all are expressive, natural, and so linked together by the earnest sincerity of their demeanour, as to appear actually absorbed in a devout conversation, which lofty meaning is powerfully heightened by the attitude of St. Bruno, turning towards the spectator. It is a truly grand composition; everything homely and simple, yet with the most correct expression. It recalls to our minds the old Correggio* at Dresden, representing the Madonna enthroned, with St. Catherine, St. Francis, St. Anthony, and John the Baptist, which is indeed the only picture that can be mentioned as in any degree resembling this of Raphael's, unquestionably one of the most meritorious of his works.

The valuable Düsseldorf Gallery, containing famous works by masters of the modern era, particularly of those belonging to the school of the Netherlands, has been so amply described elsewhere, that my observations may be confined to a few among them only, which will best illustrate my previous observations on the old masters.

One picture, by Dürer, of complicated subject, and very small dimensions, appears to be only a sketch, if, indeed, it be not a mere copy. The subject is the "Martyrdom of the early Christians in Persia," and contains many figures; but the composition is not so well arranged, expressive, nor profoundly imagined as we might expect, nor is the execution in any respect so thoughtfully finished as is usual with that great master.†

I found among the better paintings of the old Italian masters a beautiful "Adoration of the Shepherds," by the Venetian Pordenone, very much resembling that by Palma Vecchio, at Paris, already described. The paintings by Andrea del Sarto, here exhibited, do not belong to his finest works. I have many doubts as to the authenticity of an "Ecce Homo," attributed to Correggio; the Redeemer's form is excessively disfigured and blood-stained, the painting careful, but flat and cold. A very small "Holy Family,"

* No. 125. G. i. Catalogue 1782.

† The original of this most rich, but from the theme horrifying, composition is in the Vienna collection, and executed in a most masterly style.

by Michelangelo, has all the characteristics of the most esteemed paintings of that master. The design cannot be attributed to any other hand; and we remark an exaggerated and unnatural grandeur in feature and attitude. The "St. John," attributed to Raphael, is universally famous and admired: hence we shall probably not err in assigning it to that period of his life in which he had already diverged into the track of error, and the imitation of the antique. This St. John is, in fact, so much like an Apollo, that with very slight alteration it might pass for one. Notwithstanding the clever foreshortening, it is a very cold picture, and the figures and general treatment, if, indeed, belonging to Raphael, are more widely removed than in *any* of his other compositions, from the original tone and bias of his beautiful and devout spirit. Perhaps it most resembles the "St. Michael" at Paris, but how far more grandly conceived is the latter composition,—how much less cold and constrained,—perfect as is its artistic treatment! The colouring of the "St. John" is extremely different; some of the shadows are certainly heavy, but the original chiaroscuro, the contrasted and blended tints, are perhaps more striking than in any of Raphael's paintings. There are no other paintings of the same kind here; and before deciding to which of Raphael's manners this picture, or rather the treatment of it, belongs, it would be requisite to point out in what manner it connects itself with the numerous other paintings of Raphael's now existing in Italy, and which, with a few trifling differences, repeat the same subject.

A "Holy Family,"* by Raphael, is incomparably more pleasing and valuable: it is in his, so called, "*first* manner," a term too frequently employed as an indirect censure of some of his finest and most successful works. The brightness and serenity of this picture, the vivid harmony of colouring, especially in the greens, crimsons, and other brighter tints, deserve great praise, as also the simplicity and grandeur of the arrangement, which is pyramidal; the powerful figure of Joseph, leaning on his staff, seeming to indicate at the same time the extreme background of the picture, and the highest point of the pyramid. We might observe of this picture, as well as of that at Brussels, that it is com-

* Now in the Munich Gallery. See Kugler's Handbook, Italy, Liv. 18.

pletely what it ought to be. Innumerable "Holy Families," by the most various masters, may be esteemed for a variety of individual beauties, and in some points may perhaps be richer than the simple work now under consideration; but in this picture the one true idea, the exactly correct expression is given, without a shade of exaggeration or affectation, — the simple "mot" that solves the enigma, and no more.

The "Susanna"* of Domenichino is, perhaps, the finest of the remaining pictures.

The Hall of Rubens will claim the attention of every one; that master can be thoroughly studied only here. His wild fancy and extraordinary genius, which even in its errors betrays a highly poetical temperament, the magic variety of his colouring, so remarkable a property in the old schools of the Netherlands, would make a separate treatise requisite fully to analyse his merits, and to award him the praise or censure he deserves; but this would be by no means compatible with my present intentions. He does not appear to me in his most prepossessing character in such grand and splendid compositions as the "Judgment," nor in his general treatment of pictures of Christian saints, but rather in such themes as afford full scope to the play of his rich and poetical fancy; and at the same time, by restraining it within certain limits, prevent its straying into vague uncertainties, and by concentrating its powers, invest them with a richer bloom. Such are the famous "Battle of the Amazons," here, and the magnificent "Tiger and Faun" family, in the Dresden Gallery.

The "Assumption of the Virgin"† by Guido, is, perhaps, the best picture of the later Italian schools in this collection; still, though more grandly imagined than this master's compositions in general, it is by no means so finely executed as the "Fortuna," at Paris, or the exquisite "Madonna," in the collection of Lucien Buonaparte. In this we see united the two extremes of erring genius and mistaken ideas of art — the mannerism of Rubens and Guido, with a cold empty ideality. I shall, perhaps, excite astonishment, by numbering ideality among the false principles of declining art; but this term, although in its original accep-

* Pinacothek, No. 526. † Pinacothek, Munich, No. 531.

tation expressing a true and genuine feeling, may also, taken in a contrary sense, signify something false throughout: ignorantly supposing it to reside in outward forms alone, and making these the first and highest objects, whereas the significant intention of the whole, and the participation therein of each individual figure, is the only true object to be sought. Thus the ideal in painting, as well as in other arts and intellectual creations, is sometimes supposed to consist, not in a studiously contrived and genial combination of various contrasting elements, — not in an intentional deviation from the true proportions of nature, — in order thereby to indicate the high attributes of divinity, which was perhaps the intention of Winkelmann and others, who first spoke of the ideal, but rather in such an unmeaning, middle path as, avoiding all extremes, is concerned only to avoid delineating anything mean or low. In all the mechanical arts, that of painting not excepted, we find two distinct methods of avoiding extremes, which may be distinguished as the full and the empty medium; the full is that in which all the contrasting elements concentrate their power, and which invariably becomes the source of a new vitality, so that of this we may with truth assert not truth alone, but beauty also lies in the medium. The other middle path is barren, unfruitful, and negative throughout, and it is this which people now term ideal, and which has no affinity whatever with that lofty symbolism, which seeks to stamp the impression of divinity on every lineament of a work of art. Guido, when he rose above simple grace, sought thus to attain the false ideal alone; and this is the sole object of the French school. Rubens and Rembrandt might claim a higher rank than the French masters or the feeble Italians of the later schools, because there is at least some vigour in their errors; and though the spirit of affectation reigns throughout, their natural talents are undeniable, and even their misemployment of colours is marked by a certain degree of originality. The modern French school unites both erroneous principles, the barren false ideal, obtained by copying from the antique, and the most glaring theatrical execution. Certainly the striking and eye-startling effect produced by the new-fashioned style is far from artistic, but in the highest degree theatrical, and so exaggerated that it almost supersedes nature herself, and becomes only a copy of the most complicated drama.

Such compositions, however, produce at least a decided effect, and have, therefore, more character than those of the modern German school, which, carried away by the pursuit of a false ideality, represent that ideality only by varied deformity and a total absence of any kind of expression.

At Cologne I was particularly struck with a picture of St. Margaret, by Raphael, in the possession of the painter Hoffmann. This picture was formerly in the Jabach collection, which is not unknown in the annals of art, and whence the picture in the Royal Collection at Paris was also taken. The latter*, however, has been so much injured, that it will require to be almost entirely repainted, to restore it. In this state it may now be found in the Restoring Room at the Louvre, with one or two other pictures, already noticed, but its too apparent injuries give it but a melancholy expression; and although the sublimity of the conception is indeed indestructible, it is painful to feel how irreparable are the injuries it has sustained. Is this picture an original, or a very old copy, made under the direction of Raphael himself? The Parisian picture is now so greatly injured, that it would be impossible to give a satisfactory answer to this question, without some particular historical evidence; and consequently the picture at present under consideration must be received as the only existing example of this incomparably beautiful painting. In Italy there are, probably, repetitions of the same subject, but the beautiful "St. Margaret," at Vienna, is very differently treated. I leave to those practical artists who, by a long residence in Italy, by continual study of Raphael's works, and by frequently comparing them with each other, are qualified to judge, to decide by which of his scholars this picture was painted, and whether the head be not by the hand of the master himself. The theme and intention of this picture resemble the "Saint Michael:" the conception is equally lofty and grand, but the triumph of the blessed saint over all the hideous monsters surrounding her is much more easy and graceful. We do not here see the victorious arm of the conquering hero and prince of spirits, but the unconscious

* This picture was so much damaged in the attempt at restoration, that it is no longer exhibited. It was originally painted on panel for Francis I., and an attempt was made to transfer it to canvas.— *Trans.*

triumph of guileless love and glorious beauty, at whose feet the wicked expire, unslain. The divinity revealed in the attitude of the saint, as, holding the palm branch in her hand, she treads on the wing of the monster, without even glancing at the creature thus annihilated by her foot, is rendered in the engraving with great vigour. The serene countenance of this heroine of the Christian faith is lofty, yet full of individual grace and beauty; the divinity speaks in her bright blue eyes, and the heavenly smile upon her lips.

I remarked in the same collection a few figures of saints, by Dürer, on a gold ground, and once forming the wings of an altar-piece, full of character and profound feeling. We see in old pictures a decided preference for a gold ground, which was retained in the south of Germany much longer than in Italy. It seems almost probable that Dürer designed this picture during his journey into the Netherlands, and perhaps for some church there. It is a striking deviation from his usual style, and undoubtedly owed its origin to some peculiar inducement, for a landscape background certainly gave more room for revealing the universal treasures of his capricious imagination.

Many other important pictures claim our notice, the offspring of our own native art and country. The ancient city of Cologne, which at one time contained more than one hundred churches, the greater number deserving to be cited as specimens of the fine symbolic designs and exquisite work of Gothic architecture, would alone suffice to unfold the entire history of that art from its earliest period down to the wondrous perfection exhibited in the cathedral now erecting. The city of Cologne, notwithstanding the injuries and violent changes which war and its attendant evils have brought upon her, and in which her churches and monasteries severely suffered, is even at this period no less rich in old pictures, than valuable to the student of Gothic architecture.

I here allude to a collection of old German paintings, belonging to a rich, comprehensive, and well-defined school, superior, perhaps, to any in southern Germany, — a school which unquestionably proves the internal unity and connection of the earlier style of Germany and the Netherlands. There we find pictures worthy of being ranked with the best

of Holbein's; others in Dürer's manner, or of the school of Van Eyck; and others, again, far older than either of these masters: these last partly unite in themselves the distinctive peculiarities of each of the great founders and architects of the German school; and notwithstanding their individual deviations and peculiarities, bear an unquestionable affinity to one or other of those styles. It would be difficult even to enumerate the various styles into which the earliest pictures of a yet unfixed state of art may be divided and classed, according to the many masters already named.

A taste for the early style appears, indeed, to have subsisted here much longer than elsewhere; and Germany is even now distinguished by real talent and science, and a general fondness for the art, manifesting itself in an universal predilection for making private collections of paintings of that period more especially. Many of these pictures, even of later date, are painted on wood, with a golden ground; sometimes canvas is glued upon the panel, and on this again another surface is laid, which gives more durability to the colouring. The tints are wonderfully brilliant; the blue employed throughout is ultramarine, and the other colours are no less costly. Most of these pictures are still in the same condition in which they were left at the period of the general destruction of churches and monasteries, where, after having been first thrown aside, they were subsequently sought for and rescued. Still many are widely scattered, and exhibited singly in various private collections; many of the latter are placed here in distinct compartments, the greater number of them judiciously arranged, and each with one uniform and decided object, so that they seem naturally to take an appropriate place in illustrating the history of the art. The collection of the learned Canon Wallraff*, when properly arranged, will,

* This collection has since become the property of government, and is now devoted to the public advantage. The great altar-piece, representing the Madonna and the patron Saints of Cologne, has found a worthy home in the great cathedral, whose magnificent stained-glass window shines in renovated brilliancy; a similar restoration has taken place in many other churches. Many new collections have been formed by the taste and industry of private individuals, containing a variety of antique gems of beauty of the Cologne and other Lower German schools; as, for instance, that of the intellectual Herr Fochem.

During a short visit which I made to Cologne in the spring of 1818, I

perhaps, be the most valuable for that object, for having directed his researches chiefly to one subject, he has succeeded in forming a complete series of paintings of the school of Cologne, tracing it from its earliest origin, through Van Eyck, Dürer, and Hans van Achen, down to that later period, when Rubens and Vandyck became the models of German taste. It would be impossible to give a satisfactory historical analysis of this almost unknown branch of German art, without a full and complete investigation of the antique treasures here assembled. I shall, however, select for present consideration three pieces only, of different kinds, in the hope of giving at least a few preliminary ideas of the subject.

The crowning work of the Cologne school is a large picture, in three compartments, very rich in figures of the size of life, painted on a gold ground. It was formerly in the chapel of the Town Hall. The centre picture in the inside represents the Adoration of the Kings; on the right wing St. Gereon, the patron saint of the city, with his companions in arms; on the left St. Ursula, with her host of virgins, and attended by her lover, Saint Etherius: the bishops Kunibert and Severinus are in the background. It was evidently the artist's design to depict the assembled guardians of the city. This picture is unique in its kind, and, like the yet unfinished cathedral, stands alone among other ancient works, more from the simple dignity of the execution, than from any peculiar grandeur in design. Many connoisseurs have proposed assigning this picture to Dürer, merely because the extraordinary excellence of the work immediately suggests the name of this the most famous master of the little known German school. The bizarre attitude, costume, and figure of some among the attendants of

derived much pleasure and instruction from a very rich private collection of paintings on glass, carried down in chronological order from the first beginning to the final decay of the art.

The Boisserée Collection, [now in the Pinacothek, at Munich], which at Heidelberg excited the interest and astonishment of innumerable foreigners, is now an ornament of the capital of Wirtemberg, where it is better arranged, and in more spacious apartments; it places before our eyes, in the most instructive manner, the grand original principles of the schools of painting in the Netherlands generally, and is also enriched by many valuable compositions belonging to the school of Cologne, as well as by the great master of the altar-piece in the cathedral.

the Magi may slightly resemble that master, yet these peculiarities belong to all the masters of that school. The fresh, soft, vivid carnations in the heads remind us of Holbein, but again truth of colouring and depth of tone are characteristic of the time, and the prevailing style; though, certainly, to attain such lofty perfection must ever be the heritage of the superior few alone. The dark-green foreground, like a rich carpet of thickly interwoven plants, and strewed with solitary flowers and field fruits, almost rivals the style of [John] Van Eyck. The calm, solemn expression of the heads is also in his manner. This picture well illustrates the remark previously made concerning the union in one composition of the most remarkable characteristics of each of the three great German masters, which, when thus united, never encroach upon each other, like those various manners of the Italian school, which, according to the recipe of Mengs, we must believe it necessary and possible to combine in any truly classical production. The wonderful industry displayed in the execution, and the dazzling splendour of colouring, are more admirable than is usual, even in the finest pictures of the old German school. It appears, indeed, a rare combination of whatever any age has produced of costly or grand.

The rich details are finished with minute, and even, loving care, and the whole conception appears to emanate from the inward breathings of love divine. We find in it indeed a beauty all its own, in which the works of the before-named masters are deficient. The delicate bloom of spiritual loveliness had been revealed to the soul of the happy and sensitive painter. To him it was given to gaze into the depth of her mysterious eyes, and all his pictures are fraught with inspiration by her breath. As Fra Angelico among the early Italians, and Raphael among the moderns, stand unrivalled in the delineation of loveliness, so is this master unequalled among German painters. With the heavenly imagination of the one, he combines the lofty beauty of the other, but he takes a higher grade in technical art than Angelico, and may rather be compared with Perugino. The Mother of God, enthroned in the centre panel, robed in a long flowing mantle of dark blue lined with ermine, will remind all who behold her of the Virgin at Dresden, [Madonna di San Sisto], by the majestic grandeur of her countenance, which is

rather larger than life, and its superhuman ideal beauty. Yet the modest inclination of her head towards the child, and the mild light of her soft eyes, is more in harmony with the ancient type.* The hands, also, which in very old pictures are frequently feeble, in this equal those of the finest painters, but the legs and feet have something Etruscan in their formal position and pointed shoes, which indicates their antique origin. The general arrangement would be admired, even by artists of the present day. This picture may be compared, in regard to the richness of the expressive, almost colossal, and yet highly-finished heads, with that fine production of Raphael's already noticed. The figures, especially those of the side groups, where the foreground is clear, stand out majestically. The principal figures are those of the two martyrs. St. Gereon, in full armour, but without a helmet, and the beautiful St. Ursula, with an arrow in her hand, standing near her lover, who gazes on her with inexpressible tenderness. How beautiful and full of deep feeling is the manner in which these figures indicate, or rather symbolise their martyrdom, by their tranquil attitudes, and pale, calm countenances, softening by these melancholy accessories the joyous grandeur of the subject in the centre, into an indwelling emotion of tenderness and love. It would, indeed, be impossible to name all the beauties of this picture, or even adequately to describe the outline of its arrangement, and the rich originality of its ideas. The entire art is exemplified in a painting like this, and nothing more perfect formed by human hands can be conceived.

May I be pardoned for attempting to convey an imperfect idea of the impression produced upon me by this altar-piece of the city of Cologne, in its three-fold division, by a similar number of poetical imitations?

I.

A dazzling ray of golden light is gleaming
Where sits the Virgin on heaven's lofty throne,
Her brows encircled by the jewell'd crown
Her mantle's azure folds wide round her streaming.

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* Dans l'origine on la représentait seule, assez ordinairement debout, la main sur la poitrine et les yeux levés vers le ciel; ce ne fut guère que vers le commencement du cinquième siècle (après le conseil d'Ephèse tenu en 431) qu'on la peignit assise sur un trône avec l'enfant Jésus sur ses bras ou sur ses genoux. — *Forme de l'Art, note to page* 14. . *A. F. Rio.*

And tender flowerets from the turf are springing
Where to the Virgin, and her blessed Son,
The Magian kings from Asia's distant zone
Worship and offerings joyously are bringing.

With pious zeal rich eastern gifts outpouring,
The costly gold, and myrrh's delicious breath,
The Holy Child in solemn pomp adoring.
And with mankind in harmony appearing
Angels rejoice in heaven, and holy faith
Shines forth anew, and hope the ever-cheering.

II.

Who, on the Word, in dauntless faith relying,
A warrior armed as from the field returns?
The Cross upon his azure banner burns!
Joyous in soul, and rich in love undying!

St. Gereon, his hero-host inspiring,
Hastes from the gloomy portals of the tomb,
To that blest clime where joys immortal bloom,
Guerdon of lofty faith and zeal untiring.

Serene in mind, mighty in love and faith,
The blessed trust that dies not nor decays,
Such were the hero-hearts of other days.
The martyr's palm they bore with soul unshaken,
Brethren in love, the bond was sealed by death,
And now at Mary's feet to bliss they waken!

III.

In gorgeous robes, her virgin train around her,
St. Ursula from earthly thrall set free,
Approaches, the brief pang of agony
And death's sharp pain, with deathless bliss have crowned her.

Humble, yet confident, — on God relying,
She treads his courts; her lover at her side
Follows with pious zeal his glorious bride,
The bright-haired boy! with her a martyr dying.

With anxious care his glance on her he turneth,
On her, with whom the martyr's pain was sweet,
And in his heart a glorious impulse burneth.
While love's dear smile o'er all that fair world glowing,
Seems with bright mingling hues their step to greet,
Bliss, that no parting tears may dim, bestowing.

And the name of this gifted master has for long centuries remained unknown! It is so even now! Thus it has ever been with the works of German art. Can we even name the man who projected the cathedral, — that wonder

work of all ages? Their labours were prompted less by the desire of personal fame, than by a pure love of art, and on posterity is the guilt of forgetfulness and ingratitude. A friend of mine has been so fortunate as to obtain a few small pictures, evidently the work of the same master. Many of the heads appear even to have been the first ideas, subsequently transferred from these early studies to the large painting, though certainly not without considerable alteration, being both more richly developed and more highly finished. The ideas of the large painting lie enclosed in these slight sketches, like unfolded flowers, each shrined in its delicate bud. The same loving grace pervades all the smaller pictures, which have the highest interest for any one who has seen the large one, to which they decidedly belong. It becomes evident, on comparing these little pictures and the twelve apostles by the same master with the large altar-piece, that they belong to an earlier epoch. Doubtless, a picture designed to minister to the glory of the city of Cologne and its assembled patron saints, would be undertaken at a time when the master had attained the highest development of his genius, and in its execution he would not fail to summon to his aid all his powers, both mental and mechanical. The important bearing of these remarks will be seen as we pursue our investigation of the origin of this picture, and may afford some clue to guide us upon the track of its author. The most certain "*point d'appui*" is to be found in the period at which this painting was completed, early in the fifteenth century, probably about 1410. Guiding ourselves by this certain fact, and the peculiar resemblance between this and other works by the same master, we are led, clearly, and almost without the possibility of error, to Meister Wilhelm, of Cologne, who is mentioned in the Limberg Chronicle towards the end of the fourteenth century, as a most famous master then existing, and of the city of Cologne. The most celebrated master would undoubtedly be selected to execute a work so majestic, and in a city so renowned as Cologne, and so prosperous in every elegant art. A most preponderating probability appears, then, to exist, that Meister Wilhelm of Cologne was the gifted author of this majestic and wonderful picture.* None but the decisive historical evidence of

* Frequently assigned to Meister Stephan, a scholar of Wilhelm.

contemporary writers could, in my opinion, be more conclusive; there is, however, but little prospect of our obtaining this, as the corporation book of the Cologne painters, to which we should naturally refer, has long been lost. All those excellent masters, who created so vast an abundance of varied compositions, were undoubtedly individual members of the body, or guild of painters, incorporated in every German town, and with whom glass-stainers and embroiderers are also united, on account of the general use of beautiful and artistic designs for tapestry and carpets, as well as on glass. Simple matters of fact such as these afford some idea of what Cologne formerly was, though her present condition seems hopelessly distant, even from the memory of her former greatness.

However, should any doubt remain as to the existence at Cologne of so eminent a school of painting, we may cite in confirmation a sufficient, and truly contemporary evidence found in the antiquities of Suabia. It is given by one of the finest early poets of Germany, yet in the oblivion to which all German fame is consigned in the present age of ingratitude, few will recognise him under that character alone. Wolfram von Eschenbach, in the Parzival, (published about 1200), verse 4705. of the Wyllerschen edition, in speaking of the enchanting beauty of a certain knight, says:

> "From Cologne nor Maestricht
> Not a limner could excel him."*

This poem belongs to the early part of the thirteenth century, and the manuscript itself is not, in the opinion of Bodmer, much more modern. The verse quoted, consequently, proves that the Cologne school was famous almost two centuries before the time of Van Eyck, or it would not have been named in preference to others, certainly not by a poet, who, born and brought up in southern Germany, had lived at a tolerably wide distance from the towns mentioned. Both pictures belong to a period of perfection and beauty in style. A series of eight compositions in the Lyversberg gallery, of small dimensions, but in which the figures are from twelve to

* As quoted by Passavant:
"Von Chölne noch von Maestricht
Dechein Sciltere entwurf 'en basz."

eighteen inches high, belong, as well as those already noticed at Brussels, with which they have a strong family resemblance, to a far worse school, or ruder epoch, which, however, is not of necessity earlier. They have been ascribed to Israel van Meckenen, and probably belong to the latter part of the fifteenth century. Though not without merit, they certainly hold a far lower grade as works of art than the productions of Van Eyck or Hemling. They represent the "Passion of the Redeemer," and the subjects of each picture in the series are:—

1. "The Last Supper."
2. "The Taking of Christ upon the Mount of Olives."
3. "The Mocking", with the Flagellation in the background.
4. "The Judgment before Pontius Pilate."
5. "The Bearing of the Cross."
6. "The Crucifixion."
7. "The Deposition from the Cross."
8. "The Resurrection."

These pictures have a gold ground, and yet in many of them a landscape is introduced. The freshest, brightest greens predominate in the general colouring. Notwithstanding what has been said of them above in reference to other and finer pictures, these are among the most beautiful and admired antiquities of lower German art. Their excellence consists in the pomp of colouring, the elegant arrangement of the drapery, and the fascinating effect produced by a most perfect and industrious finishing, yet the same excellence is found in many of the old German pictures. The depth and energy of expression in the heads is truly incomparable, and the pictures of the "Mocking" and the "Crowning with Thorns," resemble many of Dürer's conceptions of the same subject, in the brutish ferocity and malignity of the expression. The nobler features are, however, no less remarkable, and the heads of the twelve apostles, in the "Last Supper," deserve especial notice and admiration. The St. John reclines at the table, leaning on the breast, and under the arm, of the Saviour. This difficult foreshortening is very incorrectly drawn, which may be taken as a certain proof of the antiquity of the picture, as the drawing of the heads, and the attitudes generally, show the artist a clever, and in general,

correct designer: the hands are models of excellence in form and execution. The fine expression and beauty of the heads entitle this master to rank among the best in the old schools of Germany. I have seen nothing among the generally known German paintings more sweetly lovely or tranquilly graceful than the countenances of the Madonna and the St. John in the "Deposition from the Cross." St. John, who supports the Madonna, turns his fine head, encircled by long flowing hair, towards the spectator, with an almost enthusiastic expression of sorrow. The holy corpse is already taken down, and is represented as in the arms of those who bear it to the litter. The female figures are pale and sorrowful, and little varied; the mother, who is clothed in a dark blue robe, has her eyes fixed on the corpse, and her arms extended towards it in tender solicitude, as if almost forgetting herself and her own bereavement, she desired only to guard that beloved and insensible body, unconscious that it no longer lived or felt. She is very youthful and life-breathing, and so deliciously soft in her virgin beauty, that we are ready to accompany with our own the pure tears streaming from her deep blue eyes: never has sorrow been depicted with more pathetic grace than in this picture. "The Resurrection," severe in simple joyfulness, is, next to the "Last Supper," the most exquisite, in point of grace, as the "Crowning with Thorns," is in expression. Here the radiant countenance of the risen Lord, scarcely resembles even the joyfully inspired, yet still mortal Christ of the "Last Supper," though in each of the other paintings the highly expressive features are exactly similar, excepting the difference naturally arising in the "Crucifixion" and the "Deposition," from the nobly-managed distinction between death and the dying.

A portrait in the collection of Herr Wallraff, of the Emperor Maximilian, the size of life, appeared to me well deserving study, both instructive and heart-ennobling.*

The emperor is seated at an open window, the corner of which forms the extreme point of the right foreground, before a table, the colouring of which is neutral, or merely tinted in; he is in full imperial costume, the sceptre in his right hand, while the left grasps the hilt of his large

* A duplicate of this portrait is in the Vienna Gallery, but that at Cologne is finer in execution.

sword. Over his majestic golden armour is thrown a dark green mantle, adorned with a broad border of pearls; on his head a splendid crown, studded with precious stones: the order of the golden fleece, suspended from a gold and jewelled chain, rests upon his gorgeous breastplate. The face is almost in profile, and the countenance bears the stamp of wisdom and dignity, combined with the softest benevolence and gentleness. It is thrown out in strong relief by the crimson hangings of the wall in the background, which occupies more than half the picture; the long light hair is combed down on each side of the face, in a manner peculiarly stiff and formal, probably in his usual style of wearing it, but the painter has successfully employed it as a kind of intermediate background to the outline of the face. The careful industry displayed in finishing the minor details is surprising, even when compared with the universal neatness of the German school. The face, however, is but slightly coloured — scarcely more than tinted, and tender in treatment; the execution throughout is finished with most anxious care: even Holbein has no carnations more warm and life-like. The open window affords a glimpse of a landscape, forming the most distant background on the right, its broad bright green border beautifully cut out from the crimson arras. It represents the open sea, and a chain of steep, impassable mountains, upon the highest points of which, and in caves, and hollow passes, the bounding chamois are seen pursued by the hunters of the Alps, in allusion, probably, to the well-known adventure of the chivalric emperor, who, when hunting the chamois, was on one occasion rescued from imminent danger by a faithful and attached follower. This picture belongs to the highest, or historical style of portraits, from the landscape background, and significant accessories introduced, and the noble expression throughout, of which Leonardo and Raphael have left us a few examples, well characterised by the name of symbolic portraits. I could not, however, mention any portrait of theirs fully equal to this, which may appropriately be termed an "heroic portrait," as the "Defeat of Darius," by Altdorfer, was designated a chivalric picture, for the sentiment of knightly honour and royal dignity are as classically blended as in a poem of romance and chivalry. To me it seems a striking emblem of the majesty of the old

German empire, before foreign wars and home dissensions had destroyed its power, placing before us the last moment of its declining greatness, like the pomp and majesty of a declining sun.

The pictures here described will suffice to give a preliminary idea of the valuable works of old German masters, to be found at Cologne. And now, in conclusion, one question arises, standing in close connexion with the chief object of all our observations and reflections. Is it probable that in this present time we shall see either the rise or the permanent establishment of a grand original school of painting? Outward appearances would lead us to reply in the negative; but can we assert its utter impossibility? It is true, certainly, there are no modern artists capable of competing with the great masters of antiquity, and the points in which our attempts are most deficient appear also tolerably clear: partly, a neglect of technical proprieties in the colouring, and, still more, the absence of deep and genuine feeling. Modern artists even of the most judicious and well-directed talents are often found deficient in productive activity; in that certainty and facility of execution which was so peculiar a feature in the old schools, When we consider the infinite number of great compositions which Raphael produced, although snatched away in the bloom of age and the zenith of his fame, or the iron industry of the genuine Dürer, displayed in his innumerable creations of every kind, executed on the most various materials, although to him also a long term of years was denied, we shrink from comparing our own puny period with the vast proportions of that majestic epoch. Yet this is easily accounted for. The habit of universal painting, and the intellectual vanity which was a prevailing bias in the genius and art of our forefathers, naturally led to the breaking up of its spiritual strength, since these properties were most incompatible with the progressive development and final perfection of any one distinct branch. To this source we may refer the separation now existing, in a greater or less degree, between all the intellectual and imitative productions of our time; but in regard to the art of painting, the following observations deserve to be noted as of primary importance. Deep feeling is the only true source of lofty art, and as in our time every-

thing is opposed to this feeling, struggling, as it were, either to destroy, repress, overwhelm, or lead it astray into the by-paths of error, the first portion of an artist's life is consumed in a preliminary struggle, ere the mind can enfranchise its powers from all the unspeakable difficulties imposed by the spirit of the time; a struggle unavoidably necessary, in order to unseal the spring of correct artistic feeling, and free it from the encumbering rubbish of the destroying outer world around.

A highly intellectual nature, spurning the trammels and conventionalities of the day, and rising in daring opposition to the ruling spirit, must ever concentrate its powers within itself, and can rarely attain great vivacity in the creative faculty of imagination. Thus we may account for the slow appreciation of ancient art in our day; but pressing onward with unshaken ardour in spite of all obstacles, it will at length attain a brighter future, and bloom out with new and glorious life in the realms of beauty and inspiration. There appears to be an unfathomable mystery in the fact that some periods, by their own will alone, and apparently without any outward stimulus, become so rich in art, so happy in their artistic productions, while others seem to expend their energy in vain, meeting with no corresponding nor even adequate success in their intellectual productions. It is impossible fully to unravel the mystery, and we must depend only on facts well known and understood, which will prove amply sufficient to guide us to the source of all lofty works of art, and the proper means and materials to be employed; this will lead to the working out of scientific principles, and the conservation of everything beautiful in Christian art, although without the especial gifts of nature, the summit of artistic excellence will ever remain unapproachable.

The one true fountain of beauty and the art is *feeling*. It is *feeling* which reveals to us true ideas and correct intentions, and gives that indefinable charm, never to be conveyed in words, but which the hand of the painter, guided by the poet's soul alone, can diffuse throughout all his works. From religious feeling, love, and devotion, arose the silent inborn inspiration of the old masters: few, indeed, now seek their hallowed inspiration or tread the paths by which alone they could attain it, or emulate that earnest endeavour to

work out the principle of serious and noble philosophy which is discoverable in the works of Dürer and Leonardo. Vain will be every effort to recall the genius of the art, until we summon to our aid, if not religion, at least the idea of it, by means of a system of Christian philosophy founded on religion. Still, if young artists deem this road too distant or too difficult of attainment, let them at least study deeply the principles of poetry, in which the same spirit ever breathes and moves. Not so much the poetry of the Greeks, now familiar only to strangers and the learned, or read through the medium of translations from which every poetical association is banished by the wooden clapper-clang of the dactyls, but rather the romantic genre — Shakspeare, and the best Italian and Spanish dramatists, those also of the old German poems which are most accessible, and next such modern productions as are dictated by the spirit of romance. These should be the constant companions of the youthful artist, and will lead him back to the fairy-land of old romantic days, chasing from his eyes the prosaic mist engendered by imitation of the pagan antique, and the unsound babble of conventional art. Still every effort will be fruitless, unless the painter be endowed with earnest religious feeling, genuine devotion, and immortal faith. Fancy sporting with the symbols of catholicism, uninspired by that love which is stronger than death, will never attain exalted Christian beauty.

In what, then, does this exalted beauty consist? It is of the first importance to analyse the good and evil tendency of all theories of the art. Whoever has not himself discovered the fountain of life can never successfully guide others to the source, or unfold to them the glorious revelations of the painter's art; he will rather wander perplexed amid the dreamy visions of mere external representations, and the creation of his imagination, being totally void of expression and character, will become in fact a mere nonentity. The true object of the art should be, instead of resting in externals, to lead the mind upwards into a more exalted region and a spiritual world While false-mannered artists, content with the empty glitter of a pleasing imitation, soar no higher, nor ever seek to reach that lofty sphere, in which

genuine beauty is portrayed according to certain defined ideas, of natural characteristics. It finds on its path the most vivid development of all sensible forms; the fascination of grace, the highest natural bloom of youthful beauty, yet endowed rather with sensual fascination than the inspired loveliness of the soul. When heathen artists attempt to take a higher range, they wander into exaggerated forms of Titanic strength and severity, or melt into the solemn mournfulness of tragic beauty, and this last is the loftiest point of art that they can ever reach, and in which they do sometimes approach nearly to immortality. Here, however, their lofty flight is terminated: the path of spiritual beauty is barred on the one hand by a Titan-like exaggeration, striving to take heaven and the divinity by violence, yet failing in the power to accomplish its endeavour; on the other by an eternal grief, for ever plunged in mortal agony, in the hopeless bondage of its own unalterable doom. The light of hope dawned not on heathen intelligence; impassioned grief and tragic beauty bounded their purest aspirations. Yet this blessed light of hope, borne on the wings of trusting faith and sinless love, though on earth it breaks forth only in dim anticipations of a glorious hereafter,—this glorious hope, radiant with immortality, invests every picture of the Christian era with a bright harmony of expression, and fixes our attention by its clear comprehension of heavenly things, and an elevated spiritual beauty which we justly term Christian.

Many paths, old as well as new, must be tried and broken up before that certain road is laid open, in which renovated art may securely tread, and attaining the long-sought goal, bloom forth in high religious beauty. Here and there, perhaps, extremes may seem to produce the same effect, and it would not be astonishing if in the present universal tendency to imitation, some genius, conscious of its powers, should break forth into a longing desire for absolute originality. If such a genius were penetrated with a true idea of his art, justly esteeming that symbolic expression and revelation of divine mysteries which is its sole appropriate object, and regarding all besides merely as the means, the working members, or characters which, duly combined, produce a correct expression, his compositions would probably

be the foundation of quite a new style*: genuine hieroglyphic symbols, the simple offspring of nature and natural feelings, but drawn from individual conceptions, and arbitrarily thrown together rather than in accordance with the ancient methods of an earlier world. Every such picture might well deserve to be called a hieroglyphic, or divine symbol; and the question now to be considered is, whether a painter ought to trust thus implicitly to his own genius for the creation of his allegories, or confine himself to the adoption of those old symbols, which have been handed down to us, hallowed by tradition, and will always, if rightly understood, prove sufficiently expressive and effective. The first method is unquestionably the most dangerous, and its results would appear to be accidental if, of many who tried the same path, a few only reached the same point of excellence. Success would be uncertain, as has so long been the case with the sister art of Poetry. There seems to be more safety in clinging to the old masters, especially to those of the very earliest date, assiduously emulating their unalterable truth and beauty, till it becomes a second nature to eye and soul. Next to the finest of the old Italians, for example, the style of the German masters well deserves our study, mindful that to that nation we also belong, and that the serious earnestness of its character, we, beyond all others, are bound to preserve. Thus we might hope to see combined the symbolically, spiritually beautiful, with the sure method of producing antique grace, whence, as from the very being of the art, even though all knowledge of it were lost, true poetry and science

* Whoever has had an opportunity of consulting the allegorical designs of the deceased Runge, sketches as they are, will easily see the force of this observation, and understand how strange a path any single artist, though of peculiar genius and lofty aspirations, may be led to choose. While at the same time this example, drawn from the erroneous bias of so happy a talent, shows the natural result of painting from simple hieroglyphics, unguided by unhallowed and historical traditions, which alone afford the painter that secure maternal guide, from whose directing influence he can never swerve without danger and irretrievable injury. — [Overbeck, the celebrated German painter, now residing in Rome, appears to be almost an embodiment of all Schlegel's suggestions and anticipations; a consummation in the bringing about of which these letters probably have had no inconsiderable share.]

must proceed. The old German style is not only more accurate, and skilful in mechanism than the Italian in general, but it also adhered longer and more faithfully to that wonderful and profoundly true Catholic-Christian symbolism, whence they drew far more precious treasures than were granted to those who suffered their imagination to wander into the merely Jewish subjects of the old Testament, or digressed still farther into the province of ancient Greek mythology.

The Italian schools, indeed, though far superior to those of Upper Germany, can scarcely, even in ideal grace, claim precedence of those of Lower German art, if we judge of its excellence from the period of its maturity, when helm of Cologne, John Van Eyck, and Hemling* flourished, and not from later and more degenerate times. We should remember, especially, that an artist ought not to seek, nor expect to attain, the perfect antique by adopting the Egyptian style in the almost image-like position of the feet, the scanty draperies, and long narrow half-shut eyes, any more than by copying bad designs and actual errors or defects. These, in truth, are but the indications of a *false* taste, and have no more affinity with the real Christian antique than the little esteemed imitative manner of the old Germans. The beauty of early Christian art consists not so much in the external parts as in the tranquil, pious spirit universally pervading; and the cultivation of this spirit will give inspiration to the painter, guiding his steps to the pure neglected source of Christian beauty, till at length a new dawn shall break the darkness of the horizon, and shine forth in the clearest meridian splendour throughout the compositions of reviving art.

* This name is now more commonly written Memling.

Principles of Gothic Architecture.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY

THROUGH

THE NETHERLANDS, THE RHINE COUNTRY, SWITZERLAND, AND A PART OF FRANCE,

In the Years 1804, 1805.

Paris.

THE spectacle of social life, however varied and interesting it may appear for a time, sooner or later becomes fatiguing, and we sigh to gaze once more upon the face of nature; but it is impossible anywhere to feel more completely shut out from the tranquil enjoyment of her beauties than in Paris. The first few hot days of spring effectually banish all verdant freshness from the gardens and promenades; and every spot, even before the approach of summer, is wrapt in clouds of all-enveloping dust. If you think to escape from the city in any direction, it follows you pertinaciously for hours: noise, dust, and tumult fill the public roads, and the numerous villas and maisons de campagne on every side give the country the appearance of one vast suburb. Perhaps, after a drive of many hours, you may at length reach some quiet wood or friendly hill, where you may enjoy a little refreshing brightness; but even there you find none of those sublimer beauties for which the heart, long pent within city walls, most fondly sighs.

Paris is situated in a broad open valley, stretching between hills and intersected by a river; the country is occasionally cheerful and agreeable, but never rich, and sometimes not even pleasing.

Even the works of art with which Paris abounds fail after a time to compensate for this total absence of natural charms; and another circumstance makes us more sensibly alive to the deficiency: the numerous pictures and statues here collected are not, as in most other capitals, surrounded and heightened in their effect by the important accessory of fine architecture. To me, the sight of a splendid edifice or a lovely country is an ever-springing source of pleasure: I feel its grandeur more, and love its beauty better, the more frequently I behold it; and in the same manner the continual contemplation of a fine building unconsciously elevates a susceptible mind, and maintains it in a fit frame for appreciating the beauty of other works of art, whilst a taste for architecture seems indeed to form the basis of every other artistic taste.

The most famous buildings in Paris are all modern, both in date and style, and have no decided character, except a superficial imitation of antiquity, confined, feeble, and, by many ingenious adaptations made to suit every variety of taste. The admired façade of the Louvre may be excellent in its kind, but what can be more out of place than twenty or thirty Grecian or Italian columns in a strange land and climate, amidst innumerable edifices completely at variance with the Greek taste, and where the manners and habits of the people are no less entirely different? The incongruity is here more than usually glaring, since this façade is attached to an edifice which is neither Greek nor Gothic, neither old nor new, nothing, in short, except in the highest degree irregular and formless. The church of Notre Dame presents a single and beautiful exception; it is in the Gothic style, large, and highly decorated. Yet even our admiration of this fine building is much disturbed, from its standing in a mean out-of-the-way part of Paris, where it cannot be seen to advantage. There is a good approach to the western front, but every other part must be laboriously examined, the details sought out with difficulty, and connected with infinite care and diligence, some portions of the building being concealed and others built against. The two towers, as is the case in so many old Gothic cathedrals, are only half erected; popular dissensions, the increase of commerce directing capital and industry into new channels, and

finally, the Reformation, which introduced quite a new order of things, having interrupted the progress of the work.

In Paris, too, this interruption may be attributed to an early change in the spirit of the times. The size of Notre Dame is by no means proportionate to the extent of the city. During the first revolution the front was injured in various ways, the exterior being despoiled of its decorations and the statues torn down and destroyed. Worse than all this is the injury which the interior has sustained, by absolute mutilation; the clustered pillars supporting the roof have been filled in, rounded, and modernised as much as possible, so as to give them the appearance of solid circular columns. The effect thus produced is completely inconsistent with the plan of the exterior, and such an attempt to unite Greek solidity and bulk with the very incompatible features of Gothic architecture, seems peculiarly devoid of taste. An intolerable spirit of persecution in the arts was often seen united with that inclination to imitate the false antique, which seemed epidemic in the eighteenth century, and it is to be feared still (1804) has sufficient influence to permit the destruction or defacing of many fine memorials of mediæval art. Notwithstanding these injuries, Notre Dame is still the finest building in Paris, a venerable ancestral structure, standing alone in the midst of the modern world.

Entertaining these opinions, and influenced by the feeling and desires already alluded to, I quitted Paris for a short time early in the spring of 1804.

St. Denis.

The country round Paris on this side is peculiarly dreary, yet there is something in its gloomy, barren aspect not entirely without a charm; and the deep silent melancholy it inspires becomes stronger and more profound in approaching this ancient and now ruined cathedral. Every part that could be destroyed without too much labour and difficulty has been thrown down; the naked walls alone are left standing, with the massy pillars and the arches that rest upon them. As the doors were opened, a host of jackdaws and rooks, the sole inhabitants of the desecrated sanctuary, took flight, and when the dust they raised in their departure had subsided, we saw the uptorn graves of the

sovereigns of France, each of which the old verger carefully pointed out, as well as the place where the silver altar of Dagobert once stood; the vacant niches reminded us of the old statues of Clovis, Chilpéric, and Dagobert in the Petits Augustins*, which (or at least as much as could be saved of them), had been removed thither from St. Denis.

The spectacle of these ruins transported us far from the present day, back to those old times when France was governed and possessed by Germans. Family dissensions, and the unnatural union between France and Italy, which subsisted during the first French dynasties, at length terminated the German dominion; and French history begins properly with Hugh Capet, at a period which at first sight appears to have been most prosperous.

Such it may indeed be considered by those who judge only from the outward show and glitter of history; to me, however, the most happy period appears to have been that which is least noticed in our pragmatic dissertations, and perhaps for that very reason is most worthy of our attention. Certainly, France never enjoyed so long a period of tranquillity, both at home and abroad, as during the first century after Hugh Capet. If it be remembered that the origin of romance dates from that century, as well as the dawn of French poetry in Provençal song, how glowing a picture is presented of the early days of France, blended also with many traits of German simplicity and truth! and,

* "Numero 9e. Statues sépulcrales, représentant Clovis I. et la reine Clotilde.

"Ces deux statues formant cariatides, et sculptées dans le sixième siècle, ornaient le portail d'une ancienne église de Corbeil. Elles sont d'autant plus remarquables qu'elles font voir les costumes d'homme et de femme en usage à la cour de Clovis. La figure du roi, posée debout, les cheveux flottans sur les épaules, et barbue, est vêtue de la tunique longue, et d'un manteau parfaitement semblable aux vêtemens qui l'on remarque dans les statues des rois de la première, de la seconde, et de la troisième race, également conservées dans ce musée. * * * *
Si je considère ensuite le style du dessin et le goût qui regne dans cette sculpture, j'y reconnais les formes, le travail, et les convenances du temps. Ces statues sont longues, minces, roides et serrées, servant de colonne ou le support comme toutes les statues des premiers siècles; telles enfin qu'on en voyait avant la révolution aux portails de l'abbaye de Saint Denis, des églises cathédrales de Chartres, &c." — *Lenoir, Introd.*

[Most of the statues from St. Denis appear from the catalogue to be *couchée.* — *Trans.*]

without laying exclusive claim to every thing noble in action and sentiment, it may not appear surprising if a great proportion should prove itself to be of German origin. St. Louis, and, at a still later period, the Maid of Orleans, may be noticed as touching apparitions, linking their own colder era with the enthusiasm of the olden time.

The effigies of the old French kings, which, after having been rescued from the destruction of the cathedral, were transferred to the Petits Augustins, are, like other similar statues of the middle ages, carved in sandstone, of colossal size and completely clothed; they seem better executed than many later works of the chisel, for the moderns deviate as widely from correct principles in the art of sculpture, as in every other imitative art. It is however impossible to form a correct opinion of them except in their appropriate places in the church: they seem, apart from the sacred edifice, too solitary and unconnected. Statues in Gothic churches ought to be considered merely as decorative work, or carving, and should be judged of in that connexion. The bas-reliefs of the ancients had in the same manner their own distinct laws, by no means analogous to those of drawing or sculpture. All component parts ought to minister to the combined effect of the complete structure; and as in Gothic churches every thing seems straight and slender, rising upwards to the loftiest point, so it is fitting that the decorative statues should harmonise with that general character. This reason may also account for their universally erect position, and even for that meagre, disproportionate length of limb which is so remarkable in the statues of the kings, although in other respects they are ornamental and perfectly well finished. If we imagine a marble figure of antique roundness and strength, in connexion with a slender up-soaring Gothic column, we shall immediately feel the incongruity; and although a statue carved in sandstone, cannot of course possess the natural roundness and animation of marble, nor the same delicacy of outline, yet the magic of the workmanship displayed in the close clinging drapery, and the genuine simple piety of the countenances, may elevate it far above the character of a mere ornament.

The principles of architecture form the basis of sculpture and all other plastic arts; from thence they appeared in early times to derive strength and stability, as from their

native soil. This is peculiarly the case in Egyptian architecture, and it is only by difficult and slow degrees that sculpture can ever be separated from this original root; yet among the Greeks it early broke loose, and developed itself alone; for with them, architecture, degenerating into a symmetry which had no higher aim than to please the eye, soon departed from its early symbolic grandeur and severity, and Greek sculpture in consequence rose to a lofty and peculiar degree of excellence. That of the middle ages, on the contrary, could never be freely divided from Christian architecture, nor unfold itself alone: two reasons occur which serve to account for this circumstance,—in the first place, decorative fancy is so vital an element in Gothic architecture, that the imagination found full scope in that alone, and it seemed the less necessary to fill the eye with other works; and secondly, colouring was so essential a feature in the delineation of those symbolic themes, which were held in the highest veneration, that ecclesiastical representations designed to stimulate devotion could only be adequately expressed by painting; and in the new style, originating with Christianity, that art had necessarily a preponderating influence.

The old church at Rheims, the city in which the French kings were formerly crowned, was also once richly adorned with images of saints; they were placed, as on the front of Notre Dame, close together in regular order, covering a blank window. Throughout all France, however, in the Netherlands, and even in many places on the Rhine, these and similar images have been torn down and destroyed; and perhaps the arts have in no respects suffered greater injury from the French Revolution than in this particular. The church at Rheims appears to be of earlier date than that at Paris; the decorations are more diversified, but rudely executed; the towers, although they appear to have been carried a little higher than those of Notre Dame, are in the same unfinished state.

Cambray.

The route from Paris to the Netherlands is monotonous, uncultivated, and little attractive; indeed, with the exception of the old provinces of Burgundy and Normandy, the

interior of France is not particularly favoured by nature. We easily understand why her people have always aimed at foreign conquest; and, indeed, during the last century and a half, she has succeeded in annexing the most beautiful and cultivated portions of Europe to her territories. It seems, in fact, doubtful whether the soil in the old provinces, which would require the utmost diligence and labour for its proper cultivation, could produce sufficient to maintain a population, who have never deserved to be numbered among the most hard-working and industrious of mankind. The rapid increase of population, during the early part of French history, constrained that people to seek foreign possessions, like those innumerable hordes which migrate continually from the barren plains of central Asia, in search of more fertile regions.

In approaching Cambray, my eyes were long fixed upon a marvellous object, which I was able to follow along the windings of the road, for the space of half an hour. It was the spire of a Gothic tower, of such delicate tracery and openwork, as to appear transparent; it stands upon a hill, and is the sole remaining relic of the cathedral, which was purchased during the reign of terror as a national property, and paid for in assignats; the marble of the monuments and pavement must alone have more than repaid the cost of purchase.

Wonderful style of architecture! springing from the highest story of the tower, it seems to pierce the clouds like a transparent obelisk, or pyramid of open tracery! more pointed and slender than the one, it is less so than the other, and formed of slender shafts, clustering together, with various flowers and crockets, it terminates at length in a slender spire and finial.

The design of most Gothic towers is similar, although very few of them have ever been finished.

I have a decided predilection for the Gothic style of architecture; and when I am so fortunate as to discover any monument, however ruined or defaced, I examine every portion of it with unwearied zeal and attention, for it appears to me that from a neglect of such study the deep meaning and peculiar motive of Gothic architecture is seldom fully arrived at.

It unites an extreme delicacy and inconceivable skill in mechanical execution, with the grand, the boundless, and infinite, concentrated in the idea of an entire Gothic fabric; a rare and truly beautiful combination of contrasting elements, conceived by the power of human intellect, and aiming at faultless perfection in the minutest details, as well as in the lofty grandeur and comprehensiveness of the general design.

No art ought ever to be permitted to encroach upon its sister arts. The ancient classic monuments at Athens, Pæstum, and Girgenti would undoubtedly, if seen in their native clime, excite feelings of veneration, in the same manner as the feeble designs and gigantic works of Egyptian, Persian, or Indian antiquity inspire wonder and astonishment. But what with us is usually styled Grecian art is merely a copy, a soulless imitation of the period when Greek art was in its decline, and an agreeable but most unmeaning symmetry had replaced that grandeur of soul and expression which had too long been lost.

The Gothic may possibly be styled in the next work on architecture the German style, from its having been common among all the nations of ancient Germany, and the grandest, heretofore called Gothic, edifices in Italy, France, and even in Spain, being also the work of German architects. This old Teutonic architecture certainly requires some effort of the mind to penetrate its unfathomable obscurity. It flourished most in the Netherlands, and appears to have attained there its highest perfection, scarcely a town in Brabant being without one or more remarkable monuments of that art.

However, the general title of "Gothic Architecture," if that great national name be taken in its widest sense, for the old Christian and romantic style of the middle ages, from Theodoric down to the present time, is decidedly the most appropriate, and must ever be retained. I may remark also that the apparently arbitrary epithet of Romantic, applied to Mediæval poetry, so completely expresses the prevalence of fancy in that art, that it seems impossible to exchange it for any other term equally significant and appropriate.

The Burgundians, Vandals, and some portion of the people of the Netherlands, having been originally Gothic tribes, that people may be considered founders of the Christian kingdoms of France, southern Germany, Italy, and Spain;

whence, extending to the Scandinavian north, they took root in, and exercised dominion over, the whole of the south of Russia, and the countries of Poland and Hungary. The term Gothic is, therefore, historically appropriate to that collective body of all nations who derive their origin from the same root as the Dutch and Germans. The Goths brought into Europe that overwhelming influx of German people and German ideas with which the history and social customs of the west, as well as the taste and style of its poetry, have ever since remained strongly imbued.

The objections urged by some few critics to the use of the term Gothic, arise from an imperfect comprehension of its grand and universal signification. It may be possible to discover and explain the influence exercised by German genius on the works of other countries, but we cannot possibly call a style of architecture, which flourished throughout all the lands once possessed by the Goths, from the most extreme east to the farthest west of Christendom, the German, as this exclusive epithet would only apply to that German father-land which has been separated from the other states since the time of King Conrad, and would confine the term to boundaries much too limited; or, on the other hand, to call this peculiar style of architecture the Teutonic, would lead us too far back into antiquity, yet obscure as regards the art.

The terms "Old Saxon," and "Decorated Norman," seem very appropriately employed in England, as they indicate two grand epochs of the international history of that country, but they are not equally well suited to the rest of Europe. Old Saxon may, indeed, be applicable to Germany, in which country the rise of this peculiar style may be referred to the time of the old Saxon emperors; and also because Cologne, in which the most magnificent works of this as well as of a later period are to be found, was one of the most important towns of old Saxony. Still the epithet is too confined to apply to the whole Christian west comprehended under the Roman dynasty, and the greater part of which became German through the Gothic conquests.

No particular examples are needed in support of the assertion, that the first rude elements of Christian architecture were of Greek or Roman origin. Still that redundant and vigorous fancy, which constituted the peculiar charm

of Christian ecclesiastical architecture, is unquestionably Gothic.

The rise of this principle, founded on a peculiar sentiment of nature pervading both architecture and all other imitative arts, is first found among the Goths, and from them it spread gradually on all sides, its progress and dominion being sufficiently attested by the architectural remains at Ravenna and elsewhere. Of the two epochs of Gothic art, one may properly be called early Christian, on account of the religious ideas therein developed; and the second, termed by the English Decorated Norman, I should rather style Romantic, because every element of vigorous architectural fancy then first received its full development.

Brussels.

There is a great and striking difference between the aspect of the Netherlands and that of the interior of France. The former is certainly flat, but the general fertility, the fresh, glistening verdure of the well-watered pastures and meadow land, everywhere charmingly crowned and intersected by hedges and groves of trees, give the landscape the air of one vast garden. This fertility, however, is not the spontaneous growth of nature, but rather the fruit of that human industry of which it bears the stamp, and which, when thus skilfully applied, almost rises into a science; the country, and even the soil, seem metamorphosed and transformed by this sedulous cultivation into a beautiful work of art. Switzerland affords a similar and almost more charming example of human industry triumphing over the disadvantages of an unfavourable, if not barren soil. The character of the German race seems peculiarly disposed to this practical industry, the cause of which may probably be discovered in the circumstances of their ealiest history.

Let it not be supposed that this attention to the minutiæ of art, this delicate and ingenious skill, is practised entirely without reference to higher objects. The rich countries of the south are not exclusively favourable to the development of the arts. Nature, in them, yields her stores, as it were, unasked, and men become indolent and uninventive: but,

in the colder north, where even the necessities of life must be obtained with toil and labour, everything is the result of scientific industry, for life itself then becomes artificial, and must trust to skill and invention for its preservation and support. Northern Europe, poor in soil, has ever been the favourite home of science and the arts; luxuriant Asia was, indeed, the mother-land of song, but she must yield the palm of art to her younger daughter. On a similar principle, perhaps, Egypt, which in some respects at least was little favoured by nature, owed her superiority to industry and science, and attained a far higher degree of perfection in the imitative arts than either Persia or Asia.

In northern Europe the predilection for art — imitating, adorning everything with universal and unbounded influences — seems almost, like another nature, the indigenous growth of the soil. Almost every branch of industry and science flourished in the Netherlands, because, as a free country, standing in a happy union with the German empire, it had its own peculiar existence and national character. The difference of language in Germany and the Netherlands certainly, in some measure, estranged them. Yet we continually recognise in the latter traces of its affinity with Germany. The countenances, in the country more especially, are not like those we generally picture to ourselves, the idea of which we imbibe from the Flemish figures portrayed by later and often very mannered artists; they are, on the contrary, firm, strongly marked, and angular, but benevolent and candid in expression, the hair generally black.

In towns, where the original race has mixed more with foreigners, we certainly find the architype of those burly Flemish figures — for the intermixture of race is rarely favourable to beauty.

In the great market-place at Brussels stands the town-house, a beautiful Gothic building: the slender tower is decorated at the summit with a gilded figure of the Archangel St. Michael and the Dragon. The Kinlenberg-house is also standing, with the very balcony from which Alva witnessed the execution of Egmont,

The cathedral church of St. Gudule claims especial notice. It is built, like Gothic churches in general, in the most con-

spicuous part of the city. The three-fold western entrance is flanked by two lofty towers; the choir and high altar face the east. The towers are not so much remarkable from their decorations as, from their structure, appearing to be joined together as it were, and to spring up from a line of slender pinnacles rising in steps one above the other. The side buttresses also, of this body of the building, are terminated by ornamented, crocketed-pinnacles, shooting upwards. Both of the western towers are unfinished, and the interior was so completely destroyed during the war, that it cannot be restored without entire rebuilding. A large painted glass window on the western side represents the Last Judgment, in a style rarely equalled even in Gothic churches; the pulpit is of carved wood, executed with wonderful skill. The lower part represents the Fall of Man, and above is the blessed Virgin, with the Infant Christ in her arms, and wearing a crown of stars. The body of this wonderful creation represents the tree, the bending form of Adam helps to support the pulpit. Critics may not, perhaps, approve of everything introduced into the execution, but the admirable skill of the carving is truly marvellous. Works of the utmost delicacy, executed either in wood or bronze, are appropriately introduced into the decoration of Gothic churches. Marble is incongruous and breaks the harmony of the whole, whether it be employed for monuments, statues, or the pilasters supporting altars or tombs. The use of marble, in many old Italian churches, as the ordinary building material, occasioned a very peculiar modification of the Gothic style, which may be termed the Italian Gothic, and of which the cathedral church at Siena affords the purest example; that at Florence is, on the other hand, too much like the Gothic, and Milan cathedral is also decidedly in imitation of the German style. The most striking characteristic of these old marble churches, is a manifest struggle to attain and display the rich exuberance of fancy which so remarkably distinguishes Gothic architecture, it being impossible to carry skill and delicacy of workmanship to the same degree of perfection in marble as in the soft sandstone of the north. These churches are also remarkable from the intermixture of variegated marbles disposed in mosaic, and a general inclination to the employment of mosaic in decorations; for the splendid borderings, the fine

tesselated pavement and lofty vaulting of the arch, as in the church of St. Mark at Venice, the dome of Siena cathedral, and other Italian churches.

Allegorical representations of the "Last Judgment," the "Fall of Man," and the "Victory of Faith," were often placed in the most conspicuous parts of the church: — at the entrance, in the nave or pulpit *, and when thus placed are not to be considered merely as ornaments. Symbolism † was the grand motive and object of the early artists; and it was undoubtedly their intention to make the visible structure of the material church, in all its various parts and proportions, symbolic of the spiritual church of Christ as it exists upon earth, sometimes militant and sometimes triumphant. But what language can adequately describe the magic effect of such paintings on glass as that in St. Gudule above mentioned, when viewed in a favourable light, neither too feeble, nor too dazzlingly bright! It seems like a heavenly tissue of gems and crystals, like the bright varying surface of a sea of fiery flowers, where all the mysteries of light and colour float before our eyes in vivid combinations of ever-varying radiance.

This majestic work of art has been displaced in order to make way for the necessary repairs and alterations, and it will probably wander into England, whither the principal glass paintings of St. Denis have already been removed.

Louvain.

The days are past in which Louvain alone employed 4000, Mechlin 3000, and Ghent 40,000 looms, while other trades and manufactures flourished in equal proportion. Trade and industry had then, as now in England, their seat in Germany, and more particularly in the Netherlands. Machiavelli gives a surprising and almost incredible description of the magnificent and prosperous condition of Holland under Maximilian. Brabant is also a richly favoured land; and the

* Or on the Rood-screen, dividing the chancel from the body of the church. — See Durandus, Introductory Essay, p. 103.

† Allegory employs fictitious things and personages to shadow out the truth: Symbolism uses real personages and real actions [and real things] as symbols of the truth. British Critic, No. LXV. p. 121. A type is a symbol intended from the first; a figure is a symbol not discovered till after the thing figurative has had a being. — *Dur. Int. Essay*, p. 25.

traces of former prosperity, and the numerous monuments of ancient art, make it highly interesting to a reflecting traveller.

The town of Louvain possesses in its majestic Town-house a valuable monument of Gothic architecture. The effect of this building struck me as peculiarly fine, when seen in the first grey light of morning: I have often thought that the outline of any large building rises from the sombre back-ground with more clear and imposing majesty on a clear night, or in the evening twilight. This edifice is particularly distinguished by the extreme delicacy of the lavish decorations, and their beautiful simplicity and symmetry. It is erroneous to imagine that these latter properties are incompatible with the rich diversity of Gothic architecture. It is true that in some buildings the symmetry is destroyed by intentional irregularities, as in Strasburg cathedral for example, but that is quite an exception to the general practice. In other Gothic buildings a severe regularity and uniformity is observed, and the strictest harmony of design may be traced throughout the copious and luxuriant decorations. From its beauty of proportion and exquisite symmetry, the Town-house of Louvain holds as high a place among buildings of small or moderate dimensions, as the cathedral of Cologne among the largest Gothic edifices. Instances of intentional neglect of symmetrical proportion are rare exceptions; for Gothic architecture is no less governed by laws of symmetry than that of the Greeks, although its redundant ornament and varied decorations cannot be restricted within the narrow limits of classic uniformity. The figures on the façade of the town-house of Louvain, at least one hundred in number, have all been thrown down, and this fine work of art is now extremely injured and defaced; the number of vacant niches sufficiently attests its former splendour.

Liege.

The country round Liege is rich, and the city itself finely situated, but frightfully built; and even the inhabitants, their language, manners, and features, convey an unfavourable impression. We fancy ourselves already on a foreign soil, and seem to be again in France, yet the Walloon French is extremely different from the original language of that

country. This is attributed to the great colonies of Spaniards and Italians planted here by Charles V. The manner in which the characteristics of the French, German, and Flemish here intermingle, might afford material for a learned disquisition on ancient population and emigration. The famous Godfrey of Boulogne, leader of the first crusades, was a native of this boundary land of France and Germany, and we are told that he spoke both languages with facility, and was therefore the better fitted to maintain harmony between the discordant feelings of the French and German nobles. The cathedral at Liege has been very much injured, particularly since the lead of the roof was removed by robbers. Its destruction, however, occasioned but little loss to art, if the engraving I saw of it, and the opinion of several connoisseurs of good taste and judgment, may be relied upon. Bad or indifferent works are to be found in every age and period of Gothic, as well as of Grecian art; but it is to be desired that even bad monuments of antiquity should be preserved, rather than for all to be left to the discretion of individuals, who may possibly have interested motives for depreciating their value.

One of the most striking peculiarities of the Walloon race is an extraordinary and almost extravagant passion for music, which leads them to form unions and clubs, for the cultivation of that science: their music meetings and trials of skill are regarded as festivals by the rest of the people, who flock to them and decide on the relative merits of the performances with all the enthusiasm of the ancient Greeks. Traces of this musical taste of the Liegois are to be found early in the middle ages.

Diderot was a native of Liege; though the French language is spoken here, it cannot be considered as a part of France. A slightly different impulse, an accidental turn of fate, might have led this city, which as a border town had liberty of choice, to adopt the German language, and become a German dependency; its genius and character appear more in harmony with that of the German people, and certainly it could scarcely have seemed so misplaced then as it now appears to be in France.

Aix-la-Chapelle.

Hills, meadows, and glassy streams, the natural features of Germany, invest the neighbourhood of Aix-la-Chapelle with softness and beauty; the breeze of the forest murmurs deliciously, by inviting to repose and meditation. The hill near Aix, on which the hot and cold springs are found, is peculiarly charming: little tranquil lakes are seen on its summit, among which it is delightful to wander on a sultry summer's day. The ruins of Frankenberg lie a little further on, surrounded by springs of water; this castle, which dates from the period of Charlemagne, is now in ruins; swans float on the calm waters, and we saw a child sitting near a fountain, reading one of those books of fairy tales, in which the last lingering remnant of our early poetry still survives.

Aix-la-Chapelle was once the favourite residence of the great Charlemagne, whose deeply planned schemes and political arrangements have scarcely yet ceased to operate. It seems surprising that he should have selected for his favourite castles and places of abode spots on the Rhine only, as at Aix-la-Chapelle, Nimeguen, and Ingelheim. Yet we learn from history, that the language of the court, during the early French dynasties, was German; the princes loved Germany, and were themselves of German extraction, and it is from considering Charlemagne only as a monarch of France, who made extensive conquests beyond the limits of that empire, that his having placed his capital so completely on the frontier now appears so surprising. The war with Saxony may have induced him to establish himself in that vicinity, but he was probably influenced in his selection by many simple motives as well as by political reasons. It certainly should be remembered that Charlemagne's ancestors first governed Austrasia, and probably considered it as the peculiar inheritance of their house and kingdom. Neustria, Aquitaine, and the interior of France were a comparatively recent acquisition.

In the cathedral at Aix lie the remains of Charlemagne, yet, as is usual, little or nothing is now standing of the work of his clever architect Gerhard; the choir belongs to a later period, and contains little either to censure or admire. The numerous arched windows are long, narrow, and but little ornamented; crowded together, and only separated by massive

buttresses, they betray the period when Gothic architecture was already in its decline. The nave, or octagon, stands on the spot where Charlemagne had erected the chapel after which the city was named, and contains his tomb.* The front of the gallery, running round the octagon, is adorned with porphyry columns, originally thirty-two in number, brought from the old church of St. Gereon at Cologne, to which they had been presented by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. It was usual, both in Italy and Greece, to employ fragments of heathen temples in the decoration of Christian churches. These columns are now, (1804) in Paris†: one which remained at Cologne was destroyed during the war.

Christian architecture, of the earliest period, is derived, at least in its isolated elements, from the later style of classic art. After the time of Constantine the influence of Christianity brought new ideas into action, and gave a new intention to architecture, the influence of which extended throughout the entire mediæval epoch, so that the eastern style of that age cannot be classed with Greek antiquity, but belongs rather to the new order of things: this separation was undoubtedly occasioned by religion, and for the same reason the Latin Christian rhymes of that period must no longer be classed with ancient literature. Yet long after the first comparatively insignificant commencement, many new and peculiar features appeared in Gothic architecture. To refer all the wonders of old Teutonic art to that primal origin alone would be scarcely less unreasonable than to consider the Leonine verses of Latin poets the source of the highest *chefs-d'œuvre* of modern poetry of Dante and Calderon, though in these verses we certainly trace the first appearance of rhymed terminations.

The natives of Aix are lively and animated, quite of the old French race. The German here spoken is peculiarly feeble, and uttered in a monotonous cadence, which is far from agreeable to strangers; the same may be said of Cologne; it seems rather like a commencement of the Lower German dialect, but is more properly a combination of high

* The octagon is built after the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, with the tomb of Charlemagne in the centre.

† They were returned at the peace. — *Trans.*

and low German, characterised chiefly by roughness and a want of refinement. When these dialects are more intimately blended and united, as in the centre of Germany, they form the true German now spoken. This dialect, therefore, unformed as it is, may not prove entirely unworthy the attention of philologists. The Cologne dialect is clearly to be traced in one of the oldest German poems now existing — the "Eulogium of St. Anno." Many Latin words are found in it, although so mutilated and abbreviated, as scarcely to be recognised. The intercourse carried on with Holland, and the constant influx of strangers, in so populous a trading town, would naturally lead to many innovations in the language. The groundwork was probably Walloon, for the natives of Upper Germany are unquestionably of that stock; but the language of Cologne, the features, aspect and character of the people, are certainly old Saxon, and this is still more strikingly the case at Bonn. At Coblentz, on the contrary, the light, lively, French temperament is everywhere apparent: the line of demarcation between the French and old Saxon ought probably to be fixed at some point between these two cities.

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Neusz.

The little church in this town is of early Gothic architecture; the chief entrance of one door only, with a single heavy square tower, which is however richly and beautifully decorated. The spire has been taken down, having been seriously injured by the effects of the weather, and the tower in consequence has rather the character of a heavy castle-tower than of the tall grown church-spire shooting up from amid open tracery and pinnacles, according to the mode of construction invariably adopted in the most delicately-finished Gothic edifices.

Low, heavy towers, such as are occasionally seen in old churches, deserve to be regarded with some attention in an investigation of the origin of Gothic architecture: they are sometimes even crowned with battlements, like old German fortresses, and I am persuaded that this is no arbitrary resemblance, or casual similarity, but an intentional imitation of those ancient venerable piles. It is customary to derive

Gothic towers from those of mosques, though in fact there is in general but little similarity between them, and the hypothesis of the Arabic origin of the Gothic style has already been proved to be completely fallacious. Indeed, none of the old Spanish and Sicilian buildings of which we have any description, and which are known from history to have been the work of Moorish architects, are by any means in accordance with the principles of church architecture, nor have they anything in common with Gothic edifices, except the extreme richness of their decorative ornaments. The minarets of the mosques are necessarily on the eastern side, because from them the Mahomedans were summoned to public prayer. The church towers of western architecture are designed for the bells, which from thence ring forth with majestic solemn sound, bidding all Christian worshippers to prepare to join in the services of their church; and how greatly do the towers of Christian Gothic art, developed and carried up to the highest and sharpest point, surpass in grandeur the low Moorish minarets! Even were the points of resemblance more striking, they would scarcely suffice to prove that both Arabic and Gothic art rose from the same origin. The Arabs are still in the habit of adopting whatever they think suitable in Syrian or Egyptian, as well as in Greek or Roman buildings, only making everything in their mosques accord with their own customs and the exigencies of their religious worship: this does not conduce to very high perfection in art. Fancy was the predominating element in mediæval poetry and architecture, both in the eastern and western portions of Europe, and this may account for a certain uniformity between them both, though neither can be properly said to have borrowed from the other. Many great and essential differences are apparent between Christian and eastern art, as well as between our high romantic poetry and Arabic fables, or Persian songs of chivalry.

Neusz stood formerly on the edge of the Rhine; it is now at least a quarter of an hour's distance from its bank. This beautiful river has in many instances thus altered its course; changes which, notwithstanding their importance, are less carefully chronicled than the follies of men, who have long since passed away and left no other trace of their existence.

Could we stand but for a moment on the old borders of the Rhine, recalling that early period when the first German settlement was made upon its banks, and along the shore of the Danube also, under what a different aspect would the manners and customs, the old institutions and legislature of our German ancestors appear to us, free from the perverted and frequently false criticisms which often contribute to obscure the already mutilated and imperfect records of history.

Dusseldorf.

The gallery of paintings* in this town contains many pictures of great value, but the Hall of Rubens† seems to demand our especial notice; nor can we elsewhere form a correct opinion of this master's genius. Those who wish to judge him impartially should not trust entirely to his most famous paintings, which, if considered as examples of severe grandeur in art, are not entitled to unqualified praise; the measure of their fame was decreed to them at a period when, even in Italy, true artistic taste was rarely found, and the same mannerism and prejudice there prevailed by which Rubens was himself seduced from the right path. Still talents so remarkable, and such extraordinary vigour of intellect must, even when erroneously directed, leave traces of the master mind sufficiently decisive to distinguish the natural impulses of genius from the injurious influences exercised by the spirit of the time, or other extraneous disadvantages.

Rubens appears to unite in his compositions the various defects of the Italian schools, both of his own time and the period immediately preceding, the unnatural exaggeration and mannerism of Michelangelo's school, the negligent frivolity of the hasty naturalisti, the struggle of mere colourists to produce dramatic effect, nay, even the arbitrary and unfortunate allegories of the eclectics: still his extraordinary genius prevails, and the vigour and richness of his creations far outweigh the various faults imbibed from contemporary painters. The imitation of foreign masters is so dangerous an error, that even genius is cramped and injured by its

* Now removed to Munich. — *Trans.*

† See Treatise on "Paintings in Paris and the Netherlands," *ante*, page 129.

adoption. How far higher might Rubens have soared if, instead of copying the already corrupt and degenerate taste of the Italians, he had chosen to form himself on the model of his native Netherlands, on Van Eyck, for example, so rich in art, yet true to nature, with others equal to him in genius! How would their correct and beautiful style have been heightened and embellished by his brilliant colouring, and by that redundant fancy which, bewildered in the false paths he had selected, soon became utterly lost! The worst feature in the system of copying foreign art is, that the period selected for imitation usually proves to be that in which the art is already on its decline, and has degenerated from its high standard of excellence, even in the country chosen as a pattern. These modern artists expend much anxious labour in copying the productions of a degenerate time, to which they give the name of "classical," but which the ancient Greeks would have rejected and despised. To attempt to engraft the genius of foreign nations upon our own is indeed a most dangerous experiment. National art and taste are infallibly destroyed, and foreign excellence rarely, if ever, attained. The justness of these remarks as applied to the imitative system in painting must be evident, and the inconsistency to which it leads, subversive of all national characteristics, is no less sensibly felt in architecture. Every nation, country, and climate should have architecture suited to its peculiar requirements. How is it possible to wander agreeably in open antique colonnades, under our northern sky, or to walk abroad, clad in airy classical robes? The form of our buildings rests, like our social customs and ordinary habiliments, on natural causes, the variations of temperature, and other similar influences, and the destructive consequences of disregarding these must be apparent to any one at all versed in the history of the arts and social life, or who has ever studied their reciprocal influence with attention.

In some of Rubens's paintings his better nature is seen almost without any tinge of mannerism; as, for instance, in his own portrait with that of his first wife sitting in an arbour*; in his profound yet animated portrait of a Franciscan

* No. 261. IV. Saal Pinacothek, Munich.

monk*, the superior of the order; in a Madonna surrounded by angels and wreaths of flowers, and in some few pictures besides. The Madonna was not perhaps originally so much mannered as it now appears; the cinnabar, which is so freely used, must have been much less glaring before the other tints had lost their brightness.

Cologne.

Foreigners are rarely pleased with this old town; nor is it possible that a great city fallen to decay should ever convey a pleasing impression. Yet it certainly contains many beautiful and spacious squares, or such as might with trifling alteration be made ornamental; the finest and most important buildings are good, well situated, and severe in design. Flying tourists frequently blame the construction of the towns through which they pass, without duly considering the exigencies of the locality. The streets of Cologne, those especially which run down to the river, are narrow, but it is because trade and commerce have occasioned the crowding of that particular part, and besides the violence of the Rhine winds, in spring and autumn, would make very broad streets inconvenient and unsuitable.

The city is splendidly situated; rising in the form of an amphitheatre, from the banks of the Rhine, it makes a crescent contained within the extent of one short hour's walk. Gardens are interspersed within the walls of the town, and the beautiful promenades on the inner and outer walls, and the various eminences on which the city is built, partially compensate for the deficiency of country walks in the vicinity, and an uninteresting landscape varied only by the distant Sieben-Gebirge. Yet, whether Cologne be regarded with favour or disapprobation by the votaries of modern fashion, to all lovers of art and of antiquities it is one of the most interesting and instructive towns in Germany.

The ancient monuments in this city belong to many different epochs. In one part we see a Roman tower, and the remains of a Roman wall, built of regularly hewn stones of different forms, and of varied colour, apparently

* No. 281. S. Munich.

designed for ornament. These antique relics probably once formed part of a small temple; they are firmly cemented together in the manner usually practised by that, in every thing, extraordinary people. There stood the capitol, the scene of so many different events under the Cæsars, and the Naumachium from whence, up to the mountains of the Eiselgebirge, ruined aqueducts extend in every direction. The foundations of the piers where Constantine's stone bridge once stood, still remain, and may be seen when the river falls unusually low. Here also is the old abbey-church of St. Mary (Margreten, Ste. Marie des Degrés), the choir of which belongs to the time of Charlemagne, and contains an effigy of Plectrudis, wife of Pepin d'Heristal, the grandfather of Charlemagne, of very early date. Here also is the unfinished and massive tower of St. George, commenced by St. Anno in the eleventh century, with no very peaceable intentions; it then stood close to the city gate, but is now quite within the walls. Many other remarkable monuments, belonging to nearly every epoch of the middle ages, might be mentioned.

Cologne, under the Romans, was in fact the capital of their important Germania Secunda, and of equal consequence in the subsequent kingdom of Austrasia. In the time of Otho the Great, it became a powerful spiritual principality, one of the wealthiest of the Hanse Towns, and the seat of a famous university, to which, in the middle ages, men of genius resorted from all parts of the world. Snorro Storleson, who collected the northern Sagas of the Edda, came hither from his distant island, and became afterwards principal of the then flourishing free states of Scandinavia. Hither also came St. Thomas Aquinas from Naples, when at the age of twenty he quitted his noble family and connexions, determined to devote himself to a spiritual life. Every part of this old city is rich in interesting associations, though the effects of the Reformation, and subsequent changes and the general decline of Germany, have robbed it of much of its original grandeur. It has now, like most other towns on the left bank of the Rhine, become the prey of the French. The number of monuments of Gothic architecture here existing is almost unparalleled. We find noble edifices, illustrating not only the grand progressive steps of the art,

but also marking each important variety or modification from the first period when it resembled the Greek Christian style, to the latest, when it began to lose itself in the pompous, overloaded manner of the Spanish Jesuits. Besides the churches, there are many private houses of the same date, in good preservation, and very similar in style to the old Gothic, and many of those usually called Templar houses, from the prevailing, but not always correct, idea of their having been the residences of the Knights Templars. A skilful investigator might here gain abundant information concerning the inferior portion of Gothic art; its profound scientific knowledge, and wonderful mechanical skill.* Should it be possible to complete a new history of Gothic architecture before the barbarism and covetousness which now prevail have completely desecrated all its ancient memorials, this town alone contains materials almost sufficient for the purpose. The antiquities of other cities are chiefly isolated remains, and their proper connexion can scarcely be traced or understood.

The cathedral stands pre-eminent amongst all these monuments, and were it completed, Gothic art might boast of having produced a giant work, worthy of rivalling the proudest edifices of ancient or modern Rome. A third part only of the body of the church, and half of one tower, are yet completed, without the central lantern or the transepts, which, when erected, will give the form of a perfect cross. Yet, even thus unfinished, it far exceeds in grandeur of conception and beauty of style the most glorious works to be seen elsewhere. Conrad Hochstetten, whose daring mind raised more than one rival to cope with the dreaded Frederic the Second, conceived this mighty design. The ground plan of the unknown architect, finished even to the very minutiæ of decorations, is still in existence.† The building was begun in the year 1248, and the choir finished and consecrated in 1322.

* The erudite Canon Wallraff has done our age great service, by directing public attention to the noble remains in many old towns on the Rhine, and to the mediæval antiquities of Cologne. In my first examination of these treasures I was myself extremely indebted to his friendly escort and learned conversation.

† Since that time Boisserée's grand work has appeared, worthy in industry and skill of the noble cathedral which it describes, and published

The grandeur of this surprising and colossal fragment excites universal wonder and admiration; and one glance at the immense height of the choir fills every beholder with astonishment. But what is most striking to those who have had an opportunity of observing with attention many other monuments of Gothic architecture, is the beauty of its decorations, the symmetry of its proportions, and the air of lightness these give to the massy fabric. Every one who has any feeling will be conscious of this impression, but it is impossible to define or explain more particularly in what this feeling consists. Actual measurements, and comparison with other buildings of the same style, can alone furnish a clue to the mystery of those proportions, the effect of which is so striking to every person of refined taste. It is certain that the finest Gothic churches, compared with this, frequently appear either rude and clumsy, or deficient in expression, and overloaded with trifling decorations. The Town-house at Louvain, however, although of infinitely smaller dimensions, may still bear comparison with it in the noble unity and harmony of its various parts.

The general design of the cathedral, like most other Gothic and old German churches, is according to the primitive style of early Christian architecture, but decorated and developed with the highest artistic skill. The Latin cross terminates in the choir, towards the east, in a semicircular apse. Two lofty towers surmount the triple western doors, and the transepts will furnish two side-entrances, towards the other points of the compass. A cupola will be raised above the lofty tomb of the three kings, which is to stand in the centre, but is not yet commenced. The tower is a splendid structure, formed of innumerable slender pillars, arched windows, and crocketed pinnacles, ever rising higher, as if actually springing one from the other; it is to be five stories in height, the loftiest stage surmounted by a slender obelisk of open tracery, transparent tendrils, and crockets, rising at length into a finial. Two stages only are as yet completed. A tower like this, proudly springing heavenwards, in the midst of such profusion of carving,

with the design of throwing full light upon the subject and on Gothic architecture in general, the first dawn of which is alone noticed in these outlines.

sculpture, and decoration, seems almost like some incomparable production of the vegetable kingdom; while the numerous, wide-spreading, flying buttresses, with their arches, decorations, crockets, finials, and pinnacles, resemble a forest. The Gothic pillars in the interior have not unaptly been compared to a lofty avenue of trees; each, instead of appearing like one single pillar, seems rather an interweaving of numerous smaller shafts, a slight and inconspicuous projecting moulding alone indicating the pedestal. The high aspiring shaft and simple capital, formed of vine-leaves, or an imitation of some other natural foliage, unfold into a pointed and segmental arch. These columns have been also compared to natural basaltic pillars; and the lofty vaulted arch might almost be likened to the jet of a mighty fountain, supposing the stream of descending water to be of equal volume with that which is thrown up. And if the exterior, with its countless towers and pinnacles, appears at a distance not unlike a forest, the whole prodigious structure, on a nearer approach, looks like some magnificent natural crystallisation. It is, in a word, the wonder-work of art; and, from the inconceivable abundance of its decorations, seems to vie with the inexhaustible variety of nature herself. This is just the impression it leaves upon the mind; and inscrutably rich as are the interwoven forms of organised nature, an architectural structure like that under consideration seems scarcely less vast and inconceivable. Ever tending heavenwards, as it soars higher and higher decorative forms, ever more and more delicately finished, seem to spring in succession from the lower and less ornamental portions. Yet all are, almost universally, borrowed from vegetable nature: the forms of plants bearing no distinct reference to any necessary object, the idea of their peculiar design and utility is not directly awakened in the mind. Animal forms, on the contrary, immediately suggest the object and office for which they were framed. Besides, setting aside this circumstance, they are far less beautiful than leaves or flowers, and hence the actual growth of the plant, that loveliest ornament of nature, with the queenlike rose crowning the whole, has been adopted as the type of nearly every ornament framed by human art.

This noble work, considered in an architectural point of view, affords an example of all the beauties of the second

floriated Gothic style. The same figures of the triangle and the square, the circle and the quatrefoil, form the groundwork of all those decorations, which, as in the early Christian, are introduced with a more profound attention to the scientific structure of the building. But these no longer appear in naked simplicity and geometrical exactness; they are all veiled with clustering foliage and the luxuriance of vegetable life: as in the enamelled carpet of spring, we cannot, amid its verdant productions, clearly discern the precise geometrical symmetry of each isolated form, but see all bloom and unfold their beauty together, in one general glow of life and immortality! The very existence of Gothic architecture seems bound up with the luxuriance of its forms and floriation. Hence the unvaried repetition of the same decorations, their plant-like similarity, and the deeply expressive, yet tranquil mystery, the joyous loveliness and animation, which fill every beholder with reverence and admiration. The symbolism of Gothic architecture is, indeed, of the highest order; that of painting appears feeble in comparison with it, and its allusions to divinity embarrassed and uncertain. Architecture, on the contrary, by its imitation of the beauties of nature, brings the idea of the Divinity palpably before our minds, even without any direct allusion to the mysteries of Christianity. Christian faith and hope had, however, no trifling influence on the development of ecclesiastical architecture.

A work so gigantic as the Cologne cathedral must surpass all power of description. I pass on, therefore, to the consideration of the other old churches in Cologne, as best illustrating the origin and progress of the Gothic style.

I have already remarked that there are two distinct epochs in ecclesiastical architecture: the earlier, termed Byzantine, from its resemblance to the Greek style; and the later, peculiarly German, and incomparably more skilful in execution, which was spoken of in the description of the cathedral. Many strongly marked varieties are found in each branch; as, for instance, the tower of St. Stephen's at Vienna, and the cathedral at Strasburg, both belonging to the later period, and both, more especially the latter, having many varieties. The Byzantine is unquestionably the earliest in date; but both styles at length melt completely into each

other; no new style ever becomes predominant at once, in some instances it is followed up to a certain point only, though in others it may be already adopted entire. A consideration of the expense may also have led to the continued employment of the older manner, in works not designed for *chefs-d'œuvre*.

Gothic architecture is the style of building best adapted to a northern climate and a colder zone, and its origin and progress coincides with the development of the appropriate symbolism of the Christian church; nor was the material employed without its influence; the inferior beauty of sandstone, as compared with marble, occasioned an ambitious struggle for decoration, which led to a higher degree of excellence in tracery and ornaments than would have been attainable in any harder material. These simple reasons sufficiently elucidate all the peculiarities of Gothic architecture. I shall attempt to trace and illustrate their influence, by describing a few old churches in the early Byzantine style.

The most remarkable and beautiful of this class at Cologne are the churches of St. Gereon, and the Twelve Apostles (St. Aposteln). Both are in rather elevated situations, and their effect very fine. I shall here take an opportunity of mentioning, that from the walk inside the walls, and the crane on the cathedral tower, all the most beautiful churches may be seen at different points of view and to great advantage. The finest view of the city is from the opposite bank of the river, from which it appears in the form of a crescent, adorned with many beautiful churches and crowned by an ancient massive citadel. The cathedral is a conspicuous object, and its situation, on a lofty eminence, commanding an extensive prospect, very grand.* It is to be lamented that this fine position is almost neutralised by the crowds of inferior buildings that surround it. About forty years since the altar-screen was broken down and destroyed, in order to make way for an Italian altar-piece, beautiful indeed in

* Since that period the back of the choir, facing the Rhine towards the east, has been freed from all the extraneous buildings which encumbered it; and, whether viewed from a distance or in the immediate vicinity, the cathedral now presents a glorious object, and can, for the first time, be contemplated in the perfection of its beauty.

itself, but quite out of character in a Gothic cathedral. The ancient screen was in perfect harmony with the exterior, and was formed, with most delicate skill, of innumerable small crocketed and clustering pinnacles, — a compendium, as it were, of the general exterior features, and presenting to the spectator a miniature representation of all those beauties which the extent of the building makes it impossible to embrace at one glance.

In old churches the principal entrance is frequently marked by one single square tower, and the choir has two little turrets, between which the extreme termination projects in a half circle. St. Kunibert and St. Severin, both churches of noble and massive form, are designed on this plan. The tower of St. Martin, of the tenth century, is still more remarkable, as the mighty centre tower was adorned and surrounded by lesser towers at the four corners, of which two only are left standing. The church of the Twelve Apostles (St. Aposteln) is far more artistic: it belongs to the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and its entrance is also marked by a single massive heavy tower. The choir is terminated by three semicircular apses, above which rise three gables; two towers ornament the centre apse at the extremity, and above the gables and apses rises a double hexagonal cupola.* A structure, compounded as it were of numerous others, most skilfully grouped, and presenting not one single temple, but a stately and majestic fabric, formed of several temples, rising one above the other. In this union and combination of numerous buildings we recognise the original idea of early Christian architecture. Constantine first desired to have his Basilica built in the form of a cross. The high altar next became indicated by cupolas, rising one above the other, as in the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, and St. Mark at Venice, built in imitation of the former. The choir, being the appointed place for those whose office required them to take an active part in the service of God and the duties of the sanctuary,

* A transverse, triapsal church, with a large western tower; two smaller towers at the east, and an octagonal pyramid at the eastern crossing. It has also a western transept. The apses are vaulted with semi-domes. The vaulting of the old central aisle is sexpartite on the double compartments, and cylindrical on the single ones. — See *Architectural Notes on German Churches*, p. 39. Plate, fig. 10.

was early separated from the grand area destined to receive the congregation, and constructed on the noblest scale: it forms, as it were, a lesser church, contained within the limits of the principal structure. The necessity of a passage round the choir led to the erection of side aisles adjoining the nave, which was so completely distinguished from them by its greater elevation, that these aisles often appear like separate buildings attached to the centre pile. Every thing, in fact, contributes to produce that copious variety of design and decoration, which is a distinctive characteristic of Gothic ecclesiastical architecture. The peculiar formation of the pillars may be cited as an example. Even in old Byzantine churches we generally find not merely simple circular columns, but many pillars, clustered or banded together: this may probably have arisen from the necessity of combining the side-aisles with the nave and the choir, the pillars of the latter aiding in the support of the former also; or it may have had its source in a predilection for variety and multiform combinations. These rude beginnings in time expanded into peculiar beauty, in those slender shafts and clustering columns which have given birth to so many significant comparisons. The pillars in the cathedral of Cologne clearly illustrate the manner in which the idea of this mode of construction arose and developed itself. The centre-shaft is thick and circular, and four others of equal size surround it, yet without projecting beyond a given circle; the space between each of the four outer columns is filled up by another smaller shaft which stands out beyond the others: there are two lesser shafts in each space of the columns at the principal entrance, and three in the pillars supporting the lantern; so that each pillar, besides its solid centre, has four of equal size surrounding it, and four, eight, or twelve, of the smaller, the number varying according to the situation and importance of the pillar. When many such systems of clustering columns are assembled together, as at the interior angles of the tower, a surprising idea of vastness is produced by their multiplied variety. Hence also arose the peculiar character of the Gothic arch: the high-pitched northern roof gave to the arch its pointed form, in accordance with the harmony which (unless any important reason command a deviation,) it is essentially necessary to preserve

between the interior and exterior. In carrying up these clustering shafts, they naturally unfolded into numerous ribs and branches, which, crossing and intersecting each other in every direction, became a groined and pointed roof, the vaulting of which gave peculiar grandeur of expression to the lofty aisle, and stamped it with a variety and beauty found only in Gothic architecture. The form of the arch derived from the high-pitched roof of the northern manner of building, extends also to the doorways, in which the numerous banded pillars, expanding above, form arches, retiring one within the other, narrowing and deepening towards the interior, and exuberantly ornamented. The oldest Gothic windows are mostly trefoiled: here again, if we seek the slender, long-drawn pointed arch, in this as in every other part, as far as is practicable, we find a repetition of the same general principle, and in all its variations the one fundamental figure is apparent. In the close juxtaposition of two such arches, and the introduction of the trefoil already mentioned, at the point of union, we discover an anticipation of the subsequent foliated tracery; the rose and trefoil in various combinations may be recognised as the basis of all the highly artistic foliation with which the cathedral at Cologne is adorned.

Still more beautiful perhaps, in the old Byzantine style, than the churches above mentioned, is the church of St. Gereon, belonging probably to the eleventh century. A cupola-like elevation, in the form of a decagon, marks the vestibule. An ascent of several steps leads to the choir, which is considerably elevated, and the exterior is graced by two towers: the simple symmetrical proportions give interest and beauty to the exterior of the building, and the interior is also finely ornamented. Gurgoyles, heads of animals forming the mouths of water-pipes, or ornamenting the angles of the tower, are here seen, but confined almost entirely, as is usual in early Gothic work, to those unimportant portions of the edifice. Foliated tracery is rarely seen in the early Christian period, nor those crockets and crocketed pinnacles, which afterwards became so numerous that they seem at the first glance to be the most striking feature. The interior columns are rarely foliated or adorned with carved work or spiral ornaments; the projecting capitals are merely gilded. The upper part of the cupola, the windows, and

transepts, are occasionally adorned with slender basaltic pillars, in groups of two or four. The capitals are sometimes plain, sometimes foliated, interspersed with birds, dragons, and other figures. In Gothic buildings of the decorated epoch these pillars are never seen. Much careful comparison and accurate measurements would be necessary to make these examples fully intelligible, but for the present a few more observations must suffice.

I now proceed to trace the distinctive characteristics of the two styles of Gothic architecture, selecting, as an example of the early Christian era*, the church of St. Gereon, which is a perfect specimen of that style. The ground-plan embraces triangle and quadrangle, cross and circle, a star-like hexagon, and many more complicated polygonal figures; nor are these confined to the groundwork of the edifice; they are rather brought conspicuously forward, in what may be termed geometrical symmetry, and the simple yet singular character of these combined figures gives an expression of solemn mystery to the entire structure well suited to a church, which, as an holy building, is intended to symbolise in miniature the eternal structure of the spiritual church in the heavens. This geometrical beauty is also apparent in the second period of Decorated Gothic art; but of all these various figures, the cross alone is there retained and made strikingly manifest; yet even this is entwined with rich foliation, and appears as it were surrounded by wreaths of blooming roses. Arches and windows of lanceilated form are separated by pillars and slender shafts, arranged in long files of entwining stems and branches, with finely traced decorations, generally foliated or flower-like in form. That deep reverential love of nature which was a predominating element in the minds of our German ancestors, seems to have been the parent of this gloriously devised architecture. Whether in the old Christian church style (the Romanesque), so great a degree of perfection could have been attained as was reached by the highly ornamented and romantic in the cathedral at Cologne, I must not venture to decide; yet I confess that I much doubt it, for the style itself presents a far wider field, and would not therefore be so easily carried to the same

* The Romanesque.

perfection. The church of St. Gereon is as surprising an example of perfection in the Romanesque, as the cathedral at Cologne of the Gothic, the church of St. Mark at Venice of the Byzantine, and the cathedral at Siena of the Italian Gothic style.

In my previous description of ancient paintings at Cologne, I noticed a few very remarkable pictures of the lower German school, which I met with in a private collection.

The churches here have been generally despoiled of their paintings, but, stimulated by the information of a learned connoisseur, I provided myself with torches and carefully examined the crypt of St. Mary, where, in the vaulting, traces of painting, as old as the time of Charlemagne, are to be found. They are indeed traces, and no more; the crypt was walled up a few years ago, and the fragments of half-effaced outlines now remaining have little significance, nor is it possible to form any opinion as to their merits: whether it be possible to save these remains from being utterly effaced, I know not. Glass paintings may be seen in many of the churches described, which have rarely been surpassed or even equalled in beauty: perhaps the finest is that already noticed, on a window over the side entrance of the cathedral, both from the grandeur of its design and execution, and also because it belongs to the best and most flourishing period of glass painting, the latter half of the fifteenth century. A window in the church of St. Kunibert is also of very high antiquity, belonging to the middle of the fifteenth century, and admirable from the depth of tone and splendour of the colouring. Some windows have been destroyed, and replaced by others of later date, the outlines of which are clearer and better defined, although decidedly inferior in colouring. In early paintings on glass the colouring of the faces is uniformly brown; the mixing of tints necessary for producing a natural carnation being little understood. Intermediate shading is seldom seen; but the arabesques surrounding the figures, and which represent trefoils, roses, peacocks' eyes, and other ornaments, are almost more beautifully coloured than those of a later style.

Voyage up the Rhine.

The most beautiful scenery on the Rhine begins a little above Bonn. Richly enamelled meadow land extends like a deep valley between hills and mountains, stretching down to the influx of the Moselle at Coblentz, and from thence to St. Goar and Bingen, gradually narrowing as it advances, the rocks become more steep and the prospect wilder and more sublime. The Rhine is here most charming, enlivened on its course by the populous shores, overhanging rocks, and ruined castles, it appears more like a painting, the intentional creation of some artist's genius, than a merely accidental combination of nature. The first of the many ruins situated on the Rhine, which we passed in ascending from the flat country upwards, is Godesberg, beautiful, not so much from its majestic situation as from the rich prospect it commands. The Drachenfels next appearing, seem to kindle in the mind glowing anticipations of all the strange wild fastnesses which crown the rocky shores of our mighty river. Such ruins as these are often viewed with a sort of sentimental tranquillity, as it were, forming a romantic background, indispensably necessary to the development of the favourite feelings of the day; or, it may be, only as robber castles, which, in times of peace and order, were of course demolished, and which must ever remain in ruins. Many, unquestionably, were such; perhaps, most of those the ruins of which we now contemplate; but it is not just always to associate the idea of its latest degradation with the image of the thing itself, and thus in a moment blunt every feeling of sympathy for the noble memorials of departed ages. A candid investigation of historical records will probably show that many of these castles existed for centuries before those perpetual wars between the nobles and rich burghers of which we now read so much, centuries before the feudal law, public peace, &c., were even thought of; nay, that the German race have ever shown so remarkable a predilection for dwelling upon rocks or lofty mountains, that it may almost be regarded as a national characteristic. A severe and noble taste! Even now, one glance at the height above seems to place us in another world. It is inspiriting and refreshing to quit the dull monotony of the plain and inhale life and vigour from the clear atmosphere there encircling us.

If we, who but occasionally and with fatigue reach the summit, feel at once that its breath inspires us with new life and courage, how invigorating must it be to dwell always there, with the earth in her richest attire lying outspread beneath; the changes of nature, at all periods of the day and in all seasons of the year, seem invested with new interest; the passing clouds, the blossoming of early spring, the moonlit summer night, nay, even the autumnal storm and the snowy fields of winter, all have their charms. Those places only, to me, seem beautiful which men call rude and wild; for those alone are grand, and grandeur and sublimity are essential elements of perfect beauty, for by them our souls are elevated and purified. The joyous aspect of a highly cultivated champaign country cannot fail, after long imprisonment in towns, to arouse agreeable thoughts, for the blooming charms of nature have a more than ordinarily powerful and soothing influence on the heart when rarely seen; but the sweet sensation of repose that they communicate has no power to awaken dreams of the mighty past. A rock, on the contrary, stands amid the spirit-treasures of wild nature, like a speaking memorial of elemental wars, telling of the fierce combat which once wrenched it from the dissevered earth around, and the eternal impression it leaves is ever unenfeebled and unsubdued. As the rustling of the forest, the murmur of the fountain, plunge us always into a soothing melancholy; as the wild cry of solitary birds calls up a mingled feeling of unrest, a yearning for freedom and solitude; so nature herself seems eternally present in her ancient mountains, those monuments which recall to us the grandest features of history, and awaken such profound and majestic ideas, as the luxuriance of a level landscape could never inspire. How greatly is this impression heightened, when amid the ruins of nature we also recognise the hand of man! Lofty fortresses erected on savage rocks; the monuments of human heroism associating itself on every cliff with the hero-times of nature. The fount of poetic inspiration seems unsealed before us, and the old ancestral river sweeps onwards, in a full stream of poetry and romance.

From thy proud source unnumbered streams are flowing,
Fraught with rich gifts to rouse the poet's soul;

Thy giant rocks point upwards to the goal
He too must seek, — the heaven in radiance glowing.

My chosen Rhine! Thy torrent onward sweepeth,
Where on its narrowing course dark mountains frown,
And gloomy towers from each stern height look down,
While awful terror o'er the gazer creepeth!

The vessels on thy green transparent wave
Still hurry far from thee, our German Rhine.
They pass — they part — ne'er to return again.

Pledge the full cup of strength and joy, ye brave,
The liquid crystal of our golden wine,
And with glad voices swell the heroic strain!

The numberless Roman castles, towns, and walls everywhere seen on the banks of the Rhine, supply ample food for meditation and reflexion. This river was once the boundary of the Roman dominion. What a remarkable resemblance may often be traced between the most distant periods! In what an unfathomable abyss of degradation would the whole human race have been plunged, if that Roman boundary had still subsisted; if the noblest people of the earth had not broken through their chains, abolished slavery, and established in its stead a government founded on truth and freedom, more true to early institutions and the principles of honour and justice, than any other legislature of ancient or modern times! It is true no boundary so arbitrarily imposed could be permanent; but we must not attempt to judge of Roman policy by our own ideas and circumstances alone. It appears in the present day a most impolitic scheme to choose a river as a natural boundary between adverse nations, since with us it is rather a medium of commerce and friendly intercourse. A difference of language appears to be the only natural barrier between men, and lofty mountains, or dense and extensive forests, can alone effectually sever countries. In the time of the Romans, however, the natives of southern Germany were so ignorant of navigation or the use of engines of war, that the river formed a quite sufficient protection for the conquerors.

At Rudesheim, opposite Bingen, a most interesting Roman ruin is to be seen, just on the bank of the river. The defile between the rocks is frightfully narrow, and the old German

tower in the centre of the stream gives a peculiar character to the view.

The ruined castles which so majestically crown the Rhine, besides the mere wonder and admiration which they excite, give much scope for meditation and reflection; for one great element, afterwards more fully unfolded in Gothic ecclesiastical architecture, may be discovered in the preference of the early Germans for steep and rocky dwelling-places. Tacitus, in his history of Hermann and Narbodd, mentions the castles erected by the Germans in their impenetrable forests, and they were indeed common, long before the establishment of fortified towns, which probably were first surrounded with walls in imitation of castles; nay, even before those great assemblages of country houses and cottages, which we name villages, were general. These castles were the residence of princes and warriors, and stood amid the humbler dwellings scattered around for protection against the enemy in time of war, or for safe custody during the armed and uncertain peace. The ancient Germans had no temples for the worship of their gods; they kindled fires upon the lofty mountains, and brought their offerings to the lonely shore, or the deep recesses of the forest, and the shade of their sacred oaks. They heaped funeral mounds, or barrows, above the bones of their departed heroes, or diverting some river from its course, sunk them in the deep bed of the stream, and then suffered the waters to return to their accustomed channel. The architecture of the ancient Germans, instead of being devoted to temples and monuments, as with other nations, was therefore confined solely to the erection of castles, which, when built upon rocks or mountains, both answered the purposes of security and likewise commanded an extensive view around. Many other warlike people thus erected citadels upon rocky eminences; but the practice has never been so universal among any people as in Germany, where towers and walls seem perched like eyries on bare and rugged peaks, from which they appear suspended in an incredible manner, in places rarely scaled by human foot. The choice of such situations must have been prompted by an intense love of nature, an irresistible desire to revel amid scenes of earthly majesty and beauty. The ruins of the great castle of Theodoric, at Terracina, hang from the very pin-

nacle of the rock, and command an uninterrupted view of the sea. Heavy as the architecture of these castles may have been, rude as in most instances they still remain, thousands were undoubtedly built and crumbled to decay before any one attained the art and splendid beauty of the proud regal fortress of Barbarossa, yet both the style and situation of those old castles had unquestionably great influence on the development of Gothic architecture. In tracing this resemblance, we must not confine ourselves to single examples only, because although we do occasionally see churches with battlemented towers, or other castle-like peculiarities of general structure, such examples usually belong to a rude and unpolished era. The spirit and design of these mountain fastnesses tended powerfully to encourage and excite the daring architectural fancy which prevailed in Gothic churches, from the age of Theodoric down to the present. It became necessary, in building one of these lofty fortresses, to take into consideration the probable requirements both of peace and war; from the singular nature of the ground, the local circumstances and situation also became points of vast importance. Great irregularity was the natural result, and this soon engendered a pleasure in daring and original schemes, and gave the first impulse to that wonder-working fancy which still marks the creations of Gothic art. Indeed, this fanciful irregularity, combined with the geometrical figures of the early Christian edifices, solve the whole enigma of Gothic designs.

The root and living source of all these beauties, is that love of nature which still distinguishes the German character. Her treasures were by them invested with a twofold symbolism, especially manifest in early painters of the German school, by whom nature was depicted either as a paradise or a wilderness. The garden and variegated carpet of spring symbolising in its deeper meaning the nuptial robe of flowers adorning the spiritual bride — the church; the wilderness, by the half-torn veil of eternal sorrow, carrying out the same similitude, and shadowing forth her desolate widowhood. Taken in this symbolic sense, the garden is represented as an elevated, joyous, and brilliant scene; the desert is actual barren nature, whose dreary aspect ever fills us with the deepest melancholy, and yet wears a mingled charm that

allures and fascinates the soul ; the child of heaven stands alone in the wild solitude, or wanders around in restless sorrow, ever seeking to regain his father's heart, and mourning his separation and abandonment. This is the twofold impression communicated by nature herself, and by beautiful landscapes or paintings. Each rock-building, therefore, stands in the desert of nature, and her expression harmonises completely with each wondrous style of building, whether it be a strongly fortified castle, or an encampment, walled only by a protecting bulwark of waggons. In a more elevated style, the imitation of nature is not confined to her prison-house of mourning, but it either depicts her in celestial bloom, as the heavenly city of our God, or by symmetrical forms and polygonal figures, emblems of creative perfection, shadows forth the spiritual church according to the original plan of perfect ecclesiastical architecture.

Strasburg.

The minster in this city is truly deserving of its fame, and is unquestionably one of the most glorious monuments of Gothic art now in existence. It was begun in the year 1015, but not completed till 1275. The tower, commenced in 1277, by Erwin von Steinbach, was continued after his death by his children, Selina and John, until the year 1339. John Huly, an architect of Cologne, completed the erection in 1449. Its situation is not very conspicuous, but open on all sides, and not defaced by small extraneous buildings, as is too often the case. Here, too, the revolution has left destructive traces of its violence ; all the images which adorned the tower having been thrown down during that period. The architecture is extremely rich, belonging to the second period, the same style in which the cathedral at Cologne and St. Stephen's Tower are built. At the first glance it appears to resemble those buildings, but a closer investigation discloses many points of difference. The floriations are chiefly employed as arabesques. Even the string-courses and cornices of Cologne cathedral are floriated ; in the Strasburg minster the ornaments are merely spiral. There is a great difference in the general effect, as well as in the individual parts, many of which seem as if they belonged rather to the mechanism of a

watch, or some skilful fabric in iron work, than to a stone edifice. Strasburg minster, and Westminster Abbey in London, appear to me, in the exterior at least, to surpass the old Italian architecture, which was, in fact, but half Gothic. The great cathedral at Milan, which was built partly under the superintendence of Henry Gamodius, or Gamünd, is scarcely more foliated; even the towers are not terminated by a spire of open tracery, with a finial or crockets, but by a plain roof, adorned with statues. The whole plan is Gothic — two towers at the western entrance, a tower-like cupola above the choir, and a number of ornamental pinnacles around; yet it is much less rich in execution, and in the florid abundance of ornament quite curtailed. Many traces of Gothic design also appear in the Santa Maria del Fiore, at Florence, which appears also to have been planned by a German architect, called by the Italians, Arnolfo di Lapo, or Cambie, but the cupola is by Brunelleschi, and is pure Italian.* Bramante had, apparently, some reminiscence of this church in his mind when he planned St. Peter's at Rome, that wonder of Italian architecture, — that architecture which, through various changes and modifications, many more of which might undoubtedly be traced, was gradually unfolded out of the original pure Gothic.

Besides the two grand divisions of Gothic architecture, we discover, in the circle of its inexhaustible treasures, many evident deteriorations, and occasionally isolated examples of change, which mark the transition from one style to another, and the different epochs of each. The Moorish monuments in Spain and Portugal have all one distinct character; the buildings of the Templars, whether in the east or the west, are in another different style; the old Italian marble churches differ widely from the castle-like church, found principally in those provinces of Germany where the art never attained its highest bloom of decorative perfection. To give a compre-

* Arnolfo died in 1300, and the work was stopped until Giotto was requested to continue it in 1330; it was afterwards carried on by Taddeo Gaddi, Andrea Orcagna and Lorenzo Filippi, but the wondrous cupola designed by Arnolfo, was not reared until the time of Brunelleschi, whose zeal and genius triumphed over both the difficulties of the work itself, and the indifference and obstinacy of the building committee. See *Murray's Hand-book of Northern Italy*, page 494, &c.

hensive analysis of these several varieties, would require a complete history of Gothic architecture, which, if the true principle were kept strictly in view throughout, would not now be a task of much difficulty, the way having been so completely laid open by various important preparatory labours and antiquarian research.

Among the old churches at Strasburg, that of St. Thomas completely resembles a fortress in design.

One of the most remarkable paintings in the collection at Strasburg, is the picture of a saint, by Perugino. It is merely a half-length, without any symbolic attributes; the background clear and bright. The bended head and subdued glance heighten the expression of loveliness and repose, for which this master is so remarkable. This single figure could scarcely have formed a picture by itself, and it was, probably, the wing of some destroyed altar-piece, or triptic. How many works of art have thus been dissevered in modern times, and are now, by strange and melancholy vicissitudes, scattered abroad, wandering from country to country!

The town of Strasburg can boast a Schiller, Scherz, and many other ornaments of their time; a proof that French domination has not destroyed the spring of German taste and intellect.

Basle.

Alsace, also, is a beautiful country. It is true there are few localities resembling those between Bonn and Bingen, but the scenery is agreeable, and the country fertile, sloping gently down from the mountains to the banks of the Rhine. The colour of the river is at Basle a most lovely emerald green, and particularly pleasing.

The public collection of paintings by Holbein, in the town of Basle, give a deeper insight into the character of that master than his portraits, which, although very excellent, are always in the same manner. His historical paintings are much more varied. A "Last Supper," of his early time, is like Dürer, so also are many of the sketches. Another "Last Supper" resembles Titian, and is rather like the "Pilgrims of Emmaus." Eight small pictures, representing the "Passion of our Lord," are very

pleasing, from the vivid contrast produced by a brilliant illumination and deep, heavy masses of shadow. The body of the Redeemer, extended, pale, and suffering, reminds me rather of Correggio's treatment of such subjects. In short, great variety is apparent in these historical compositions, and a close approximation to that Italian manner, which Dürer, on the other hand, was always so studious to avoid.

There is no picture in this collection at all comparable with the magnificent composition at Dresden, in which the burgomaster of Basle and his family are represented in devout prayer before the Virgin, and the Mother of God herself in wondrous humility and beauty, as queen of heaven. This appears to me the crown and flower of all Holbein's works. Besides the pictures already mentioned, there are two female portraits, of small size, drawn after the life, but with symbolic attributes, which, by the laboured blending of the carnations, and the artificial, undecided expression of the features, remind me of the portraits of Leonardo, rather than those of Holbein. A few pictures of the same kind enrich the Mechel collection at Basle. Little now remains of the famous "Dance of Death," once painted on the walls of the Dominican cloisters in that town.

The situation of the cathedral at Basle is majestic, and commands an extensive prospect, but the architecture is extremely clumsy, and far less decorated than in the churches already noticed.

Berne.

Entering Switzerland from this side, where the mountains piled one upon the other, tower gradually higher and higher, its singular agriculture, Chalêts, and the snowy peaks shining brightly in the sun-light, leave on the mind a sensation of pleasure and calm repose, which almost unconsciously excites a wish for such a home. This country wins our affection at the first glance, and we seem fully to comprehend the home-sickness of its exiled children.

Berne is certainly a fine city, and there are few towns to which I could give that appellation, in the sense which I attach to it. Many may be well situated, and full of noble buildings, yet perhaps side by side with miserable hovels,

and often built in every possible style of architecture, as if to exemplify the various errors into which that art has been betrayed. Berne, on the contrary, is well and uniformly built; the heavy stone arcades, the size of the town, and strength of the walls, the masses of rock around, the general style of the architecture, and the ancient cathedral, accord completely both with its situation and general character. The town appears like a mighty castle surrounded in the distance by lofty mountains, the impregnable bulwarks of nature.

Lake of Geneva.

The character of the country is here completely altered, and the climate southern. How beautiful is the dark, restless, everchanging lake, covered with vessels, which, in the distance, look with their spreading sails like birds, hovering in flocks upon the surface of the water; beyond are the mountains of Savoy, the snow-capped Mont Blanc, and blooming valley of Chamouni, forming an exquisite picture. We almost imagine ourselves in Italy, and are at least sensible of the vicinity of that lovely land. To me, especially, the warm greetings of friendship gave this favoured spot additional charms.

The situation of Geneva is very fine, though the town itself is sadly deficient in beauty. A certain taste is often apparent in the plan and construction of towns, which, though belonging neither to the German nor Italian style, is characteristic, and when skilfully employed may embellish the most unfavourable circumstances and situations. To some nations, however, the taste is denied; and hence we occasionally see the most splendid gifts of nature defaced and ruined by the mean and wretched works of human hands. No words can adequately describe the beauty of the Rhone at Geneva; its dark blue waters are so transparent that, as it pursues its impetuous course, the smallest pebble may be discerned at any depth. How different in colour and character from the calm majestic Rhine, and yet how beautiful in its kind! Further on, its waters are disturbed by the influx of other streams, and the impression of beauty is completely destroyed when it reaches the town, by the unsightly hovels which disgrace its banks.

Lyons.

Hills and valleys glided rapidly away, while Mont Blanc still reared its lofty snow-crowned head, and I pondered on the time when this majestic country belonged, together with the Burgundian dominions, to Germany; and when the ancient emperors, the Conrads and Fredericks, held their assemblies of the states in Burgundian cities.

The observations made on Geneva apply equally to Lyons: the town is as ugly as many of the worst parts of Paris; the streets, if possible, more narrow and dirty, and the architecture French. The climate appears more southerly than that of Geneva, which may perhaps arise from the difference of elevation. The trees were in full leaf, although it was the beginning of November, their foliage having but recently been renewed.

In the collection of paintings, I was much pleased with a "St. John the Evangelist," and a "Bishop," by Perugino; saintly figures, but merely isolated fragments torn from some grand composition: a small Flemish painting also, the Crucifixion, treated in the manner of Dürer, but badly drawn, and somewhat rustic in character. How useless to art, in their present situation, are paintings such as these of Perugino. Paintings which, placed in their proper order and connexion, would be most instructive, seen thus alone amongst a few modern works of but little value, and in a town rarely visited by foreign artists, are comparatively useless.

The cathedral at Lyons appears to be one of the most rude and heavy I have ever seen.

Paris.

The route from Lyons to Paris, through Auxerre and the Bourbonnais, is very uninteresting, flat, yet with a continuous chain of little hills, that weary the traveller without breaking the monotony of the landscape. Probably the vast difference of climate in Germany and France is occasioned less by the more southern latitude of the former, than by the difference of elevation. France is almost entirely level, although there is a chain of lofty mountains in the south.

It seems probable that the entire extent of the northern

countries of Europe rose at a comparatively recent period from the level of the sea, or possibly may at some period subsequent to its formation have been overwhelmed by the waters, as may be conjectured from the vast tracts of sand existing, more especially in the interior of France. A slightly different impulse in the last great revolution of the waters might have completely changed the face of Europe: Spain would probably have been an island, like England; the greater part of France under water, and the aspect of Germany also greatly changed. This part of France is, however, decidedly hilly. The mountains of Treves and the Rhine, the Vosges, Mount Jura, the Alps, the Bohemian, Silesian, and Saxon mountains, with the old Hartz further north, seem to enclose it like the protecting walls of a vast enceinte. In traversing the wide extent of country between Paris and Lyons, I remarked the diminutive stature of the people, probably the general badge of their Celtic lineage, and unsubdued even by the intermixture of the noble German race. Since ugliness seems to be the characteristic of this district, — that flat, inexpressive ugliness too which is most repulsive, — the region should be passed through as quickly as possible, or it will leave but an unfavourable impression of the human countenance.

On returning to Paris, after an absence of any length of time, the aspect of affairs generally seems to have undergone some change of more or less importance. When we quitted the capital, the oaths of the Federation were being administered, Moreau was in prison, the barriers were closed, and though every thing appeared tranquil, a general feeling of anxiety prevailed. Now, preparations for the coronation occupied every mind, the Pope was expected, and arrangements were on foot for a splendid festival, which probably appeared more brilliant in the columns of the Gazette than it was in reality.

On revisiting the Library, I found there, among many learned novelties and scientific treatises, one on Gothic architecture, by an Englishman. How strangely must the brains of some individuals be organised! This writer imagines himself to have made an entirely novel discovery, in tracing the foliated tree-like form of Gothic architecture, the lofty avenue-like aisles, leafy vaulting, and the universal

similitude of every part to the vegetable productions of nature. Yet, instead of recognizing in this the love of natural beauties, which was undoubtedly the source whence imagination and fancy rose to perfection in the decorated period of Gothic art, he explains every thing materially, from the imitation of I know not what existing objects; the rude efforts of savage industry, rustic cottages of interwoven osiers, basket-work of various kinds, and similar arbitrary suppositions. Some theorists have found the origin of Greek architecture and its highly artistic colonnades in the imitations of posts and logs of wood, fixed at sufficient depth in the earth and united by beams laid across; rude contrivances, suggested by the necessities of savage life: and because classic art has been thus reduced to a theory, it is imagined that a similar plan, if adopted, will throw light on the surprising originality of the Gothic. Even could it be historically proved in any single instance that such an idea of imitation influenced any artist in making designs for some particular building, still this would scarcely prove that the original lofty meaning of the Gothic style came from the same source. Such instances of imitation appear rather to be deviations from the general principle, and we may rank as such a few specimens of mediæval church architecture in England, which really seem to belong to that class. The universal origin of Gothic art is so widely at variance with this idea, that no such theory can possibly be made applicable to it. In its earliest period, namely, that of the oldest Christian style, no traces exist of wicker-work or bough-twined huts, and yet the later Romantic was formed entirely on the architecture of that period. Even when the flat roof of the ancient Basilica was abandoned, its lofty domes and cupolas were still retained, or the pointed northern roof flattened into an arch; it was thus that the grand transition was accomplished. The numerous clustering columns, and the attempt to raise the centre vaulting of the choir, high above the side aisles and arches adjoining, led first to the piercing of the roof, and then to the high pointed arch and windows; doorway and tower soon adopted the same aspiring form, thus making each distinct part enter into perfect harmony and symmetry, till the new Gothic style developed itself in full symbolic perfection. Its first elements

belong undoubtedly to the early Christian, coupled with a boundless fancy, not shown in the floriation and modification of the side pillars alone, but diffused throughout the building, and giving the highest elevation possible to the chief cupola, and the lofty vaulting of the choir. This twofold object—lofty elevation and variety of ornament—forms the leading feature in the late Gothic, which is merely a high progressive development of that of the early epoch; for the whole luxuriance of foliated decorations springs from varied combinations of one simple type, the four-leaved rose or flower-like trefoil. It is certainly impossible to trace the origin of these forms back to the bough-twined shepherds' huts, but they were probably chosen at a very early period, and perhaps even without reference to the symbolic regularity of their form; it is, therefore, unnecessary to suppose any peculiar meaning was arbitrarily assigned them.*

I was much gratified by an examination of the new apartments which had been opened in the Louvre during my absence. Many of the paintings† I had already seen in the

* "The leading and predominant lines of Grecian and Roman architecture are all horizontal, and this principle continues to have considerable sway in the Romanesque style. One result of the operation of this principle is, that the arch lines in this style are looked upon as having an analogy with the horizontal members. * * * * * When the pointed arch is adopted the arch line refers to the supporting pillar, not to the entablature; and considering it a continuation of the pillar, we give it that cylindrical form which implies such an origin. * * * * * The pillars being thus conducted beyond the capital, we lose all perception of a limitation of them in the direction of their length; they may be produced in extent and diminished in thickness, as much as we choose. The capitals must be no longer so square as to stop them by a marked rectangular interruption: the common tendency of shafts to prolong themselves indefinitely upwards, makes it natural to place them in contact, to form them into clusters, to combine them into groups, and to take up again in the arch mouldings the members of this group. And after this has been done, the formation of those flexible and upward tending lines into the tracery of the roof, and all the varied forms of the richest Gothic work proceeds by a gradation which it is agreeable to trace, but unnecessary to detail."—*Whewell's Architectural Notes on German Churches*, p. 31.

† See the 3rd Letter, and the commencement of the 4th Letter, on Christian Art. The following numbers refer to the "Supplément à la Notice des Tableaux." Musée Napoléon. An. xiii.

restoring apartment, and as they have been already described, I shall here notice only a few among them.

There are not many new paintings by Raphael, except a very vigorous portrait of Cardinal Bibiena (No. 1187.), and an "Assumption of the Virgin" (No. 1180.), both however finished by his pupils Il Fattore* and Giulio Romano. The latter composition is remarkable from the decided difference of treatment in the upper portion by Il Fattore, and the lower attributed to Giulio Romano.

The "Triumph of Titus and Vespasian," by Giulio Romano (No. 1121.), of small dimensions, has little depth of feeling or severe intellectual correctness of design, but is painted with the almost Roman vigour and richness which characterise that master: his warlike and Roman bias are no less apparent in the "Adoration of the Shepherds" (No. 1112.). St. Longinus in full armour is introduced in a striking manner in the foreground, but the picture is not in other respects very remarkable. A "Holy Family," by Titian (No. 1126.), a half-length, with St. Stephen holding the palm-branch, is quite in that master's earlier style, full of simple loveliness and beauty; the colouring is clear, as if only tinted, with no studied theatrical expression, but vigorous, tranquil, and full of feeling. No. 1148. is a "Holy Family," with "St. Anthony the Hermit," by Palma Vecchio. This master is here quite himself, simple, lovely, and graceful; a charming proof that a few painters, the Venetians especially, still remained true to their earlier simplicity and truth, even after the reign of mannerism and affectation had commenced. A "Holy Family," with "St. Sebastian," by Giorgione (No. 1115.); light, simple, and powerful, but without the deep truth and science usually seen in that master's compositions. There are besides several beautiful female portraits by Titian, and others of the Venetian school. The female portraits of that school are in general preferable, though perhaps equal in point of objective truth, to those of Holbein, from the freshness of the carnations, the splendour of the garments, and the animated expression of the countenances. In portraits of men, however, Holbein is more

* Jean François Penni, surnommé Il Fattore, parcequ'il faisait les affaires domestiques de Raphael d'Urbino.—*Abrégé de la Vie des Peintres.* Dresden, 1782.

than equal to them, on account of his greater individuality and solidity of execution. A portrait of Francis the First, by Titian, in which we scarcely feel the power of the master's hand, so completely is every other feeling absorbed in the repulsiveness of the countenance depicted. Neither the art of a Titian nor a Leonardo could make its ugliness endurable, or give expression to the fat, stupid, malicious, and treacherous countenance, with its little blinking eyes: labour and skill must here be alike useless.

The most valuable of these old pictures is a "St. John the Baptist," by Leonardo da Vinci; a half-length; the predominant tints brown, and the background dark brown. There is a noble ideality in the contour of the head, and the proud abundance of hair encircling the face, but a pure smile plays around the mouth, and imparts to the countenance that grace and loveliness for which all Leonardo's pictures are remarkable, and which afterwards became the rule and guide of the school of Correggio. What wonderful execution! and how magnificently painted! The evanescent breath of the expression seems to have been caught as it floated past, transferred at once to the canvas, and there worked out with just sufficient solidity to give it reality. When contemplating such pictures as those of Leonardo, we doubt the authenticity of many which bear his name, and what till now we had thought the highest model of objective excellence in painting, sinks into comparative inferiority. Yet how closely does the highest perfection border upon degeneracy! Although the works of Leonardo appear to be models of excellence, they contain the germ of that exaggerated foreshortening, distortion, and other mannerisms which reigned in the school of Michelangelo, on the one hand, and the charlatanism of the chiaroscuro, and the affected grace of the Lombards on the other. Painters have been misled, not only by a false idea of nature and truth, by imitating the antique, and copying forms and subjects not applicable to painting, but have even imbibed errors from the various theories of painting itself. I do not allude to those modern ideas, miscalled æsthetic, which, being destitute of both foundation and connexion, can have very little influence either for good or evil, but rather to old theories of art, of some of which Leonardo may be considered the parent.

The earliest of these theories related only to the mysteries of lineal perspective; the next embraced chiaroscuro or the perpective of colouring, and foreshortening or the perspective of figures; but the evils ensuing are to be attributed less to errors which may have crept into the working out of such theories than to the undue elevation of subordinate parts and mere accessories, and the neglect and disregard of high essential principles, and that divine signification which alone makes beauty truly beautiful, and gives ideality to the ideal. When beauty and ideality are spoken of without due reference to that symbolic meaning, the opinions maintained are but frivolous, scarcely more than empty repetitions of philosophical abstractions which, by genuine æsthetic writers, are little known or regarded. I shall notice, in conclusion, a picture by Perugino (No. 1167.), representing the mother of God in a glory of angels; St. Michael, St. John, St. Catherine, and St. Lucy stand below, praying with devout earnestness. The design is simple; but fervent devotion and heavenly love are represented with a radiant effulgence, to attain which should be the painter's highest object.

We thus found ourselves again in the modern capital of the world, as it is called, where social life whirls on in one unceasing round of pleasures and gaiety, beneath clouds of all-enveloping dust, till that element at length yields to the approach of winter, abandoning the well-known streets and thoroughfares to the no less agreeable dominion of heavy and unceasing rains.

How completely is this modern world shut out from all sense of the beautiful! The glorious works of art and beauty now assembled in Paris are enclosed in a few salons which offer a solitary retreat from the bustle of the day, where the silent mind, seeking to foster and cherish its finer sensibilities, may muse alone and undisturbed. In actual life they have now no longer place; luxury is the all-absorbing deity that governs the hasty revolutions of the fleeting day, amid an universal irregularity of existence, buildings, garments, and the ornamental refinements of life, interrupted only by the fantastic caprice of ever-varying fashion Will it then be ever thus? will not art at length usurp the place of fashion, and thus ennoble and influence our social life, as it once did among the Greeks, and, at a modern period, during

the reign of Catholicism in the middle ages? One single step alone seems to divide our now wondering astonishment at artistic creations from the true conception of beauty, as it has been handed down to us from ancient times; but that step is of vital importance, inasmuch as it must free us from the absorbing and overpowering influence of actual life. The painter may, indeed, seclude himself like a hermit or a philosopher in his cell, independent of all around him, and undisturbed by the concerns of the passing moment, may embody in lofty compositions his peculiar genius and character; but before any general reformation can be effected, it must be remembered that architecture is the basis and groundwork of all other imitative arts, and that no revival of art can take place until a grand improvement is seen in architectural designs, or till a more artistic style is adopted in our dwelling houses and public buildings. The general absence of all correct style, at this period, leaves us no ground to rest upon. The romantic style of the middle ages may indeed be adopted in a few country houses, as in England, where these miniature copies are seen in abundance; the materials exist, but the idea alone is wanting. We may yet erect churches in the glorious style of old Christian architecture, as rich in decoration, and perhaps even more beautifully executed than those of other days; but the spirit of the times leads rather to the desecration and neglect of all the ancient houses of God than to incurring the expense and labour of building and endowing others.

The remembrance of the glorious times of old, and the hope of a richer future, are all the present can give to art; but dwelling with these thoughts, apart from external influences, the knowledge of the beautiful may yet be guarded in some faithful hearts, and though no living chords may now respond to their's, time must at length give a new impulse to the soul, and sublimity and beauty once more become attainable.

TREATISE

ON THE

STUDY OF ROMANTIC POETRY.

Part I.

ON THE

POETICAL WORKS OF GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO.

1801.

In attentively perusing the Decameron, we not only admire the great versatility of the author's genius, combined as it is with an expert and decided hand in the management of details, but discover, besides a certain fixed design in plan and arrangement, a distinctly conceived and general ideality, framed and executed with judgment and intelligence. Where such clear intelligence is combined with an instinctive power over the mechanism of a work (this latter quality is frequently but incorrectly termed genius), the glorious apparition called art, which we venerate and welcome as a stranger visitant descending from loftier regions, springs at once into existence. Art is a created as well as a creative power, and under either aspect constitutes perfect organism. The artist, whose imagination dictates, or whose hand creates, has a personal history and characteristics of his own, which, as embodied in his works, it is the true province of the science called criticism to discover and define; a science, however, which is as yet in its infancy.

The origin of the thing created may justly be regarded as of paramount importance, and will indeed form the highest point of interest to all whose minds are sufficiently enlarged

to grasp the idea in its integrity, and comprehend that most glorious beauty which is ever *one* with truth.

Trifling as my present undertaking may appear to those who conceive that grandeur exists only in broad regular masses, there is, I am persuaded, nothing either insignificant or unimportant in thus pourtraying the characteristic peculiarities of an original genius, tracing the circumstances of his life, repeated, as it were, in the creations of his fancy, and impeding or promoting the development of his intellectual views. I shall make no attempt to conceal the points in which the genius of Boccaccio has failed in the accomplishment of its object, since even those failures are of value, as the necessary steps of approximation to what alone is true and perfect, and indicate the loftier eminence, which but for some imperfections of manner or arrangement he might have attained; in fact, a poet's genius is often as fully displayed and confirmed by his unsuccessful efforts, as in the most triumphant of his works.

In those works of Boccaccio which are generally and almost exclusively read, I trace a lofty poetic feeling, an artistic skill in design, grouping, and the characters and personages introduced, and am thus the more easily induced to study such compositions as are comparatively little known, believing that they also will bear witness to the touch of genius.

With the single exception of the Teseide, I have, I believe, procured every work mentioned by Marini, the commentator of the Decameron, although many of these are among the rarest treasures of literature.* There may very possibly be others still extant in Italian libraries, but this I have had no opportunity of ascertaining, neither have I been able to compare many different editions, nor to consult such literary and historical collections as might have given me information regarding them. My observations must, therefore, be confined entirely to the peculiar character of each work, as this is, in my estimation, the most important point to be considered.

The works of Boccaccio being numerous, and many, as I have before stated, sufficiently rare, a succinct account of those with which I am acquainted can scarcely fail to afford

* I am indebted to the obliging consideration of the Dresden librarian for my acquaintance with two of the rarest, the Urbano and the Amorosa Visione.

gratification to all true lovers of poetry; and as either from motives of curiosity, or for my own pleasure, I have read all through, once at least, and many of the best more frequently, I may thus make the time expended on their perusal as far as is possible of general use.

My own opinion of the genius and artistic feeling of Boccaccio will not perhaps be considered an unwelcome addition. Some of my readers may be induced to give a more favourable reception to those works of our poet which in general are least known and valued, if reminded that among the neglected works of Cervantes a Numantia is known to exist, and that many of the youthful compositions of Shakspeare have been, not merely neglected, but absolutely rejected. The simple reason is, that they are too far above the comprehension of ordinary minds to be appreciated by them, and when such persons presume to judge a poet, of whom they are unworthy even to speak, their criticism is unavoidably both captious and superficial, since, far from penetrating the full depth of his intention, they cannot even form the slightest conception of his meaning. Should the correctness of this analogy be disputed, it must at least be acknowledged that one work of any prolific author may, from certain favourable circumstances, obtain so great a preference above others that the latter, in the course of a few centuries, sink into total oblivion; still this popularity does not necessarily infer superior merit in the favoured work, and the authority of false critics, who arm themselves to censure and condemn, without historical science, or even a feeling for truth and beauty, is still less conclusive.

Any erroneous opinion once embraced by men of this stamp is repeated almost in the same words, and transmitted from generation to generation, perhaps for a thousand years. As, for example, the commonplace assertion that "a good orator can never be a poet." The prose writings of Boccaccio are most highly esteemed in Italy, and it is, therefore, supposed that this profound aphorism may with justice be applied to him.

I could not have acquiesced in the justice of this opinion even when I had read only the Decameron, for an author who is capable of writing lyric poetry with so much ease and grace as Boccaccio has done in the framework of that splendid work, must be endowed with a decided talent for poetry.

The truth or incorrectness of such an assertion will be best ascertained by further investigation.

Before going through the whole series of poems, it will, for many reasons, be advisable to give a slight abstract of the poet's life and history.

Boccaccio flourished at the period of the revival of Italian literature; when poetry had reached the zenith of its bloom, and the poems and tales of French and Provençal writers, either in the original language, or by means of translations and imitations, formed the favourite literature of the higher classes throughout all Europe. He was born in the year 1313, eight years before the death of Dante, and nine years later than Petrarch; his own death happened in 1374, in the same year as that of Petrarch.

He lived for his art alone, and even in early youth broke through the bonds in which his friends would have confined him, and spurned the citizen-like happiness a commercial life might have procured. His worldly position was consequently uncertain, and his circumstances generally poor; still he was employed by the Florentines on several important embassies, but appears to have been less highly favoured by the princes and nobles of his time than his illustrious contemporary Petrarch. As a lover, he offers a complete contrast to the sentimental tenderness of the great sonnet writer, and yet it may be most truly said of him that he lived for love alone. Remarkably handsome and well formed, he frequently recurs to this circumstance as if with pleasure, yet not so much from effeminate vanity as in the recollection of a youth agreeably spent. In his temperament a powerful tendency to voluptuousness was combined with a just and true estimation of the worth, character, and natural disposition of the object beloved. Notwithstanding his variable susceptibility, he failed not to exalt one object pre-eminently above all others; to her he gave the name of Fiammetta, and her character, the daring ardour of which is well expressed by that name, seems fully to have corresponded with his own, and with the boldness which first gained him favour in her eyes. Her true name was Maria; she was the natural daughter of King Robert of Naples, herself married to a man of rank, and the sister and friend of Joanna of Naples, whose unhappy fate she shared.

It was in Naples that Boccaccio first met Maria, and the influence of that luxurious region, heightened by the first impulses of youthful passion, had a powerful influence in developing the poetry of his delicate and sensitive temperament. Many of his earlier poems were written at the request of Maria; all have for their theme that beloved one, to whom in manhood, when long years had passed since the brief season of their happiness, he devoted a noble monument of love and poetic talent.

In considering the earlier works of Boccaccio, I shall first mention the Teseide and the Filostrato, and it should be remembered that all his compositions, even when no particular date is attached to them, bear sufficient internal evidence of their proper chronological order, in contemporary allusions, or historical circumstances; should the style of the work also be taken into consideration in fixing the period of its production, the difference between his earlier experiments and later works is so striking that each may without hesitation be assigned to its proper epoch.

The Filostrato, a romantic epic poem in stanzas (*ottava rima*), relates the modest history of the loves of the good Troilus and the virtuous Cressida, with the friendly intervention of the noble Pandarus, from whose character, as drawn by Shakspeare, every friend who lends his aid in promoting the happiness of lovers is called Pandarus, the name of the good Trojan having thus passed into a proverb. Shakspeare's treatment of this subject in his well-known drama* is generally considered somewhat different from that

* "Troilus and Cressida is the only play of Shakspeare which he allowed to be printed without being previously represented. It seems as if he here for once wished, without caring for theatrical effect, to satisfy the nicety of his peculiar wit, and the inclination to a certain guile, if I may say so, in the characterization. The whole is one continued irony of that crown of heroic tales, the tale of Troy. The contemptible nature of the origin of the Trojan war, the laziness and discord with which it was carried on, so that the siege was made to last ten years, are only placed in a clearer light by the noble descriptions, the sage and ingenious maxims with which the work overflows, and the high ideas which the heroes entertain of themselves and each other. Agamemnon's stately behaviour, Menelaus' irritation, Nestor's experience, Ulysses' cunning, are all productive of no effect; when they have at last arranged a single combat between the coarse braggart Ajax and Hector, the latter will not

of Boccaccio, yet the character of the tale is very nearly the same, in the first part especially. Both are remarkable for a subdued vein of irony, well sustained throughout, and accompanied by a certain delicate and refined humour. It is a tale, and yet nothing seems to happen; numerous arrangements and preparations are made, yet there is neither movement nor action; long conversations are held, full of heroic sentiments, finely expressed, yet all apparently lead to nothing. Still the very folly is amusing, and the ironical humour, the contrast between the grandeur of the language, inflated even to pomposity, and the roguishness concealed under it, has a peculiar charm. This refined grotesque is most conspicuous in Boccaccio, from the peculiar descriptiveness of the Italian language; but the wild and tragic catastrophe, so suddenly introduced at the termination, which in Boccaccio appears tame and unmeaning, is treated far more effectively by Shakspeare.

The language and versification are easy and unstudied; clear, flowing, and very agreeable, though not highly artistic in construction. One need not be an Italian to discover that the stanzas of Tasso and those of Ariosto, even when most careless and unstudied, are far more artistic. Yet I doubt whether the exceeding grace of the one, or the classic elegance of the other, could ever have produced this characteristic style of versification. May there not be instances in which the poet, with the highest image of perfection in his mind, and within his grasp, yet voluntarily returns to the

fight in good earnest, as Ajax is his cousin. Achilles is treated worst: after having long stretched himself out in arrogant idleness, and passed his time in the company of Thersites the buffoon, he falls upon Hector at a moment when he is defenceless, and kills him by means of his Myrmidons. In all this let no man conceive that any indignity was intended to the venerable Homer. Shakspeare had not the Iliad before him, but the chivalrous romances of the Trojan war, derived from Dares Phrygius. * * * * In a word, in this heroic comedy, where, from traditional fame and the pomp of poetry, everything seems to lay claim to admiration, Shakspeare did not wish that any room should be left, except, perhaps, in the character of Hector, for esteem and sympathy; but in this double meaning of the picture he has afforded us the most choice entertainment."— *A. von Schlegel's Dramatic Literature*, p. 419. [Although A. von Schlegel does not trace the origin of this play back to the Filostrato of Boccaccio, his opinion of it seems singularly in harmony with that of our author.— *Trans.*]

lively carelessness of his first experiments, concealing the main spirit of the work under the exterior garb of Parody? Whoever has read this delightful little poem, at a favourable moment, will certainly not desire to see any alteration in it. The versification, too, independently of its appropriateness to the subject, claims the merit of having rendered peculiar service to the art; for it may be confidently asserted that Bojardo, whose stanzas are almost equal in beauty to those of Ariosto, and certainly cannot have been copied from Pulci, was greatly indebted to his study of Boccaccio; the latter should therefore be considered the earliest master of that form of verse, although he may not, perhaps, be absolutely entitled to the honour of inventing it. These observations refer to the Italian stanza alone; in Provençal poetry it was adopted much earlier, and even in Italy, although the superior popularity of this work has given it the preference above others, it is not possible, by any fixed date of day or year, to decide which is chronologically the first.

It becomes then impossible to deny our author the gift of poetic genius, and to pronounce his attempts utterly valueless would immediately compel us to deny the merit of many other Italian poets, and assert that Petrarch alone ever succeeded in bringing rhyme and metre to perfection. Although some of the poems of Cervantes are constructed with considerable artistic skill, still they are but few in number, and forming our judgment in proportion to the rank assigned to Boccaccio, the admired versification of Ariosto at least, if not of Tasso also, will scarcely be allowed the name of poetry, and shrink into the mere triumph of mechanical skill. It must, however, be admitted that the construction of the stanza is far from perfect, and this makes it more difficult to estimate the precise importance of the service Boccaccio has rendered to poetry; still, even the formation of the stanza, however imperfect, cannot be passed over as of slight importance.

If it be thus possible, by refined and intellectual fancy, combined with gaiety and social mirth, to transplant into the sphere of heroic antiquity the ideas and manners of modern times, clothing them in the garb of rhyme and connecting with them the name of some far-famed classic hero, — a fiction, in which the principal events of the history itself are invented,

and though in antique, conventional costume, are yet modern in spirit and sense, must offer by far the most favourable subject for such an attempt. The entire poem forms a parody, and in the details gives great scope to the imagination, whilst the florid abundance of ornament preserves the poet from falling entirely into travestie. These considerations lead us to expect in the Teseide an unusual degree of excellence; it is a romantic poem in ottava rima, giving the history of certain love passages between two Theban warriors of the time of Theseus, Palemon and Arcite, and Emilia, the sister of that king. Of this I have seen only one copy, a bad prose version, edited by Granucci, in the latter part of the sixteenth century. It is scarcely possible, in such a version, to discover the character of the fable. It becomes a little more intelligible under the treatment of Chaucer, who has succeeded in catching the silent, but expressive irony of the original, particularly at the conclusion. In that part where Emilia, having duly mourned the death of one knight, immediately consents to a union with the other. This tale is characterised by a great and almost incredible degree of simplicity and ingenuousness. Many stories of a similar kind have been transmitted to us from the good old times, but we rarely meet with any so completely rustic as this. The events and their progress are the same in Chaucer as in Granucci, but the latter briefly mentions several characters, some allegorical, and others mere creatures of fancy, who, in Chaucer, are altogether omitted,—a proof of the rich development of Boccaccio's powers. Granucci also mentions, among the parts which in his ignorance he believed it expedient to retrench, many poetical fictions and Theban histories, borrowed from Statius. This circumstance indicates a marked difference between the Teseide and the Filostrato, which we should otherwise have expected to find very similar. It must have been highly esteemed long after the death of its author, since it was translated into Greek, as well as the history of Florio and Biancafiore and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. Boccaccio himself refers to it in his Decameron, where, in one of the interludes, it is said that Dioneo and Fiammetta sang the history of Palemon and Arcite.

The "Filopono," which is a prose romance of some length,

treating of various favourite histories of the middle ages, may appropriately take the next place: it has been translated into Spanish and German. In reading the Ameto, of which I shall presently speak, we are strongly inclined to regard it as the earliest prose romance of our poet; its exaggerated constrained manner seems to stamp it so strongly with the character of a first attempt; it is, however, clearly seen, by comparing the allegorical episode in Filopono with the personal allusions of the Ameto, that the latter belongs to a subsequent period. The Filopono resembles the Ameto, not in style alone, but also in the interlocution and the general treatment of the dialogue, which appears to be imitated with great vigour and energy from that of the Latin classic authors. There is, certainly, a striking contrast between the childish simplicity of this romantic fable and the studied manner of Filopono; we recognise, also, a propensity for combining things which in themselves are naturally discordant; as, for example, in the opening of the work, where Catholic ideas and opinions are clothed in the symbolism and language of classic mythology; Juno personifies St. Mary, Pluto Satan, &c. &c.: in the conclusion of the romance, written some years later, when Florio is described as embracing Christianity, he is made to abjure all heathen divinities, and more particularly the gods of Greece. This romance, however, has more the character of a first trial or experiment, than an entire and finished work. It may be described, in few words, as an attempt to elevate a simple romance into an heroic poem; a very worthy object, and a field in which the poet has few fellow labourers, except in one single instance, the "Persiles" of Cervantes, which is far more grandly conceived and more happily executed. This is my opinion of the "Filopono," yet it cannot be denied that the original fiction is much defaced if not entirely ruined.

The story of "Florio and Biancafiore," on which that tale was originally founded, is still extant in a German work, imitated from the French of Robert of Orleans* by an

* These poems stand first in two volumes of the Myllerischen collection, and they are learnedly criticised in Eschinburg's Memorials of old German Poetry. Another poetical version of this romantic tale has since appeared.

author who is styled in another poem, "Herr Fleche, the good Conrad." The story is as follows: two beautiful children, both born on the same day, are brought up together and instructed in poetry and all elegant accomplishments; their childish affection ripens unconsciously into love, and they cling to each other with all the fervent guileless sincerity of youth. The old king, displeased at their mutual attachment, sends his son to Mantua, and this measure proving ineffectual, afterwards sells Biancafiore to a stranger, who carries her to the court of the Sultan of Babylon; here, as would naturally be expected, her rare beauty leads to her confinement in a strong fortress, guarded by a cruel warder. Florio, returning home too late, is told that she is dead, and on being shown the splendid tomb erected by the old king to give colour to his deception, abandons himself to the most passionate grief. His mother at length reveals the truth to him, and he suddenly departs in quest of his beloved.* He soon happily succeeds in finding Biancafiore, and lives with her in concealed love and happiness, till being one day discovered with Biancafiore asleep in his arms, both are seized, cruelly bound, and led to execution. The sultan, touched by the spectacle of their resistless love and generous self-devotion, grants them life, and not only pardons Florio, but makes him his friend, and commands a splendid wedding banquet to be prepared. Messengers unexpectedly arrive during the feast, who bring Florio intelligence of his father's death, and urge him to return immediately, and ascend the throne of the deceased king. In conclusion Florio becomes a Christian, and lives

* In Boccaccio's version, Florio takes the name of Filopono, in reference to the hardships he so willingly undergoes, and which indeed he welcomes as most accordant with the burden of sorrow imposed upon his heart. The part in which this circumstance is mentioned can hardly be considered spurious, and it appears therefore to clear up the dispute concerning the name of the book, which has been corrupted into "Filocolo,"[1] and then into "Filocalo," as if derived from the Greek word καλος. The fact that the synonyme of the Greek name Filopono already exists in Caleone militates strongly against the adoption of Filocolo. Fiammetta's lover is named Caleone in our author's earlier poems; in the later, Pamphilo.

[1] Called by Sismondi Filocopo.

long and happily with Biancafiore, who in her thirty-first year gives birth to a daughter named Bertha, the same who subsequently became the wife of Pepin, and mother of Charlemagne, the most illustrious sovereign that ever reigned; and finally, being a hundred years of age, both die on the same day, and are laid in one grave. There are many striking features in the minor details, as, for instance, Florio's being conveyed into the seraglio concealed in a basket of roses, and his taking advantage of the cruel warder's taste for chess-playing to soften his rugged temper and win him to gentleness and indulgence. The tale forms, on the whole, a very lovely and tranquil romance, of great simplicity and beauty, with few incidents and but little dramatic action, and requiring to be narrated without any meretricious ornaments or allurements. How remarkable is the contrast between this simple fiction and the classical style adopted by Boccaccio, the numerous inferior personages and events introduced, the prolixity which naturally ensues, and finally the crowd of allegorical episodes!

One of the most prolix of these episodes is nevertheless very curious and interesting, as it appears to contain the germ of the Decameron. It describes a society of persons who amuse themselves, in the old romantic manner, with discussing subtle questions or topics relating to love, —"Questions d'amour," as they are called: both question and answer being usually given in the form of some slight but appropriate tale. In this romance also, as may well be supposed, we recognise Fiammetta. Boccaccio's descriptions of feminine persons and attire are always superlatively excellent; here

* "Filocopo, certo tal nome assai meglio ch' alcun altro mi si confà, et la ragion perche, la vi dicò. Filocopo è da dui greci nomi cōposto, da philos, et da copos, philos in greco tāto uine a dire in nostra lingua quāto amatore, et copos in greco similmente tāto in nostra lingua resulta quāto fatica, onde cōgiunto insieme, si po dire, amator di fatica, et in cui più che in me fatiche d' amore siano al presente nō so . . . . . Piacque a tutti l' auiso di Florio, et lo nuovo nome, e cosi dissero da quell' hora innāzi chiamarlo infino a tanto che la loro fatica terminata fosse con gratioso adēpimēto del loro disio." (From *Il Filocopo*, libro quarto, published at Venice, 1575.)— *Trans.*

"Florio aggiunge a Napoli, dove raccolto dalla Fiammetta e da *Galeone*, nome finto del Boccaccio, è da loro notabilmente intratenuto." (*Filocopo*, libro quinto, p. 186.)— *Trans.*

he especially extols her dark brilliant eyes, and describes the impression they produced upon his heart.

An author is not always the most competent judge of the value of his own compositions, and it frequently happens that a work may be most decidedly unsuccessful, without his being in any degree aware of the failure. He alone can appreciate the grandeur of his aim, the earnest struggle of his genius, and thus is frequently led to attach peculiar value to a favourite production, and judging it from his own standard, to estimate it far too highly. It seems, therefore, quite possible that Boccaccio himself may have valued the Filopono very highly, preferring it even to the Decameron: he certainly bestowed infinitely more labour upon it than on the latter.

The subjects introduced as episodes into the Filopono form the sole contents of the Ameto, which is an allegorical romance throughout. It is founded on the circumstance of a rude shepherd hind being elevated and ennobled by the creative power of love, and is related in the usual style of such pastoral tales. The manner of this transformation, however, is no further developed; the chief portion of the interest being sustained by seven women, whose persons and attire are elaborately described. Each of these women gives in turn an account of her family and descent, her fate in life, and especially the history of her first and earliest love, concluding with a hymn in terza rima, addressed to some goddess of antiquity. Ameto himself is merely a silent spectator. The incidents in the tale are few and unconnected, and the book opens and concludes with a few general observations on the passion of love. Still there is an individual truth in the histories related, which stamps each character with reality, and would alone, without any previous information, convince the reader that the poet intended to describe his own personal friends. All, however, finally fade into allegory, and are made to personify the four earthly and three heavenly virtues. The histories are clothed in the garb of mythology, and Catholic ideas are presented under this old mythical language, as in the opening of Filopono. The family and descent of each lady is dwelt upon as of great importance, and wherever it is possible, a history of her native country or city is superadded. Both in style and

language it strongly resembles the most valuable histories of the ancients. The characteristic features, above noticed, will convey some idea of the unusual construction of this romance. The form of the verse is irregular, and the periods confused; it wants the graceful vivacity of his sonnets and canzonets, and although treating entirely of classical subjects in antique language and imagery, is very deficient in vigour and interest, and appears in general tame and insipid. The prose, on the contrary, is admirable, and in some parts incomparably beautiful. Many of the tales would bear comparison in point of style with the best in the Decameron. The character of Dioneo is, perhaps, the most striking among those of the lovers here portrayed, and the peculiar decision and partiality with which it is drawn, will stamp it indelibly on the mind of every reader. In describing the persons and appropriate allegorical attire of the women, Boccaccio has almost surpassed himself. It would be difficult in any other romantic poet, Cervantes alone excepted, to find descriptions of attire at all comparable to these, from the rich painter-like skill with which they are imagined.

It will be easily supposed that Fiammetta is not absent from this company of noble and lovely dames: she personifies Hope, and is described as clad in green robes, with a bow and arrow in her hand; her head-dress is of gold and pearls, surmounted by a garland of red and white roses. She relates the daring boldness through which her lover won her favour. Though far beneath her in birth and station, they had frequently met and conversed, but never alone, nor had he ever had an opportunity of declaring his passion, until once, during the absence of her husband, he found means to conceal himself in her apartment, armed only with a dagger and his own dauntless spirit; then discovering himself to her, he revealed his love, the history of its origin and growth, declaring that should she refuse to listen to him he was firmly resolved to die by his own hand, and in her presence. Their conversation, Fiammetta's astonishment and secret emotion; his earnest, irresistible pleadings,—all are depicted with such vivid truth and glowing eloquence that we feel no surprise when the ardour of his impassioned affection at length triumphs over every obstacle. Boccaccio has introduced this same adventure, with some slight alterations, into

another of his tales, and frequently recurs to it with evident pleasure and delight.

A date in the story of Emilia proves the Ameto to have been written later than the year 1340; it must therefore be numbered among the latest youthful efforts of our poet. Leah seems from her position to be the chief personage among the seven: she personifies Faith, and is already known by Dante having made her the symbol of Contemplation. *

The symbolism of Dante exercised as powerful an influence on Boccaccio as on Petrarch, drawing both poets completely out of their own proper sphere. To the unhappy operation of this reverence for a superior but dissimilar genius, we owe the "Amorosa Visione" a poem in terza rima, containing merely a simple allegory of happiness and love, into which nearly all the erotic poetry of the ancients is interwoven; but this treatment does not produce the effect of novelty, and rather justifies the unfavourable opinion usually entertained of Boccaccio's poetical talent. If the Trionfi of Petrarch be considered as an unsuccessful imitation, what can be said of the Visione, ranking as it does so far below the Trionfi? it is, indeed, the only work of Boccaccio's which it cost me great determination and self-command to read to the end. Most of the allegorical personages mentioned in the Ameto, and with whom we are already acquainted, are repeated here. One surprisingly ingenious contrivance deserves notice: the initial letters of each tezzetto, throughout the poem, form a kind of preface, consisting of two sonnets to Fiammetta, and one canzonet, addressed to the reader.

The Decameron ranks first among the productions of Boccaccio's manhood, both from its internal character, and the period at which it was written; the first part appeared in 1355, at which time Boccaccio was forty years of age. The plot is an imitation of the Urbano: in the latter romance numerous unfortunate fatalities occur, ending in a satisfactory adjustment and general happiness. The treatment resembles that of the grand serious novels in the Decameron, except that the Urbano is somewhat more developed, and ought therefore to gain rather than lose by the compari-

* Venturi, in his notes on Dante, canto second, explains Rachel to be the symbol of contemplative, and Leah of active life; the prototypes of Mary and Martha in the New Testament. — *Trans.*

son. We might question whether our author intended to commence with one single experiment before treating the great mass of his novels, or designed and carried out at once his general outline to develope it more fully afterwards. The former supposition appears the most probable, as in the latter case the difference in details would have been more striking, and the design itself more remarkable in scope. I should rather cite the Ninfale Fiesolano as an instance of one single story worked up into an independent tale of poetic form, embracing the favourite cycle of mythological ideas and costume, and I am confirmed in this opinion, by the fact that the story of Africo and Menzola may clearly be recognised as forming the groundwork of the Ninfale. It is a long and pleasing poem, vigorous and animated; the only example to be found of a versified novel, or a romantic epic poem in such small compass. Boccaccio here confirms by his example what Cervantes and Shakspeare have already proved; that a single original subject may be rendered sufficiently interesting, and that it is not necessary to combine a whole Flora of tales into a romantic banquet or symposium; yet, in the Decameron this is so beautifully done, that it seems to stand above the restraint of all ordinary rules, an enduring example for succeeding authors. The language of this poem has more freedom and elevation than usual, yet the stanza retains all its original grace and vivacity. We might even compare it to the poetical style of Poliziano, in those famous stanzas of his from which Ariosto learned so much for his own versification: the free flight and antique vigour of the style are unrivalled in later Italian poetry.

The "Labyrinth of Love, or the Scourge," appeared, as we judge from a certain indication in the body of the work, nearly at the same time as the "Decameron." The plot is well contrived, and the style excellent; yet the peculiar favour with which this work has been regarded may be partly attributed to the circumstance that it is, as announced by the title, a sufficiently decided satire on the female sex. It is mentioned under this title as a most famous book, and introduced, among other old poems, in the Spanish Cançionero. The author, speaking in the poem in his own person, relates, that having been unfortunate in love, and even scornfully rejected by the object of his passion, he had formed

the design of destroying himself: his internal conflict, and long meditations and reflections are fully described, till at length he becomes so far tranquillised, that he resolves again to enter the society of his fellows and taste the pleasures of social existence. Still further soothed by this determination, he once more sleeps calmly, and sees a vision, from which, as may easily be imagined, the poem takes its title, "The Labyrinth of Love." In his vision, he meets with an aged man, no mythical figure, but, on the contrary, the deceased husband of the scornful lady. The old man has no ideal notions of woman-worth, and gives the lover so ample and detailed an account of all the imperfections, physical and mental, with which the lady of his love is burdened, that his passion is effectually subdued, and himself restored to reason. General invectives against the sex appear to be necessary accompaniments of the subject; yet personal revenge, of which Boccaccio, under such circumstances was undoubtedly very susceptible, had probably the greatest share in its origin.

Boccaccio's "Life of Dante" is extremely valuable, not only as a memoir of that great poet, but from the manly eloquence of the style; it must not, however, be judged simply as biography, since it was rather a discourse addressed to the Florentines, an apology or defence of their exiled poet. That it accomplished its object is best proved by the fact, that Boccaccio was afterwards retained by the republic to give lectures on the works of Dante.

Boccaccio's general opinion of Dante is somewhat remarkable. He holds his poetry to be the material veil, the earthly garb enveloping things invisible and divine, and therefore considers it a kind of Theology, more intelligible and pleasing than the science to which that name is usually given. Yet Boccaccio certainly does not understand the term Allegory in the same lofty sense which his acquaintance with the ancients, and with Dante himself, would lead us to expect; but rather indicates by this title the empty symbolic discourses of mere teachers of morality. Still the old idea of poetry, as conceived by Boccaccio, is indeed a deeply rooted and productive principle, and has far more reality than the hollow notions imbibed from foreigners, and which, insipid and soulless as they are, self-styled critical

philosophers have elevated into a science, and stamped with the title of Æsthetics. I mean those very barren ideas which lead to representations in which no idea of nature is existing, and conceptions of beauty in which the idea of divinity or spirituality has no part.

We meet with similar opinions on the subject of poetry in Boccaccio's later works on Ancient Mythology, which however do not lie within our sphere at present; neither can we notice those on the History of Philology, and the reproduction of ancient literature. I cannot refrain from mentioning, that in drawing up these later works, he appears to have been greatly influenced by the writings and example of Petrarch, whom he regarded with unbounded reverence. There is also in all his learned works a remarkable tendency to promote the revival of ancient mythology, and give new life and vigour to the promulgation of its symbolism. The same design forms the groundwork of his poetry, as may be seen in many instances, when old fables and the attributes of the heathen gods are unsuccessfully applied, and still more in the idea which he, in common with many other poets of the old school, boldly conceived, of framing from the allegorical materials of their own time a new and peculiar sort of mythology. A fertile idea, in the attempt to execute which many great masters of modern poetry were wrecked.

I have still to speak of the "Fiammetta," that wonderful tribute of affection which Boccaccio, when in the zenith of his intellectual powers and poetic gifts, dedicated as an undying memorial to the glory of his youth's beloved. It is a novel in several books, or rather discourses, in which Fiammetta speaks in her own person, depicts her brief happiness in glowing colours, and the sudden separation by which it was too early blighted. This, however, is but the commencement of the book, the chief part of which relates to her grief at that separation; her longing passionate regret, which is fondly dwelt upon, with all the wayward follies into which her suffering betrayed her. The distracting jealousy, in the midst of which hope nevertheless dawned upon her heart, rising higher and higher, till just as she seemed to reach the summit, it proved but a delusion and deceit: then as time passed on and she received no tidings of

her beloved, the sorrow which oppressed her became daily more intense and deeply rooted, till at length resigning herself to hopeless despair, she lived on in the silent anguish of eternal grief. There are few incidents in this novel, few personages or characters are introduced; everything is largel, imagined and taken in a general and universal sense. It is love, and only love. The entire work is inter-penetrated with longing love, mournful complainings, and concealed but passionate and fervent affection. Even the charm which might be derived from an imitation of the feminine style in writing is disdained as unworthy the grandeur of this elegy, which might be laid as an offering on the altar of love, with the sonnets of Petrarch, and the finest poems of antiquity.

As I dare not anticipate that every one who believes himself capable of deciding on the lofty beauty of a fine and delicate subject, simply worked out, will coincide with me in my opinion of the merit of any work so entirely subjective, I will merely speak of it in reference to the style, which stamps it, in the opinion of every intelligent reader, as one of the finest productions of our author. One uniform tone is preserved throughout; the charm of variety in language, manner, and colouring, is disdained. Cervantes, from the flexibility of his prose writings, and the rich use he makes of light and shade, every change of which seems but to wait his bidding to give expression and grandeur to his style, and prove at the same time the elevation to which he could raise it at pleasure, is a far more fascinating writer than Boccaccio, even in the "Decameron." Yet I must assert, without prejudice or partiality, that although Cervantes is decidedly the greatest, perhaps with the exception of Boccaccio the only, prose writer of the Romantic era, we find nothing in his works at all comparable to the "Fiammetta," in the lofty beauty and internal perfection and development of the style. It may be affirmed, without exaggeration, that the most graceful and exquisite passages of the "Decameron" appear but as distant echoes and aspirations when compared with the expressive excellence of that work. If the most exalted characteristics of modern poetry were not so often forgotten and denied, it would not be necessary to enter into a critical disquisition on this noble example of the simplest yet highest development of the poetic art.

Boccaccio attained this excellence in the formation of his style one year only after producing the "Ameto." Still, nothing disproves the possibility of the "Fiammetta" having been written earlier than the "Decameron," and there are no external indications to guide us in forming a conclusive opinion. Whether it be placed prior to or after the "Decameron," in point of time, there can be no question that his genius as a poet, and the perfection of which his style was susceptible, must be estimated from this work, which is in every particular so strikingly elegant and refined.

To attempt to describe the "Decameron" would be superfluous, and my preceding observations on other works of Boccaccio will make the framework or setting of that romance incomparably more intelligible to those whose acquaintance with his productions is confined to this work only; for his favourite method of interweaving a garland of lovely tales, with a well-grounded and almost geometrically arranged picture of his familiar circle, may be traced in various gradations throughout all his earlier works. The characteristics of the "Novelle" must be sought in each separate tale, for each has its own specific distinct character and peculiar stamp; and as many among them have been imitated or remodelled by masters of importance, their imitations must be compared with the treatment of Boccaccio himself, and this if possible at the source which we very often can neither find nor have means of possessing. Every poetical version, or other artistic alteration of a tale, leads to endless diversity of narration, yet some original features must be left, from which the foreign treatment is easily discerned, whether it be in harmony with the groundwork or not. It would be very advantageous to our theory to trace one single novel through the whole course of various remodellings and alterations which it may have undergone; but I must not here venture on so discursive an attempt, it being my intention to confine myself to the study of one single master. It may not, however, be irrelevant to the subject to point out in few words such general characteristics of that branch of literature as may lead to the establishing a correct idea of its requirements. The method I shall pursue for the attainment of my object will perhaps be thought somewhat singular. In the first place, I shall consider the productions of that poet, who

may justly claim the distinction of having been the first inventor of the novel and the founder of that style, and seek, by examining his works, to find a clue to the individual peculiarities of the entire family.

We cannot hope to trace a poet's general character with any degree of correctness, until we have discovered his true place in that circle of art of which he forms but an isolated member. His compositions must be carefully compared with such others as appear to be the basis of any cycle of art; and an individual who understands the general spirit which ought to animate a novel, and is not deficient in earnest and serious study, will have no reason to complain of want of success in his experiment, nor will he find it a difficult task to trace the outward representation back to its origin, and discover its source and internal organisation. I allude to this merely as indicating the sort of mental acquiescence which I must bespeak for the following remarks.

It is undoubtedly true that Dante, the seer and inspired priest of nature, the enlightened poet of Catholic faith and knowledge, rose far above the usual limits of Italian genius, and stands, as it were, removed from all comparison with other poets of his nation. Therefore, in contemplating the poetry of that country under one general aspect, and allowing what I have here merely assumed to be known and acknowledged, because the proof of its correctness would require to be too deeply investigated, and carry me too far from my present purpose, in tracing the general development of Italian poetry, so great a poet as Dante ought not to be included in our retrospect.

Guarini also is more free from nationality than most other poets of his country. The object he seeks to attain is far different from theirs; ideal beauty is his only aim, and this he seeks, not in the highest artistic perfection, nor in the incomparable depth and ease of his delineations, but rather in antique inspiration, and the full burst of harmony. To this source we may trace his classical grace and elegance, and the harmonious power of his language and arrangement. In whatever estimation his subjects may be held, he certainly stands alone in regard to style, and has neither prototype nor imitator among the Italian poets. The beautifully classic

language of Tasso is of a different character, and distinctly belongs to the elements of romantic love and grace. Even his imitations of classic idylls are in the same tone, and though his beautiful style is unalloyed by any intermixture of national peculiarities, the element of antique beauty is less predominant in him than in Guarini.

It is not thus with Ariosto, Petrarch, and Boccaccio: they all bear alike the strongest marks of the national characteristic, stamped in features never to be mistaken; their manner and versification have been adopted, indeed, as national, and are distinctly seen in all the old poetry of that country. Italian literature seems filled up by a countless host of imitators, some among whom have a certain degree of merit, although inferior to their prototypes, in whom we find the germ of Ariosto, and sometimes even of Petrarch. Yet the same fact is apparent both in the predecessors and followers of any particular master, namely, that they differ only in the degree of artistic feeling and cultivation.

I consider Dante, Italian as he is, and betrays himself to be by his mannerisms in style and expression, to be removed quite out of the sphere of their ordinary national poetry by his vast comprehensive genius and poetical invention. Guarini is also, as it were, an episode in Italian national poetry, the peculiar characteristics of which are best defined by a reference to the style of Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Ariosto. The language of Tasso appears to me almost perfect, pure from any national peculiarities, and not confined within the conventional limits of romantic beauty. He does not, however, attain the same height of excellence in the extent and importance of details.

The sonnets of Petrarch, if examined with the eye of taste, strike us most vividly from the super-excellent and wondrous objective art employed in the treatment of themes so entirely and remarkably subjective. The beauty and harmony of both arrangement and material appear to depend on the objective and subjective tendency being combined in due proportions: together with that exquisite skill in mechanism and imagery which each Italian poet so earnestly strove to attain. In Petrarch, both are harmoniously blended. Ariosto leans rather to the side of objective clearness. Boccaccio's works, on the contrary, are remark-

able for their strong subjective tendency. If this peculiarity is not to be regarded as a fault, but rather as in accordance with direct principles of art, requiring an author either to describe his own personal feelings with the greatest possible truth and intensity, or else to transfuse them, as it were, into his imaginative works, revealing them, through the medium of mysterious yet intelligible images, the Fiammetta must be allowed to possess all these properties in the greatest brilliancy and perfection; and if our idea of the character of the novel be formed in reference to this tendency of the painter's genius, we shall gain a fixed central point from whence to form a judgment of all his works, which will then be considered, not as arbitrary experiments, vacillating and wavering between both elements, or striving ineffectually to unite them, but as preparatory works, approximating more or less to the true ideal of the novel, as embodied in the Fiammetta.

A romance must indeed be entirely personal, subjective in design and intention, conveying indirectly, and almost symbolically, the deepest individual feelings and peculiarities of the author. I could easily multiply examples in support of this assertion, and would ask, in the first place, why among the novels of Cervantes, when all are so exquisite, do some appear so much more beautiful than others? By what magic are our hearts sometimes touched, and our souls exalted to the perception of a wondrous and unanticipated beauty, except by the strong individuality and personal feeling which pierces, almost unconsciously as it were, through the language of fiction, and the veil of poetic feeling; or because the singular ideas therein expressed are employed to convey such opinions of his own, as from their personality and profoundness could scarcely have been imparted under any other form. Why does the Romeo of Shakspeare stand so far above all the other dramas of that poet, except that in the first delighted gush of youthful passion and enthusiasm he deemed that work a fitting shrine for the outpouring of his emotion, with which the entire poem thus became filled and interpenetrated. No particular dissertation can be necessary to prove that such indirect revelations of personal feeling are in many instances far more affecting and appropriate than its undisguised expression in simple lyric effusions, and the slight mystery en-

veloping the sentiment invests it with a higher charm. The novel is in the same manner peculiarly fitted for similar mysterious allusions to the subjective feeling and personality of love, because, though objective in style and formation, dwelling circumstantially on descriptions of character and costume, it nevertheless gives a general view of the manners and sentiments of that refined society, to which it owes its origin, and which has ever been its peculiar home. Thus, too, it rose into existence in the age of chivalry, when religion and refinement of manners constituted the essential elements of society in the noblest portion of Europe. These peculiar features belong to the character of the romance itself. It is an anecdote, a history as yet unknown, and related, as one might in society relate a tale, the interests of which centers entirely in itself, without any reference either to time, national feeling, or the progress of humanity, and the degree of civilisation. It is a history, which, strictly speaking, belongs not to history, and which, even in its birth, brings with it into the world a foundation for irony. The interest of the narration rests entirely on its form and treatment, which ought to be generally recognised as pleasing or remarkable, and the skill and art of the narrator should soar proportionately higher, because the charm of the narration depends on his style and treatment. The interest may be kept up, and the listener amused by any agreeable trifle, an anecdote, or even less than an anecdote, and every other thought being completely excluded by the rich inventive faculty of the author, his readers not only yield themselves willingly to the pleasing deceit, but enter with genuine interest into the details of the most trifling events. Many of the tales in the Decameron belong to this class, those especially in the later Florentine portion, which are little more than fanciful inventions. The Licenciado Vidriera, of Cervantes, is by far the most beautiful and intellectual tale of this description. But, as in good society, people are usually disposed to listen with pleasure to any trifling anecdote, if the manner of the narrator be refined, polished, and agreeable, so the germ and origin, both of the novel and of these lesser productions, is the same. Still, charming as the peculiar humour of the author may be, a constant repetition of the same theme would soon produce weariness instead of pleasure. There-

fore, when the first bloom of invention is exhausted, a judicious author frequently selects some already familiar point in history, and so transforms it by his manner of relating, that it becomes invested with all the grace of novelty: a number of appropriate themes will immediately present themselves to his mind, all of an objective character, and more or less interesting; but in selecting one from their number, he must be guided by his own subjective or personal inclination, which will undoubtedly lead him to prefer those which refer with a greater or less perfect expression to his peculiar feelings and circumstances. How, indeed, would it be possible to listen with attentive interest to any narrator, supposing his histories to be devoid of internal connexion, either with history or mythology, unless he inspire us with some dawning interest in himself personally? We too frequently see this natural property of the novel entirely overlooked and disregarded, while an attempt to give the highest finish possible to the work entirely destroys that essential element of art, which I should style symbolism, since through its medium the subjective or personal feeling of the author reveals itself in its fullest power and intensity. By whatever name this property may be designated, it will always be distinctly and decidedly recognised as the highest point of excellence in romance or novel writing.

At this point the question naturally arises, as to which of Boccaccio's novels contains the fullest measure of personal and individual feeling. I should undoubtedly mention the history of Africo and Menzola; the Ninfale Fiesolano; the influence of love softening and bringing to perfection the rude masculine vigour of youth — a glowing ardent voluptuousness, and undisguised sense of enjoyment — happiness too quickly interrupted by sudden separation — the anguish of parting — the passionate sorrow of the lovers, and their impetuous and impatient wish for death. These are everywhere the characteristic ideal features of Boccaccio's love.

Many other novels in the Decameron will however become more expressive and intelligible, if associated with our recollections of the Fiammetta, or even Corbaccio.

The poetry of the new era was, at its commencement, necessarily wild and untrained, that original and natural fount, that exhibition of the divine agency whence it derives

its immediate idea of nature and inspiration, being either effectually sealed, or at best but scantily effused; so differences of rank and station produced a variety of literature suited to all classes. Romances, heroic tales of war, the legend, so often poetically treated; lives of saints for devotional reading, and novels in the new poetical style, composed expressly for the refined society of the highest circles.

A novel, if neither political nor social, is an original tale; and if it is occasionally otherwise such instances must be regarded as permitted, perhaps necessary, but still at the same time isolated exceptions; consequently, for prose-histories, the style of Boccaccio appears the most natural and congenial that could be adopted. These remarks are by no means intended to censure the dramatising of any novel that seems to offer materials for that purpose; but it may secure to him who has been the subject of this critique his well-merited fame as inventor and originator of that branch of literature.

Part II.

NOTICE OF A FEW RARE ITALIAN AND SPANISH WORKS.—OBSERVATIONS ON CAMOENS, AND PORTUGUESE POETRY IN GENERAL, WITH A REVIEW OF THE PROVENÇAL MSS. AT PARIS.

An attachment to foreigners, and a desire to visit distant countries, seems like an innate and almost instinctive impulse implanted in the German character: the beauty of the South, especially, has for the German an irresistible fascination; proud in the consciousness of his own serious feeling and northern vigour, his heart nevertheless yearns for every haunt of beauty in those lovely lands as for its ancient home.

This passion is co-existent with the history of the Teutonic race; prompted by this feeling, hosts of German warriors overran the southern provinces of the old Roman empire: this impulse in the Middle Ages fettered Germany to Italy, and finally, in the time of the Crusades, prompted their attempt to subjugate the East.

So many changes have since occurred in the political life

of the German nation, which now seems tempered into a sort of tranquil equilibrium, that this discursive inclination is by necessity confined in the present day within the province of science and the arts, — a realm in which no limits arrest the progress of the human mind, or check its natural thirst for conquest and dominion.

Their inquiring spirit consequently expends itself in a restless yet laudable activity, ever seeking with unwearied diligence to bring to light new sources of truth and beauty, to discover the neglected treasures of other nations, and reproduce them, in new vigour and animation, as incorporated elements of their native literature. If Germans persevere in the course they have hitherto adopted, all the literary treasures of other lands will ere long be associated with their own.

This feeling and spirit leads us to attach much value to the labours of a few excellent poets, whose chief occupation it has long been to transplant into their own soil the flowers of Italian and Spanish poetry, the blooming freshness and beautiful imagery of that highly-finished versification appearing peculiarly fitted to brighten and adorn the stern northern genius of our old German poetry. Still these efforts will never lead to a successful issue without a fundamental knowledge of that lovely branch of southern verse pre-eminently styled Romantic. Our best poets and most learned men are, it is true, well acquainted with both Italian and Spanish poetry, yet many blanks remain to be filled up, and many deficiencies to be supplied. I shall first notice a few of the most remarkable treasures contained in the Bibliothèque Royale at Paris, which will naturally lead to a closer investigation of the character and subject of the materials there existing, and enable us to form a more correct estimate of their relative value and importance.

Portuguese poetry being in general but little known, I propose to dwell with particular attention upon its history, and carefully to examine all such specimens as I have here been able to meet with. The source and origin of Romantic poetry, which may be traced back to the later Latin, will not, of course, be neglected in these researches; and in order at least to open the way for further study of Romantic and Provençal poetry, I shall subjoin a few observations on such ma-

terials contained in this library as will be likely to afford assistance in the prosecution of such an undertaking.

I must notice, in the first place, one extremely rare poem of Boccaccio — "The Teseide" — and thus supply the blank which, being then unable to obtain access to the original, I was compelled to leave unfilled in the preceding account of Boccaccio and his works. Misled by Granucci's version, Chaucer's adaptation, and, above all, by Boccaccio himself, and his treatment of the Filostrato, I then attempted, from conjecture, to form an ideal scheme of the work, which I now find to require some slight emendations. It seems natural enough to class the Teseide and Filostrato together, both being narrative poems in ottava rima, both romantic love-tales, the incidents of both laid in an early period, and both productions of the poet's youth. Yet they are widely distinct in character; we do not recognise in the Teseide the graceful lightness and sportive irony with which the love passages of Troilus and Cressida are related. The Teseide is serious throughout, occasionally dry and tedious, and its most beautiful passages belong rather to the tragic style. In fact, the value of this work consists in its rarity, and its fame is consequently rather disproportionate to its actual poetic merit. It certainly is not one of Boccaccio's happiest efforts, and scarcely repays the trouble of labouring through it.

The romances of Boccaccio are unquestionably the most valuable of his works; yet our admiration ought not to be confined to the "Decameron," but should extend also to the "Filipono," and the still more surprising "Ameto," both of which appear to be expressive experiments in art, preparing the way for grander compositions in the loftiest historical style. The design of the "Fiammetta," although so short a work, is more remarkable than either, and its style the most perfect.

An acquaintance with these different schemes or experiments is not merely useful and appropriate, but even indispensably necessary; for if the spirit of old romance, in all its rich abundance, becomes more widely diffused among us, imaginative histories, reproduced in all their multiplied variety and peculiar forms, may yet bring back, in its earlier beauty, the spring-time of romance and love.

The history of every art is an integral subject, and no branch of it ought to be treated singly; it is not, therefore, sufficient

merely to relate the personal history of any artist of active and comprehensive genius, nor to trace the progress of his most perfect creations through preceding experiments, and thus discover its due connexion with all those earlier efforts: the influence it exercised on his later works, and its relation with after-times, must also be considered; for the intrinsic character of any composition, and the rank it holds in the entire series, stand in the closest possible connexion. The position occupied by Boccaccio among later Italian poets is directly opposed to that of Petrarch.

The later poetry of the Italians might, like their painting (and, perhaps, even with more justice), be divided into the Florentine and Lombard schools. The latter comprehends Ariosto, Tasso, Guarini, and other poets, or friends of poetry, assembled in the court of that famous Duke of Ferrara, whose noble patronage of art has been immortalised by Goethe in his "Torquato Tasso." In the Florentine school I number Poliziano, Pulci, Lorenzo de' Medici, and others resembling them in style and character. The poetry of this school was infinitely more lofty in its tendency than that of the Lombards, yet it never fulfilled the grandeur of its intention, and, consequently, has never enjoyed an equal degree of fame. The difference of style forms the most remarkable distinction between those schools. The former chose for their model Petrarch's ideal beauty of language, while the severe, bold manner of the Florentines has more affinity with Boccaccio, whose style harmonises fully with the serious and even harsh character of his nation. The language of Petrarch, on the contrary, is framed almost entirely after foreign examples.

A collection of the poetic works of Michelangelo excited great interest in my mind from the grand genius of the man himself; yet the poems do not fulfil the anticipations of lofty, bold originality to which that name gives birth. Few among them bear the stamp of peculiar genius, and some scarcely rise above mediocrity.

This collection is edited by a nephew and namesake of that great artist. It contains but few canzonets, the poems being chiefly sonnets and madrigals; the latter differ slightly from those of Guarini, and of most other Cinquecentisti; the language is frequently more bold and original, but less polished.

The first productions of Spanish, or (to speak more properly in reference to earlier times) of Castilian poetry, are very simple. Ballads seem to present the distinctive national feature of poetic art, and their tender accent and musical cadence is accompanied by a witty play upon words, quite peculiar to that people, and which could scarcely be equalled in any other language. Tales of chivalry and knight-errantry form the next distinctive feature of Spanish literature. The "Amadis" is, perhaps, the most worthy of attention, not on account of the superior beauty of the style alone, but as having given rise — at least I may say so of Spain — to numerous chivalric compositions of a similar kind. This style of romantic fiction, however, originated with the French Trouvères, though, like many other materials emanating from the same source, it owed its first regular construction to the Italians, Germans, or Spanish. The musical and lyric spirit of old Castilian poetry adapted itself with peculiar facility to the character of the metrical romance, and traces of these early ballads are recognised in many later works, in many romances, and in the Don Quixote. I may mention here that Cervantes had projected a serious chivalric romance, which he never completed.

Simple, indeed, were the first elements of Spanish poetry; ballads, and tales of chivalry, both, too, of the least complicated form. How great a contrast to the studied and comprehensive character of the poetry of Italy, which even from its birth aspired at universal dominion; all the learning of the time, poetry and music, history and philosophy, being as it were bound up with it in perpetual union.

At a subsequent period, however, the Italians retreated within the circle of a severe nationality, and were either content to adopt what earlier poets had borrowed from the Provençal, or they themselves ventured on the hazardous experiment of imitating classical antiquity.

It was not thus with Castilian poetry; extending on every side, it incorporated with itself foreign forms and stranger charms, combining the most various romantic elements, until its glowing and fanciful creations at length expanded, like flowers of perfect brilliancy, clad in every varied hue.

The early Castilians unquestionably borrowed certain peculiar forms of versification and construction from the Provençal and Valencian poets; still their influence was but of trifling

extent, and soon altogether ceased to operate. It is not easy to decide exactly how much Castilian poets may have copied from the Portuguese, except in that branch of prose dramas or dramatic romances of which the "Celestina," so highly esteemed even by Cervantes, affords the finest example; and although the Italian measure employed by Boscan and Garcilasso undoubtedly had a permanent influence on the Spanish style, appearing, indeed, to constitute an essential element of the best works of Cervantes and Calderon, still its operation must be considered subordinate in comparison with that of the old romances, the introduction of which soon gave a distinctive tone and character to Spanish poetry.

The assonance*, which a nation so musical and of such delicate taste naturally adopted from the Arabic, added to the fact that Spanish romances, and especially those written during the later period of the Moorish dominion in Granada, evince a decided partiality for the Abencerrages (Bencerajo), leads to the conclusion that these romances first originated about the period of the secession of that great Arabic family, who, abandoning their own nation and monarch, became faithful adherents of the Spanish cause. The spirit of romantic chivalry, and the introduction of the assonance, undoubtedly give to Spanish poetry its oriental colouring; for as few traces of it are to be found in the earlier Castilian as in any other modern language.

Apart from the influence of historical casualties, romances and ballads, songs for music and descriptive poems form the chief elements of Spanish poetry, and from them its essential features are entirely derived. Romances and ballads are the principal elements; in themselves the most simple, natural style of poetry existing, yet wrought by the Spaniards into such feeling, expression, and tenderness, as could never have been successfully imparted to them except by the most "spiritual" and imaginative language in the world. In German poetry the genius of romance undoubtedly claims the ascendency; for it seems more easy to engraft on that

* In that species of versification which the Spaniards have called assonant, and which they have apparently borrowed from the Arabians, the same rhyme, or rather the same terminating vowel, is repeated in every other line for several pages, whilst the first lines of each couplet are not rhymed. — *Sismondi*, vol. i. p 61.

language the glowing brightness of eastern imagery than to copy that incomparably delicate and musical playfulness which distinguishes Castilian poetry.

The opinion here asserted is not, however, new to German admirers of Spanish literature; and I refer to it merely as a sort of introduction to, or rather in vindication of, a few literary remarks on the "Romancero general." An inquiry into the history of chivalric romance will, from every consideration, be interesting to all lovers of Spanish poetry; and a critical analysis of the materials existing, by means of which the investigation may be pursued, can scarcely be of less importance.

These materials are, unhappily, most insufficient: the collections of "Old Romances" are none of them judiciously arranged; and in regard to the quarto before mentioned, and which is considered the most complete work of the kind, I must particularly observe, that this praise seems to have been awarded in respect of its size alone; for although sufficiently voluminous, it is almost filled with very inferior romances, belonging to a later period. Besides, the "Guerras civiles de Granada," the little "Romancero,"* in 12mo. 1555, is far more useful, and contains a better selection of the older romances. Indeed, it corresponds so entirely with the allusions made by Cervantes to their general style, that we could almost imagine that he referred to this very collection.

In one respect, however, the "Romancero" struck me as remarkable. It is here and there interspersed with idyllic romances, which remind us of the far-famed works of Cervantes, not only from the name Galatea, and others afterwards repeated in his romances, but still more from their sentimental tone, and antithetical form and expression. In the incidents of these tales, however, there is nothing more than a casual similarity. May not these be a few of those innumerable romances [romanços infinitos] which Cervantes, in the "Journey to Parnassus," alludes to among his early experiments? And may not even the "Galatea" be merely a second re-modelling of a tale already once told?

* This work forms the basis of a new edition of Spanish romances by Jacob Grimm, under the title of "Silva de Romances Viejos," published by Mager and Company, at Vienna, in 1815. The publication is now in the hands of Ignaz Klang, at Vienna.

The great rarity of Portuguese books presents an almost insuperable obstacle to the study of their poetry; yet it seems entitled to the most partial consideration, from the beauty and perfect construction of the language, which is based upon the ruins of the later Latin, and by various transformations and modifications, intrinsically connected with the Provençal or Romance dialect. Yet many libraries in which the collection of Spanish books is rich, and almost complete, are nearly destitute of Portuguese books, perhaps possessing only a single copy of Camoens. My acquaintance with Portuguese literature is consequently very limited.

Besides a few insignificant poets of the last century, generally tainted with the false French taste, and some historical works or chronicles, in which the Portuguese literature is very rich, I met with but one poet of the earlier time*— Fereira, esteemed on account of his correctness of diction, and as the contemporary of Camoens. Judging from his numerous letters to illustrious men, and their purport, we should be tempted to suspect that mediocrity had here been preferred to genius; even as in the sister country, the ostentatious Lope outshone the deep-souled Cervantes; and in England many individuals held the stiff good sense of Ben Jonson in higher estimation than the overflowing nature and imaginative wealth of Shakspeare.

Fereira admired and imitated Horace: his tragedy, "Inez de Castro," is cold, and unworthy the melancholy grandeur of the theme. He is not altogether deficient in poetical ideas, such as may occasionally illumine the best Italian and Spanish poets of the Cinquecento style; who, although taking refuge in a kind of classical construction, and in imitations of ancient, and especially Latin verse, have yet more glimpses of poetry than those who trod the same false path in later and less favoured times. Still, beauty of diction or romantic feeling would here be sought for in vain. The structure and phraseology of the Portuguese language so closely resembles the Spanish, that frequently the particles and terminations can alone enable us to determine to which nation any particular root belongs, — the signification of the substantives being probably the same in both. In fact, most Portuguese words are common also to the Spanish, and very few

* Sismondi, ii. 466.

among them have any essential difference of meaning. Words derived from the Arabic are almost invariably the same in both languages.

The construction, however, of the Spanish and Portuguese presents fundamental differences so striking, as to place the two languages almost in direct opposition to each other. The nasal tone of the Portuguese is more in affinity with the southern French, from which, nevertheless, it widely differs; the Portuguese being, without exception, the softest and sweetest of all Romance dialects. The soft SCH, with its various modifications, is continually heard, and the vowels O and E invariably become U and I, in pronunciation. This feature is so distinct and universal, that SCH, U, and I, form, as it were, the fundamental chord of that language, like the hard CH, A, and O, which, in the Spanish, are most powerfully emphatic.

The soft accent of the Portuguese language might be compared with that of the Ionian dialect of the Hellenistic Greeks; the haughty Spanish with the Doric; and the artistically framed Italian with the Attic. The reservations dependent on different local circumstances, by which this comparison, though just in itself, must be restricted within proper limits, will easily suggest themselves. Still similar causes rarely fail to produce similar effects. Whenever any dialect, founded on human organisation, has been permitted to develope itself without restraint, we clearly trace in it the operation of climate and situation. In every mountain dialect we remark a predilection for the strongly aspirated CH; on the sea-coast the softened SCH, and the nasal tone are heard; while, on the contrary, a broad tone and sharp accent indicate a level country and agricultural population.

In regard to its poetical spirit and application, Spanish poets have characterised the Portuguese language as pre-eminently that of love and soft emotion. In its power of expressing tender feeling, from the faintest breathing of love to the most impassioned burst of longing anguish and despair, it surpasses every other language. It is also singularly rich in appropriate words, the very tone of which, independently of their beautiful signification and delicate allusion, seems to melt at once into the soul. Even the soft Italian appears rough in comparison with the Portuguese, and the Spanish stern and northern. It is, indeed, the flower of all Provençal and Romantic dialects, by far the most simple, yet

inferior to none in highly artistic construction. It has none of that play upon words, in which the Spaniards so frequently indulge, neither does it observe the distinction between descriptive and lyric poetry, to which they so studiously adhere. The Portuguese have adopted a few of the most beautiful and simple of the Spanish ballads; but their language and tone lead exclusively to a soft and childlike sweetness, far removed from the studied antithesis, allusions, and alliterations of the Spanish. Consequently, they have always selected the shorter, ballad-form, in lines of six syllables; many specimens of which, found in Camoens, are inexpressibly graceful and natural.

We do not discover among the Portuguese any tendency to the classical learning of modern Italy: their prose is simple, rich, and laconic, yet without the slightest constraint; indeed, in every style, ease and grace appear to be with that nation natural qualities.

In consequence of the deficiency of books and data, before alluded to, it is difficult to trace the origin of Portuguese poetry back to any fixed period. It is, however, certain that fundamental differences exist between that language and poetry, and the Spanish. The Romance language had little influence on the construction of the latter; and Spanish ballads are framed on very different principles. Some idyllic poets, contemporary with Camoens, appear to have imitated the earlier Italian and Spanish writers. Dramatic romances, in the style of Selvaggia, Eufrosena, and Celestina, are too irregular to be employed as guides in investigating the history of Spanish poetry. The national chronicles, on the contrary, of which the Portuguese possess a complete series, extending even to the earliest period of their national existence, belong quite as much to the sphere of poetry as to that of history. Poetic feeling, and a desire of fame, seem to have been bound up with every impulse of their national life; and in the works of the grand heroic poets of Portugal their close and intimate union is especially remarkable. Dramatic mysteries or autos were always favourite themes with the Portuguese, almost countenancing the supposition that the Spanish mysteries, so highly intellectual in treatment, and differing so widely from the analogous productions of the early English and German, were rather borrowed from the Portuguese than remodelled from the original

plan of the English. This opinion is confirmed by the concurrent testimony of history, which seems to prove that the Catholic adaptation of these mysteries, in an earlier and better period, would have given them, as poetical and intellectual amusements, a far more glowing character of festal joy.

I shall not attempt to decide this point. Camoens appears to have carried the poetic art in the Portuguese language to the highest perfection. His poems have all the beautiful features already alluded to as distinctive characteristics of Portuguese diction, — grace, deep feeling, the childlike tenderness and sweet earnestness of emotion, with the saddest and most desolating melancholy, — simply expressed, yet with such purity and pathos, that whether in the form of canzonets, idylls, or light fanciful songs, their beauty of diction could scarcely be more perfect or their glowing bloom more vivid.

Camoens' chief work is the Lusiad; an heroic poem: and if dauntless courage, and a warrior's soul, be essential to the perfect treatment of a composition of that character, the work of Camoens must indeed be well deserving of the name. The discovery of India, the grand event of modern times, could only be thus celebrated by one who had himself passed a portion of his life, sixteen years in fact, in those regions. Everything is created from the freshness and vigour of personal recollections and experience, presenting a groundwork of inexhaustible fertility. All the incidents are novel and animated, richly and daringly depicted, yet with a vivid perspicuity and decision seldom found except in Homeric verse.

A warrior only could thus have written,—one who felt the fame and life of his nation to be his own: it is, indeed, a text-book for youthful heroes, and is dedicated to the most beloved and unhappy of all sovereigns; not with empty flattering words, but, like the parental counsels of a hero-sage full of enthusiastic inspirations, based upon firm and solid principles. The genius of the poet is no less noble and majestic than his theme.

The very history of the work seems to elevate it into tragedy; the brief period of sovereignty therein celebrated being so closely connected with, in fact, succeeded by, the total destruction of his valiant nation. Intoxicated by the

conquest of India, and the success of their own daring valour, they deceived themselves with the belief that the most prosperous destiny, if not already theirs, lay at least within their grasp, and at the proudest moment of that brief but glorious period, one great national song broke forth, like the dying notes of the fabled swan, a dirge for the departing hero-nation. A few years only had elapsed after the completion of the poem, when the Portuguese sovereignty declined, its strength became exhausted, and even its separate existence terminated; a grief which the aged poet could not long survive. Portugal has never since attained the same lofty eminence, and the remembrance of her departed glory is enshrined in this great work, created by the divine genius of her national poet for the immortalisation of her fame.

The grandeur of the design unquestionably entitles this poem to rank among the noblest works of genius that Italy, Spain, or even the more northern countries of Europe, can boast: the exquisite bloom and grace of the diction are unparalleled among modern writers.

In this work, too, an object is successfully attained, which many nations and distinguished poets have aspired to reach in vain. It is the only national epic poem that has been produced in modern times, even if the last period of ancient literature be included. Virgil's attempt to weave from Trojan fable a national poem for his own native Rome, is indeed praiseworthy; yet the interest excited by this beautiful effort is not so much unqualified admiration as sympathy for a failure, which the many difficulties that presented themselves rendered almost unavoidable. To this lofty design Virgil is indebted for a place among poets of genius which the merit of his work alone could not have procured him. Tasso, though his fine and delicate feeling ever wins our love, was not equal to the grand theme he had chosen: he is far too subjective in character, too much occupied with himself, to cope with a grand event like that of the Crusades; seizing it in its whole historical and universal extent, and losing himself and all personal consciousness therein. The episodes introduced in the "Gierusalemme," and which present to us his own beautiful love-thoughts, are the only parts of real enduring value; the rest is more or less unsatisfactory, often tame, and evidently not springing from an original

impulse. If the heroic, and mythical styles of poetry were not always considered as entirely distinct in character, but rather, as would perhaps be best, as members of one common root, requiring to be treated in a congenial manner, the poem of Camoens might be cited, as, next to Homer, the only work really deserving the title of an Epic Poem.

It is needless to remind any one who considers the immeasurable gulf between these two poets, from difference of time and other circumstances, that the comparison can hold good only in generalities; yet the work of Camoens completely carries out an idea the development of which has been long and fruitlessly attempted, and often indeed erroneously conceived, and placed in a completely false light.

The same simple beauty, which throughout marks the design of the composition, may be traced likewise in the diction and descriptive passages. The intermixture of mythological and Christian themes, has been censured, perhaps unjustly; for why should an utter forgetfulness of these fables, an absolute silence concerning them, be insisted on as necessary throughout any Christian poem? In what period of Christianity have they ever been consigned to utter oblivion; and when, it may be asked, is such oblivion likely to enshroud them? Camoens employed the Greek mythology as a beautiful hieroglyphic language, clothing his expressive allegories; and thus it has been frequently adapted and employed by many other poets and painters of the romantic period, though absolute innovations are occasionally introduced. Yet Camoens is very sparing in his employment of mythology: if he suffer Athene to protect and favour his beloved Portuguese, because she sees in them some resemblance to her own ancient Romans; if Bacchus, foreseeing that their heroic deeds would eclipse his own, and put a period to his dominion in India, becomes their enemy; if giants rise up to oppose them in the wildest seas of their voyage to the blessed and favoured land; and Thetis at length, guiding his heroes to the happy island, invites the noble Gama to ascend her nuptial bed, celebrating his glorious conquest of the sea, and the sovereignty he thus established; it must be confessed that no other romantic poet ever imparted so much freshness and originality to these ancient fables, or rendered them equally agreeable and intelligible.

In the commencement indeed, our poet appears to tread too closely in the steps of Virgil, but he soon leaves that guide, and the bold navigator, launching forth upon the boundless seas, swiftly loses sight of his native shores. His allegories, too, differ from those of Virgil as widely as his invention, which is throughout intellectual, rare and wondrous, yet most clearly intelligible, particularly towards the conclusion of the Lusiad. This, however, is still more the case in the unfinished poem on the Creation of Man, published in the general collection of his works, but which has sometimes been denied to be his.

CHAPTER ON THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE ROYALE.

The national library at Paris contains but scanty materials for the study of Provençal literature, and with the exception of one Italian Provençal lexicon, "La Crusca Provenzale," there is not even a dictionary. A grammar is mentioned in the catalogue, but it has not for many years been seen. Still the Provençal is so nearly allied to the French, Italian, and even to the Spanish, that a little toil and study will generally enable any one acquainted with those languages to comprehend the Provençal also; and when this proves insufficient, recourse must be had, as most available, to the present Provençal and Languedocian dialects, of both of which vocabularies have been compiled.

A few Provençal compositions are inserted in Crescembini; some passages from the above-mentioned Crusca, some extracts from Tassoni's writings against Petrarch, and a few French works on the peculiar history of the provinces. But all are unsatisfactory fragments and short extracts.

The library is rich in Provençal MSS., and probably few are now (1804) to be found elsewhere. Whether many still remain in Italy, since the pillage of the French, who removed the most famous collections, particularly that of Petrarch, which undoubtedly contained many of great value, is doubtful. I have been assured by a friend *, who, besides being a

* It was the same M. Raynouard, who, after the time to which I refer, published the Tragedy of the Templars, and also a grand work on the Romance Language and Provençal Poets.

Provençal by birth, has long devoted his time and attention to the subject, and to whom I am indebted for much valuable information, that in the South of France none are at present to be found.

It will be well, in this stage of the inquiry, to give a complete synopsis of the MSS. here deposited, which may convey a correct idea of the remains of Provençal literature at present existing, and form a suitable preface to my observations on the study of that language and its poetry.

The Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal is very rich in this department of literature, as it contains the legacy of Monsieur de la Curne de St. Pelaye, which, however, appears to extend chiefly to the remains of Northern French poetry.

My present observations will be confined to the grand Bibliothèque du Roi. I must first remind my readers that as the catalogue of modern literature is in manuscript, written of course at various times, and in different handwritings, many works have probably escaped my notice; besides, it will scarcely be supposed possible that a catalogue of this description can be free from errors in the figures; and, accordingly, examining it carefully, though without success, in the hope of finding some other collection of old German poetry, besides the Manessischen collection, I met with the title "Rythmi Germanici Antiqui;" but on turning eagerly to the number referred to, I found only a Croatian Postil.

The result of my examination of the Bibliothèque Royale is subjoined.

I found there not a single romantic epic poem in the Provençal language, but an immense number in the old Northern French.

Besides the "Cançioneros," or collections of lyric poems, there are also a few sacred pieces, and some religious and moral works in prose. A Provençal Psalm Book, a Vision of Virtue and Vice, a Narrative Poem, in rhyme, on the Passion of Christ, and a Breviary of Love, all Provençal; one Catalonian MS., written in a clear powerful hand, containing Lives of the Saints, down to Pepin and Bertha, the Life of St. Honorius, in prose.

Some of these MSS. are so badly written, that unless perfectly conversant with the Romance language, it is scarcely possible to decipher them. There are some collec-

tions of songs carefully transcribed, and in some parts beautifully illuminated. Of these there are three copies, all Provençal, and the study of them is greatly facilitated by this circumstance. One is much more copious than the others, yet in many instances the same poems are repeated in each of the three, and by collating the different manuscripts, the correct reading may generally be ascertained. The poems are classed according to their style,—chansons, canzonets, or serventes; but the poets' names in these various branches, each of which has its own appropriate metre, are arranged chronologically. The largest collection contains selections from one hundred different poets, and another from sixty-eight only.

A Catalonian "Cançionero" is also in existence here. From the title in the catalogue, "Charles de Vianne," it might be taken for an epic poem; but this misconception arises only from an occasional poem, which is inserted at the commencement. The "Cançionero" is a rich collection of Catalonian songs, and, besides those of Ansias March, the only edition I could find of his, so often mentioned and deservedly esteemed by Boscan and other Spaniards, contains numerous compositions, the versification of which is almost invariably on the same plan. We find stanzas of lines of twelve syllables, divided by a feminine, and of eleven syllables with a masculine Cæsura, and which usually have a dactyl in each half of the verse, after the accented syllable, and the same rhyme carried on through strophes of eight or ten lines. A style of versification which the Spaniards termed "versos de arte mayor," or "coplas d'arte mayor."* This style was much more common at an earlier period, and I have seen Portuguese verses, in this metre, dated 150 years before Juan de Mena. Still, as this measure exclusively appears to have been employed by the Catalonian poets, it is at least probable that both Castilians and Portuguese borrowed it from the Catalans, rather than the reverse.

The language of this "Cançionero," and that of the Pro-

* "Coplas d'arte Mayor." Sismondi, vol. ii. p. 121, 122., Bohn's Stand. Lib. "The lines are Alexandrines, sometimes consisting of four dactyls, sometimes of four amphibrachs. The verses consist of couplets of four lines each, and the lines of each couplet conclude with the same rhyme."— *Trans.*

vençal Manuscript is strikingly different, yet closely resembling that termed Valencian in the Spanish "Cançionero." The versification of a few specimens in that dialect, preserved here, is also similar.

It appears, then, that the oldest Romantic languages had two dialects at least for poetry, the Provençal and Catalonian. The Catalonian poetry appears considerably *earlier* than the Provençal.

The preceding notice of Provençal MSS. is given without alteration, because, imperfect as it is, it yet contains a few observations which, in default of any great original work on that subject, may be worthy of attention. This is more especially the case as illustrating the position of Provençal literature at that time, and the progress of our researches, which have since gained increased interest from the new light thrown upon philology and the general sphere of Romantic ideas by the works of A. von Schlegel, as well as of Raynouard, who was then occupied with that subject, and answered my inquiries concerning it with so much kindness and sympathy. The grand, copious work, published by the latter, forms the first complete edition of the poetry of the Troubadours, a most invaluable collection of the earliest treasures of the Romance language, its history, and old memorials. Sufficient information on the Provençal Manuscripts may be found in the work alluded to; "Choix des Poésies Originales des Troubadours," vol. i. p. 440. seq., and vol. ii. p. 154—162. cfr. p. 289. seq.

Besides the lyric poems, which have at all times attracted the attention of real lovers of poetry, some remarkable specimens of epic poems have been brought to light among the other treasures of the Romance language discovered by his studious care. Still, although the allegorical and didactic passages in these poems and fragments are not (considered as poetry) particularly pleasing, the form is so much the more important in reference to the earliest period of our German poetry, from its appearing to be an echo or copy of the metrical ideal of the German heroic epic poem. They are written in the old long heroic verse, which is sometimes contracted and abbreviated, and commonly met

with in that form in the didactic songs of priests and sages: in the oldest fragments it consists of ten or twelve syllables, with the masculine rhymes*; in the latter, of twelve or fourteen, and sometimes even more syllables, with an accentuated cæsura in the middle of the line. Such verses are constructed with three, four, or six lines, ending in the same rhyme, which is generally masculine. In the oldest of these poetic fragments, the "Captivity of Boethius," the same rhyme is reiterated through twelve lines or more, and one unrhymed line is also introduced, after the manner of the Spanish assonance, and we may here trace the first use of it in the Romance language.

The versification in general strongly resembles that of the earliest Spanish ballads, the old epic poem of the "Cid," for instance, and another by Sanchez, which may be found in the "Poesias Castellanos," a collection of the earliest relics of Spanish poetry and poetic diction. The affinity of the above-mentioned Valencian, the old Portuguese, and early Castilian poems is undoubtedly proved by their universal employment of the strophe termed "Coplas d'arte mayor,"† a regular Iambic metre like that of the correct and polished Alexandrines of a later period, an advance towards which may be traced even in the structure of the "Niebelungen Lied," must not be looked for generally in Romantic poetry, and is in fact but rarely met with. If the portion given in this collection, may afford a criterion for judging of the remainder it would appear that in old Castilian poetry, as well as in the Spanish Romances emanating at a later period from the same source, the Trochaic was universally preferred.

Every fragment of Romantic poetry here preserved, refutes the theory maintained by those superficial philologists who have feebly attempted to prove, that the free, irregular, generous, heroic Alexandrine, as it exists in our "Niebelungen Lied," is formed on the ruins of the hexameter. The abbreviated metre met with in the very earliest specimens of their poetry at once destroys such a theory. The structure of the strophe more especially, and the continued reiteration of the same masculine rhyme, give a totally distinct cha-

* Those accented on the last syllable. — Sismondi, vol. i. p. 101.

† Vide note, *ante*, p. 239.

racter to this metre; in the "Niebelungen Lied," for instance, the strophe is not only rhymed according to a certain fixed rule, but an uniform progress is observed, the same rhymes constantly recurring, and giving a sameness of tone and accent to the entire song.

It is impossible to trace this romantic metre and rhyme to the Arabians, although in some Arabic* poems, the same rhyme is carried on at certain intervals throughout; but nothing Arabic or in the slightest degree Oriental even, can be discovered in any fragments of old Romantic poetry. The structure of the language, the colouring and diction, are altogether different. The Romance language is formed by the intermixture of Latin and Teutonic: words of the former language being incorporated with the German, and remodelled according to its peculiar pronunciation and phraseology. A. W. von Schlegel and Raynouard cite many remarkable instances of the influence exercised by that language, and the Gothic dialect especially, on the new form of speech. The epic verse of the Romance language is found in all countries once ruled by the Goths, and among all states and people founded by that nation, and, although varied in many ways, with but trifling differences in really essential points. All old German poems, and epic ballads also, in which the versification is preserved, belong to the class of Gothic heroic traditions, and consequently the supposition that the Romance versification is an imitation of the Gothic heroic strophe, seems both natural and well founded. If we consider the general construction of the Gothic language, as developed by Ulphilas†, and thence conjecture the form it might, and probably did assume, in rhythm and poetry, we are at once convinced that the short Saxon verse in which the songs of the Northern Edda are written, and the hurried enigmatic alliteration introduced into the Runic mysteries, could have no affinity with the majestic language of the Goths, nor with the full-toned, copious, many-syllabled, and comprehensive Teutonic dialect. As the original

* Ghazeles.

† The Roman history tells us that under the reign of the Emperor Valens, Ulphilas, bishop of those Goths who were settled in Mœsia and Thrace, translated the Bible into the Gothic language: he added several new letters to the Runic alphabet. (*Mallet's Northern Antiquities.*)—*Trans*

stem of the German language became divided into two great branches or limbs, the Gothic and the Saxon, in all probability there were originally among people of the German race two distinct kinds of heroic or magic-teaching songs: the grand Gothic versification on the one hand, (traces of which are found in the "Niebelungen Lied," and the earliest Romantic fragments,) and on the other hand, the short Saxon, the prevailing early German, or at least, Frankish form, of which we possess in the peculiar Teutonic monument "Ottfried," and which, though far from equalling the heroic grandeur and epic beauty of the other Gothic style, yet fills and delights the ear with its magical harmony.

Part III.

ON THE POETRY OF THE NORTH.

1812

THE light, graceful productions of poetry may not inaptly be compared with those varied blossoms which each returning spring brings in her train, or even to the butterfly, and other brilliant tribes of ephemera which float joyously around the flowers, and terminate their sparkling existence in the last rays of the declining summer sun.

Fragile productions of a happy moment, children of spring-time and of love, a too severe criticism would be here misplaced, nor should they be harshly judged by the acute and discriminating critic, whose standard of excellence is probably placed too high to be applicable to their transient existence. What avails it to repine that spring-time and summer are exposed to many variations of temperature, or to complain with impatient bitterness of the annoying insects which frequently disturb our enjoyment of a brilliant summer's day? Even in our spring the note of the nightingale is heard, and the joyous song of the lark rings out unchecked! Content that the voice of melody is not for ever silent in these later times, let us accept the offerings of our German spring as they

unfold before us, without incessantly pining for a happier climate and a southern sky. The lovely blossoms of the May open unbidden in our woods, and why, in the midst of a rich and highly-cultivated garden, should we mar our own enjoyment by constantly repeating that Persia, not Germany, is the home of the roses, and that fruits and flowers nurtured under an Ionian heaven, or in Italian fields, are not alike the offspring of our less genial clime and soil?

Youth is the spring-time of life, and the simple pleasures of nature, then held so dear, are by some hearts ever faithfully cherished. Yet amid the different tastes and genius of mankind, the bustle of cities, and ever-varying aspect of social life, is by some men even more dearly prized. It is true that this restless activity affords more scope for intellectual exertion, and the varied arts of civilisation and refinement, than the artless unconscious play of impulse and feeling. Every thought is engaged in the animated contest, every heart throbs with a desire to win and to enjoy, while all press ardently forward, eager to surpass or to outshine their fellows. The second branch of poetry now existing, which in subservience to the spirit of the day, seeks to win the applause of society, may not inaptly be compared with the crowd and bustle of our annual fair. Whether it assemble the multitudes personally before its stage, or be designed merely to soothe the languid hours of solitary enjoyment, we everywhere find a continual interchange of life and action; every one is seeking to purchase or to sell. Childhood seizes the first sweet dainty that attracts the eye, youth pants for brilliant attire and the glitter of superficial cultivation of mind; impelled by curiosity, men throng the booths or the stage, while the sellers more especially, intent rather on gaining money or applause than the pursuit of pleasure, are anxious only to cheat the multitude, to discover the weak points of the virtuous, and to wrest them to their own advantage. Both buyer and seller are often mutually deceived, for the approbation of the many has no greater intrinsic value than that false glitter of intellect, that luscious emptiness of heart, for which it is given in exchange.

Still this general intercourse of mind is pleasing in itself, and not without a remarkable influence on art. It is almost possible to calculate the success of any drama or romance, and the impression it is likely to produce upon the notions

of the public mind. Artistic theories and symptoms, divided and contrasted according to different opinions and deeply-rooted prejudices, are constructed upon it, and even subjects the most purely intellectual give birth to obstinate disputes, maintained with all the virulence of party spirit. Activity is no doubt an inherent property of the human temperament, and it would be an idle folly unconditionally to condemn it. We might, indeed, (to recur again to the image of the annual fair as applied to modern poetry), wish that a little more order and unanimity reigned among the candidates. But whether the influence of criticism alone be sufficient for the attainment of this object, or whether we need not some higher moral power to step forth in the midst and call us back to order and unity, can scarcely be a subject for deliberation. How frequently has it happened, when some vigorous and determined critic has succeeded in stemming the tide of fashionable influence, he yet fails to disperse popular errors, or dissipate even glaring delusions, while others, believing that he also may be deceived, willingly resign themselves to error, glad to escape the troublesome severity of truth, or the annoyance of rooting up any long-cherished prejudices.

I turn then the more readily from a field in which there exists at present but little hope of any happy or triumphant result, to seek a less popular and less frequented path. Besides the poetry of youth and impulse, and that second branch which, formed by fashion, is forced into unnatural existence in the highest sphere of social life, there exists still another branch, far older than either. Poetry, indeed, in its earliest, original form, is not strictly confined within the actual limits of that art, but, as a record of the noble words and actions of ancient heroes, appears rather to belong to history, the primitive history, of nature and mankind. Contrasted with that poetry which flows from the false channels of conventional art and social habits, the last mentioned may be likened to the clear, pure water gushing from a mountain spring, but compared with the exterior charm, the richness, and glittering flower-like hues of that poetry which springs from the impulses of youthful life and love, it seems rather to resemble the rude majesty of a primitive rock, whose aspect fills the lonely wanderer with astonishment, placing him, as it were, amid the giant features of the olden time.

In this branch of poetry criticism, which indeed should never be separated from history, is quite in its place, and may prove of decided utility. Not by reducing the grand works of nature to an arbitrary standard, often far too perishable and lightly chosen, but by making them intelligible to the public in general, analysing and explaining the difficulties they present, and showing the light in which they ought to be regarded. Such an investigation of these old memorials may be compared with the labours of a miner who explores the profoundest recesses of nature, and from her depths brings countless treasures forth to minister to the enjoyment of mankind. There, wrapt in silence and darkness, slumber the buried powers of those metallic treasures, which when once brought to the surface, have strength to move the world, — gold and iron, the main springs of active life, which either clothe our meadows in all the blessings of fertility, or dye both fields and streams with blood. Deep in the bosom of the earth lie hidden the health-restoring elixir, and the sudden and deadly poison. There too are substances of little apparent value, which touched by the skilful hand of art, flash out in the most brilliant colours, and a thousand other mysterious treasures, all overwhelmed and entombed beneath the ruins of a sunken giant world.

It is in a similar frame of mind that we should approach and contemplate the vestiges of heroic tradition ; and I might, perhaps advantageously, attempt here to impart to my readers certain of my meditations on this subject, at least in as far as relates to the poetry of our fatherland, but I shall confine myself rather to the task of rescuing from oblivion the solid, pure metal, of our earlier poetry, and bringing it once more into life and notice. There are enough already who make it their occupation to bring our early poetry into circulation in selections, or small portions, remodelled according to certain accepted ideas, or on a merely arbitrary plan. Since the time of Leibnitz and Echard, the knowledge of the German language has been very widely diffused, as well as the taste for old German poetry, due to the exertions of Klopstock and Bodmer, who are continually affording us specimens of those early compositions. During the last ten or twelve years especially, a stronger national feeling has stirred within us, and the love thus kindled for the early poets of our fatherland has become warmer and more

universal. Still much indeed is wanting ere we can attain a perfect knowledge of German literature, which its great extent alone, independent of the insufficiency of materials, would render a task of no little difficulty. Its extent will be but little lessened, even if the earliest Saxon memorials be excluded, and only those poems admitted which were written in the upper German dialect subsequently to Ottfried: the boundary line between ancient and modern German literature being fixed in the middle of the seventeenth century, after the peace of Westphalia, comprising a period of nearly 800 years (from 870 to 1650). During that long period, German poetry underwent many changes, and even positive transformations; it survived more than one ebb and flow of prosperity, and indeed many realms in the wide domain of its earlier operation are now unknown and forgotten. Even in poetry, to which the genius of our nation and the taste of our investigators has ever been peculiarly directed, much remains to be sought out in a still more remote antiquity, and drawn from a far deeper source, before the spirit of German poetry, as it once reigned among our ancestors, can be awakened and rekindled amongst ourselves.

In the Edda, as well as in the mythological traditions of the North, we discover an intense reverence and awe of nature, penetrating every feature of the German character and manner of life, giving birth not only to high impulses of freedom, and lofty ideas of honour and nobility, but to the refining influence and gentler tenderness of love. Great as were the changes produced by the introduction of Christianity and its ameliorating influences, the same predominant feeling remained unaltered, and may be traced in every memorial of those early times: the same fundamental chord is heard in all the poems and romances of the middle ages, it resounded through the entire period of chivalry and knight-errantry, and still, as the great artery of northern life, it throbs in the heart of every people of German extraction.

The mythology of Odin was common to the Southern Germans and Saxons, as well as to all other Scandinavian people. Both those nations, though long divided and separated, bear the stamp of original affinity. It cannot, therefore, be inconsistent with natural appearances or the records of history, to trace the stream of German poetry back to its

northern source, the Edda. In regard to the Celts, indeed, the circumstances are very different, and their traditions and memorials are all alike strange to us, and foreign to our feelings. But if the learned investigator of history find ample reason for distinguishing the Celtic and Gaelic tribes, as completely different in manners and habits from the German nation, still it cannot be denied that all the free people of northern Europe had many qualities and feelings in common, and that their character and ideas harmonised in many particular points, even before the introduction of Christianity cemented a still closer union between them.

The welcome reception which the poems of Ossian found in most of the northern countries of Europe, and the peculiar favour with which they have long been received in Germany, is a powerful testimony in corroboration of this assertion. How often have the bright glowing descriptions of Homer, and other ancient poets, been compared with the sentimental melancholy of the Scottish poet; a type as it were of the peculiar genius and feeling, inherited by modern Europeans from their earlier progenitors.

Incorrect as this comparison appears in many particulars, and little as we participate in the unqualified enthusiasm expressed by some admirers of Ossian, still the influence exercised by these poems on the public taste is certainly very remarkable. The spurious work produced by Macpherson, under the title of the poems of Ossian, has so long engaged the attention of the literary world, and its poetical value and authenticity have been so much contested, that it can scarcely be superfluous to offer a few observations on the *genuine* edition of Ossian, which has recently been promised to us; and it will be the first object of these remarks to find some historical basis or foundation, on which the entire fabric may rest. Legends and traditions belong but partially to the spirit of poetry, and in an equal measure at least to the field of history. Neither of these elements should be considered separately, and in order fully to enjoy its old heroic poems it is even necessary to trace the incidents related in them to their proper period of time, and thus transport ourselves into the world to which they belong, and approach the source from whence they sprung.

After the failure of the last despairing effort, made by a

descendant of the Stuarts in the year 1746, to reconquer the throne of England, once the heritage of his ancestors; the government of that country considered it expedient, as a means of checking such attempts in future, to abolish many old Scottish customs, and thus bind that people, who till then had been a distinct race in costume, manners, and ideas, in still closer union with England, and incorporate their country, now in a certain measure a re-conquered province, with the principal part of the Island in which was vested the sovereignty of the entire kingdom. Yet there exists, even now, a most remarkable distinction between the manners and ideas of both people, extending in a peculiar degree to works of fancy and imagination. The patriotism of the Scotch being, after that catastrophe, forcibly repressed, concentrated itself, as is frequently the case, in a more fervent love and veneration of old national traditions, and the memorials of their ancient fame. This disposition prompted the sedulous preservation of the songs of the Gaelic bards, and possibly also contributed to the enthusiastic love and veneration with which they were received in their mother country. All Europe, too, soon imbibed the spirit of enthusiasm, and joyfully hailed the new apparition of the North which harmonised so wonderfully with the general feeling and poetical aspirations of the time.

But when the first tumult of astonishment had subsided, and the cooler influences of reason and judgment resumed their sway, doubts arose, in England more especially, as to the authenticity of these poems. The most cursory investigation of the old Scottish ballads in the primitive Gaelic tongue, made it evident that Macpherson had acted most unfairly in his version of those early poems, treating them in an arbitrary and even negligent manner. At length a complete edition in three volumes, of the poems of Ossian, in the original language, appeared in London, in the year 1807; and besides the translations and free imitations of the belaboured and often falsified Ossian of Macpherson, with which many distinguished literati and excellent German poets — Herder, Denis, Göethe, and Stölberg, have since supplied us — we now also possess an edition of these poems conscientiously transcribed from the Gaelic original. (The Poems of Ossian from the Gaelic, in the original metre, by Ch. W. Ahlwarts, Leipsic; pub. by Göschen, 1811, 3 vols. 8vo.) By means

of this work, we are now for the first time qualified to decide on the authenticity and true merit of the entire composition.

Many doubts have, it is true, been raised in England as to the authenticity of our Gaelic Ossian. Still there may be some tinge of prejudice in the unqualified depreciation and contempt with which the English have regarded the existing contest concerning Ossian, and their want of sympathy in the favourite themes of Scottish national poetry, may not be without some influence on their judgment. I must agree with the German translator on one important point at least: if it can be proved, by historical testimony, that many of Ossian's songs were originally sung by the Highland bards, and have been preserved during a long period among the Highland clans, such strong internal evidence fully controverts the supposition that Macpherson and his Scottish accomplices fabricated and invented the whole; an opinion which the scepticism and party spirit of many learned Englishmen have maintained with almost unreasonable pertinacity.

It must be acknowledged that our possession of the Gaelic Ossian makes it now, for the first time, possible to arrive at some conclusion as to the period when the Ossianic poems were first produced and to which some among them being admitted to be ancient and genuine, must unquestionably be attributed. All conjectures based upon the translation of Macpherson must be discarded as without foundation, since Macpherson, anxious from mistaken patriotism to give greater antiquity to these poems, and carry them back even to the period of the Romans, has allowed himself in many instances to falsify the text. A remarkable proof of this is adduced by our German translator.* An opponent of Fionnghal, probably a chief or petty prince of the Hebrides or the Carun, mentioned in the poem Carthoun, is called the "Schildburg Fürst." The translator mentions an equally mighty chief, styled by Ossian "King of the Shield;" but Macpherson transforms the epithet into that of "King of the World," and thence assigns it to the universal sovereign or Cæsar of Rome. If the reader be prepared to believe that these titles and personages exist in Ossian's poems, it becomes easy to change Caracul, a prince of Carun, into the Roman

* Ahlwart, Part iii. p. 9. 47.

Caracalla, and to frame in connexion with this many similar misinterpretations and misapplications. Our translator rejects these hypotheses as completely untenable, and all which carry back the period of Ossian to the time of the Romans. Whether they are intentional perversions of the text by Macpherson, or whether, blinded by partiality, and misled by an insufficient knowledge of the Gaelic language, he read the passages falsely and applied them erroneously in working out his favourite theory, is immaterial, the historical results being the same in either case.

This fundamental error, however, by placing the Ossianic poems in the period of the Roman domination, fixes the point of action throughout at a much too early date, and thus exhibits the whole in a completely erroneous light. But having once dispersed that delusion, it is easy, by an unprejudiced study of the poems themselves, to fix the sphere and period to which they actually belong.

The most important action recorded in the Ossianic poems, indeed the only one bearing a decidedly historical stamp, is that of Fingal; one of the greatest exploits performed by the old Scottish warriors, in defending Erin, or Ireland, against the incursions of the mighty Swaran, king of Lochlin. This subject lies, indeed, quite within the sphere of historical probability. Lochlin is described as a mighty kingdom, which may account for the circumstance of a successful resistance to its power being celebrated as a lofty and heroic deed. To decide from historical evidence, on the situation and extent of this kingdom of Lochlin is consequently a point of considerable importance. Lochlin, say the commentators, must be either Jutland or Norway; our translator leaves the locality undecided. Many voyages between Ireland and Scotland are of course described, together with the adventures of the sea-kings and heroes of Jutland and Denmark upon those coasts, and the islands intervening.

All the local indications in the poem seem, however, to correspond with Norway rather than Jutland. Lochlin itself is described as a woody, mountainous country, covered with continual snow, more rugged, wild, and barren than even the north-western shore of Scotland. But the circumstance that the Orkney and Shetland Isles are said in the poem to

be tributary to the king of Lochlin, is even more decisive. It leads directly to the certain epoch of Harold Harfagre's reign. This powerful sovereign, first formed Norway into a kingdom, and after having brought it completely into subjection, extended his conquests so widely on every side that the dominion thus founded in the distant north, though little known or regarded by the rest of Europe, might almost have rivalled that of France formed by Charlemagne, his predecessors and successors. Iceland, the distant Iceland or Thule, so often sung by bards and historians, the chief seat of northern poetic art, was peopled, or at least repopulated by the Normans fleeing before the establishment of monarchy in France, who probably in some of their more distant expeditions even reached the continent of America, and certainly occupied the islands lying between Jutland and the western coast of Norway, and occasionally made inroads into that country. The mighty sovereign of Lochlin, consequently, abandoned his own dominions in order to pursue the marauders into the adjacent islands, discover their lurking places, and make himself master of the islands themselves. Difficulties must necessarily arise in fixing, with historical precision, the year in which the chief incidents in the poem of Fingal occurred, and reconnecting the usually trifling deviations between songs, which have for centuries been preserved and transmitted by oral tradition, and Bardic records, and the attested though often obscure facts of history. Still it may at least be considered certain that the kingdom of Lochlin was a part of Norway, and that the poems of Ossian belong to the Norman period. This latter fact is unquestionable, even supposing that an adequate investigation of this somewhat complicated subject should lead us to fix Fingal's exploits in the time of the Normans, but somewhat earlier than Harold Harfagre, and to understand by Lochlin the coast of Denmark or Jutland, an explanation which does not appear to me probable; but in neither case could there be any great difference in the period.

Early Scottish history has been divided by the latest and most learned investigator of the antiquities of that country (Chalmer's Caledonia, 4 vols. 4to. 1807,) into four distinct periods. The first is the Roman, extending from 80 to 446. Of this we need not speak, as Ossian's writings are certainly

not so ancient. Then that of the Picts, 446–843. The Picts, as Chalmers, in opposition to Macpherson and his partisans, maintains and proves, were not of Teutonic, but of Welsh-British origin, and allied to the Celtic inhabitants of Wales, and the tribes settled in Bretagne, in France. The third period is that of the Scotch. This people appear to have emanated originally from Ireland, a colony from that island having settled in Argyleshire, the country of Fingal and Ossian. The Ossianic poems, and the principal events related of Fingal in particular, belong, as our translator informs us, to the period in which Scotland and Ireland, (in Gaelic, Alba and Eirinn,) "were inhabited by a people of similar descent, language, and customs:" not, therefore, to the later period of the Picts, but rather to the Scottish period, which, according to Chalmers, extends from 843 to 1097. This is succeeded by the Scottish Saxon, when the first Saxon colonies settled in that country; and Saxon customs, legislation, and language gradually gained the ascendant.

The exploits and songs of Fingal and Ossian being once assigned to the period of the Normans, much that had before appeared obscure is elucidated, and difficulties which hitherto seemed insuperable vanish in a moment. The first we notice of these is the total silence observed with regard to the southern portion of the island of Great Britain. The Saxons, then reigning in England, were indeed so fully occupied in defending their own dominions against the incursions of the Danes, that they had little time to devote to an invasion of Scotland. Both nations, too, were united by similarity of religious belief. The Anglo-Saxons were Christians, and that faith had long since been diffused in Scotland, although its progress was very gradual, and it was long before its dominion and authority was universally acknowledged.

Many dwellers on the rocky fastnesses of the distant Highlands, and many chiefs of the old tribes, were either ignorant of, or refused to accept the doctrines of Christianity. The worship of the Druids, however, had long been totally extinct; and this circumstance may account for the absence of any reference in these poems to their tenets or institutions, as well as for the peculiar Ossianic mythology,

or rather its total deficiency in that respect, — a deficiency, which contributes to fix the apparent origin of the poems at a period, which vacillating in an undecided medium, was partially free from crude and barbarous superstitions, yet not influenced by any pure spiritual faith. Ossian seems like a melancholy echo from the voice of a ruined nation, the last vanishing shadow of man's departing faith in ancient mythology. Besides the spirits of departed heroes hovering around their mountains, shrouded in mist and cloud, Ossian knows no immortal or divine being: he names none, except the Loduinn, who, however, was worshipped, not in Scotland or Ireland, not in Alba or Eirinn, but in the distant realm of Lochlin, and ought probably to be identified with Odin, so long the supreme divinity of Scandinavia. It is as if the unhappy race, whose last expiring groans were heard in Ossian, had no longer any divinities of their own, and therefore turned with longing hearts to the majestic heroes and demigods of the happier Scandinavian north.

It is not improbable that the worship of Odin had been introduced by the Normans into the Orkney and Shetland isles; and from the frequent mention made of him in the poems of Ossian, we are almost tempted to believe that the gods of Scandinavia were regarded with especial reverence and affection, at least by that race of heroes of whom Fingal was the chief. Their expeditions and voyages had continually brought them into contact with the Scandinavian kings, and they had learned to know each other, not in hostile combat alone, but at the banquet of friendship and hospitality; they were, in fact, linked in bonds of affection, their alliance being still more closely cemented by a marriage with Trenmor, the ancestor of their race.

> "King of Lochlin, said Fingal,
> Thy blood flows in the veins of thy foe.
> Our fathers met in battle,
> Because they loved the strife of spears.
> But often did they feast in the hall,
> And send round the joy of the shell."
>
> *Fingal*, book vi.

From this half warlike, half friendly intercourse with the Scandinavian heroes, the lords of Lochlin, Ossian probably

derived his knowledge of Odin. It must, in the first place, be admitted that the frequent references to Scandinavia, found not in legends and ballads alone, but apparent also in the daring actions and poetic genius of the Norman race, had probably some indirect influence in rousing the spirit of Gaelic song and kindling the fancy of the Scottish bards; although the inventive and poetic faculty of Gaelic and Scandinavian, and, above all, of Celtic and German minstrelsy, differ most distinctly.

The new impulse which the genius of the Normans received after the time of Harold Harfagre, like that which stirred in France and Germany in the period of Charlemagne, operated very generally in the development of tradition and poetry. In the North, more especially in Iceland, the traditions of Odin, and the songs of the Edda, were kindled into new life by the Normans who fled thither, and when Christianity reached the distant shores of Thule, were perhaps even more widely circulated and collected.

Still the Norman race, who planted themselves on the further shores of France, seem, in embracing Christianity, to have discarded both the faith and the language of their ancestors. Yet the bold, romantic spirit which they brought with them from the North, continued during many centuries to be the peculiar characteristic of their race. They probably were the first who recorded the deeds of Charlemagne and the brave Roland, in the form of an epic poem. In the time of William the Conqueror they carried the ballad of Roland with them into England, and had a great and essential share in producing the poetry of the Crusades.

The exploits of Fingal, and the songs of Ossian, if we assign to the former the earliest period in which they could possibly have occurred, and suppose the songs to have been almost contemporary with the actions recorded, cannot have been earlier than the conclusion of the ninth or the opening of the tenth century. It accidentally happens that their appearance was simultaneous with that of many other grand poetical works. The development of the Edda in its present form took place about this time in Iceland, while the knightly deeds of Charlemagne and Roland became the theme of Norman song. The eastern poet, Ferdousi, about the same time collected in his immortal work the history of

Persia, and the traditions of her ancient kings and warriors. Not much later, too, the Spanish Cid performed those exploits, which were almost immediately celebrated in heroic tales, and made the subject of charming songs and ballads; while in Germany the song of the Niebelungen appeared, relating the legend of Attila and of his last marriage, — the misfortunes inflicted upon Germany by the Frankish and Gothic heroes, — no records of which as yet existed either in the Upper German or the Saxon language.

All these works appeared in the very heart of that long period of time usually designated the "night of the middle ages," a term, perhaps, well fitted to express the isolated existence of nations and individuals, and the interruption of that universal, active intercourse prevailing in the later period of Roman dominion. So also in respect to the gifts of imagination, which were no longer so widely and generally diffused, and because the business and occupation of the day was not then prosecuted with so much skill and dexterity as in modern times, that remarkable period in the civilization of mankind may indeed be termed a night; but how starlight, — how radiant was that night! Now, on the contrary, we are wrapt in the gloom and confusion of a lingering twilight. The stars which shone upon that night are dim, many of them sunk even below the horizon, yet no day has risen upon us! More than once, indeed, men have bid us hail the dawn of a new sun, bringing universal knowledge, happiness, and prosperity; but the results have by no means justified the rash anticipation; and if some promise still seem to herald the approach of day, it is but the chill breath of the morning air, which ever precedes the breaking light.

My observations on these Ossianic poems have been founded on the principle of conceding to them the highest possible antiquity, which is at all consistent with historical truth, and at the same time acquiescing at once in their relative authenticity. Certainly, unless the contrary be proved by extraneous circumstances, no internal evidence militates against the supposition that such a hero-race as that of Fingal existed on the north-west coast of Scotland in the ninth and tenth centuries; that it actually produced an Ossian, who, as bard and hero, celebrated his own exploits and those of his

race. If his constant recurrence to the melancholy remembrance of departed ancestors, and the earlier period of their glory, become by frequent repetition monotonous and wearying, still the continual interweaving of the person of the bard into the history narrated, affords a happy poetical and universal point of union, and greatly contributes to enhance that fascinating interest with which the poems have inspired so many readers and hearers. The circumstance is, indeed, so peculiarly propitious, that many succeeding bards have adopted the form once suggested, and written and sung as if in Ossian's person. The discoveries made by other investigators, in regard to the origin and transmission of old songs in general, make it appear probable, if not certain, that these poems were originally distinct songs and romances; the complicated construction, and the confused interpolation of various episodes, apparently the work of a later hand, may thus be satisfactorily accounted for.

The Ossianic poems may, from their general historical tenor, be arranged in one consecutive series, forming a record of the history, adventures, and exploits of the race of Fingal; they may be further divided into three classes, according to their intrinsic importance and their relation to the leading subject. The first class comprises songs commemorating the deliverance of Ireland by Fingal, from the assaults of the Normans; these, in fact, are the pith and essence of the work. I place in the second the earlier Norwegian adventures and voyages, which tend to introduce the principal event; and next, Fingal's avenging the murder of the youthful king of Eirin, related in the poem "Temora."

Although there is little internal historical evidence to disturb the probability of this general scheme, still it is quite possible that many of the various songs, and the events recorded in them, whether of an earlier or later date, were merely intended as adjuncts of the principal theme. Poetical fictions relating to the parent are often younger than those of which the child is the subject; for when the legendary history of any great hero and his exploits is once known and popular, succeeding bards and poets, treading easily in the path already opened for them, soon assemble round him sons, ancestors, a whole race of relatives and progeny, while the original history is continually made the

groundwork of new fictions and poems. A similar exclusive and imitative impulse displayed itself in the period of artistic poetry, re-copying and re-embodying every style and arrangement; and in older legendary times it worked incessantly upon thé same material, prolonging and varying the theme once chosen long after its original spirit had fled and its early vigour had become exhausted. The last class of poems may comprise all the unconnected adventures, and numerous episodes introduced, with the tragic tales of love and murder; these latter bear a strong resemblance to the later Scottish ballads, so many of which have appeared since the Percy edition, and in which the catastrophe is usually tragic. In these, however, a more truthful colouring prevails, and in some among them the gloomy national taste is much ameliorated by the influence of Christianity and chivalric sentiments. I turn now to the Edda, to which I have several times alluded in the course of my observations on Ossian, and which at this time engages the lively attention of Danish poets and critics, while in Germany also Gräter, Hagen, and Grimm have furnished us with various elucidatory labours, and give the promise of completing them by still more ample supplementary observations.

In fact, if any monument of the primitive northern world deserves a place among the earlier remains of the south, the Icelandic Edda must, next to the German "Niebelungen Lied," be deemed most worthy of that distinction. The spiritual veneration for nature, to which the sensual Greek was an entire stranger, gushes forth in the mysterious language and prophetic traditions of the Northern Edda with a full tide of enthusiasm and inspiration, sufficient to endure for centuries, and to supply a whole race of future bards and poets with a precious and animating elixir. The same deep reverence for nature, though invested with the splendid colouring of Eastern diction and imagination, is also found in the Persian Zendavesta, presenting a striking contrast to the Greek mythology, which, amid the surpassing beauty of its exterior forms, was material in its inmost principle; far different from the pure and less corrupt spirit of that severe paganism which inspired our German forefathers. The vivid delineations and rich glowing abundance and animation of the Homeric pictures of the world are not more

decidedly superior to the misty scenes and shadowy forms of Ossian, than the northern Edda is in its sublimity to the works of Hesiod. No other mythology, poetry, or art, can rival the Greek in highly intellectual development, and the external sensual beauty of form and style; but in its inborn conceptions of nature, in the ideas on which its structure is based, the Greek mythology must yield the palm to the Persian Zendavesta, and the Edda of our own ancestors. The inexhaustible fertility and creative power of nature, represented by significant material symbols, was the fundamental idea of Greek theogony, while in the perpetual interchange of hatred and love, in the attraction and repulsion of Eros and Eris, we trace the unvarying law of that natural dynamic force, which, continually revolving upon itself, tends backwards to the nothingness of its primæval source. The later atomic philosophy, from which the materialism of the moderns borrowed its molecules, was latent in the old chaos of the Greek cosmogony. Single philosophers occasionally arose, who, rejecting and casting aside the old system of Greek mythology, strove to exalt the simple original essence of nature concealed beneath the lifeless mass and rude veil of outer forms, and venerating that essence as water, fire, and vivifying air. Yet they were ignorant of that principle of *light* which is the purest of all merely natural elements, recognising nature as nature only, and not attributing to air, water, or fire those higher spiritual qualities with which they were endowed in the Northern cosmogony. The veneration for the elements, which was an essential principle in the Persian and German Theology, forms the purest and most spiritual part of the old belief in nature, and must not be confounded with the rude materialism prevailing among the Greeks, who suppose the world to have arisen from chaos, or to have been framed of self-combining atoms, treating nature in her boundless creative power merely as an animal of inexhaustible productive energy. Notwithstanding the perfection of sensual art among the Greeks, the spirituality of nature was entirely strange to them; but it was commonly received and understood by the Persians and Germans who, in spite of the difference of climate and situation, are yet congenial in language, character, and manners.

The spirit of the Edda is undoubtedly tragic; for a con-

stant veneration and contemplation of nature, if unaccompanied by a knowledge of the Supreme Divinity, invariably produces in healthy and vigorous minds a tragic and melancholy impression of life; thus the inmost feeling of the poets of antiquity, in spite of the glowing brightness of their representations, has ever been tragic if not gloomy. The light of hope and joy, in works of poetry or fiction, can emanate only from the rays of that sun of righteousness, truth, and love, which had never revealed itself to the genius of the ancients.

The mythology of the North is also tragic; yet its melancholy is of a very different character from the gloom of the misty and almost idealess Ossian. Balder*, the most noble of the sons of Odin, falls a victim to inevitable death. Odin, the progenitor of heroes, the creator of light and of all things divine, is subdued in his last battle against the invading powers of darkness; the ancient seers have warned him of his doom, and in order that he may have more warriors around him on that fatal day of combat, the result of which he foresees though unable to avert, he sends Death to summon the noblest mortal heroes and assemble them in the Halls of Valhalla. Yet the tragic influence of this northern mythology, though deep and intense, is calmer and more gentle in its operation; everything that love can inspire, of tender and beautiful, every glorious image that nature and the spring can supply, is interwoven with the tragedy, tempering its mournfulness, while at the same time the true, valiant spirit of old heroic times gives life and animation to the narrative.

Still, in spite of all that Suhm, Sandtwig, Thorkelin, and Nyerup have done towards elucidating Northern antiquities, the Edda remains a theme for study rather than a source of immediate enjoyment. It requires to be interpreted by a poet, who combines clear and profound intellect with great powers of imagination,—who is capable of unravelling the mysterious traditions and songs of the Edda, and transfusing them into poems which may speak intelligibly both to the outward senses, and to the deeper feelings of the soul.

Fame reports that Denmark possesses even now such a poet and scald, inspired by the very spirit of Odin; and

* See *Mallet's Northern Antiquities, Bohn's Standard Library*, p. 117.

certainly during the latter half of the eighteenth century, when the gifts of poetry had departed from all the other nations of Europe, no people except the Germans, produced any equally distinguished poet, or cultivated the art with so much success as the Danes.

We have in fact been wrong in so long neglecting and undervaluing the modern poetry of the North, for each native poet in that region stands in many respects far nearer the source than ourselves, and his productions, even if considered only as guides or waymarks to the understanding of the Edda, will prove as such valuable, and entitled to our warmest gratitude.

Grundtwig, a highly intellectual Danish author, whose work, "Nordens Mytologi eller Udsigt over Eddalaeren, 1808," forms an instructive introduction to the study of Danish poetry, gives the following brief summary of such modern works as are connected with the themes of Northern Mythology.

"Ewald composed his 'Balder,' and in that poem a dark resemblance of the majesty of the North breathed forth; but the poet himself, standing on the outer circle of the world he seeks to represent, is the more easily comprehended by those who, like him, stand without.

"The manly Pram felt that Thor would appear very differently in the sphere of nature, and in that in which he himself lived and sang. He saw the power of the North unfold itself in Stärkodder, and often have I lamented that he turned away from —

"'The muse who once inspired the Runic seer
With artless songs of free heroic fame, —
Of fights wherein proud chiefs of glorious name
The rock-like giants fell'd;' —

but he, glancing around and discovering the feebleness and degeneracy of the times, broke out into an exclamation of sorrow, only too well founded: —

"'No heart desires to hear thy glorious tone!
Who heeds, tho' now thy thunders roll around?
They fear, and flee, but Thee they honour not!'

"In his poetical despair he turned to the pursuit of clearness and perspicuity alone, and although his natural genius

forbade him long to submit to that cold rude school, he yet closed his eyes, refusing to look upon the majestic form, which, considering the height on which he stood, must otherwise have been compelled to disclose itself to him.

"What can be said of the remaining poets,—of those belonging to that period which people have not blushed to call the golden time of Danish poetry? probably because the purest gold would have been lost upon their dull sight and erring judgment. A period when all who could write a verse, with rhyme or without it, or even a tolerable song or ballad, enrolled himself, as worthy, in his own estimation, to rank among the poets and scalds. What could the North anticipate from such poets? It had, indeed, good cause to fear them, for some few wished to tread in the steps of Ewald and Pram; and bewildering themselves in their efforts to attain that object, burdened their poetry with crowds of mythic words, and the names of ancient divinities. Every reader who has sense to appreciate true grandeur and beauty, will turn with disgust from such mythological sport; and while the praiseworthy sowers stand horrified and almost dumb with astonishment, because the empty husks do not spring up amid the rubbish and bring forth fruit a hundred-fold, the unhappy idea that Northern Mythology is but an empty unmeaning verbosity, takes deeper root in the minds of all who see it continually represented under that form without contradiction or censure.

"Baggesen had too much of the poet's soul to become one of those who from the diction and phraseology of the Edda constructed stilts, in the fallacious hope of being thought sublime. Yet, with grief I acknowledge it, the injuries he inflicted on the divinities of the North were almost greater than they had endured from either of the others: for he had it in his power to injure them, and employed that power;—treating them with arbitrary hand, as if they had been his own peculiar property, he set the fool's-cap on their heads, and held them up to derision and mockery.

"Thus stood the gods of our fathers; their crowns cast down, the sceptres broken in their hands, till Oehlenschläger the Scald ventured to seek them where they stood in their desolation, yet illumined by a radiance which no shadows

could wholly obscure, no veil shroud from the eyes of the poet. Often, indeed, did he believe that he had found them, when he grasped only their shadowy forms; often has he adorned them with stranger robes of southern gold and purple splendour, woven by his own skilful hand, because he too hastily overlooked their peculiar characteristic features. Still, what hitherto he has not understood, the future will reveal to him, for he has power to comprehend; and even should it not be so, he will enjoy the eternal fame of having first inspired the North with veneration for its gods, and bestowed upon them such symbolic attire as was meet for their glorious fame."

To these names I would subjoin that of the critical writer Grundtwig, whose poem of "Freys und Gerda's Liebe" proved him to be, in the noblest sense of the word, a poet.

A German Scaldsong also deserves to be associated with those Danish imitators and versifiers of the Edda, the "Hero of the North" (Held des Nordens), by Friedrich Von Fouqué. In this poem, inspired and fully penetrated by the spirit of Odin, the poetical art of the North stands revealed, in all its glorious beauty, to our enraptured gaze. The feeling in which this work is conceived will be best expressed by the following lines, extracted from the author's preliminary address :—

> "Oh had ye but your noble fathers sought,
> Asking their guiding aid and their's alone,
> Long since, instead of morning's early dawn
> The day's warm sunshine would have sparkled round you.
> Ye would not! To the stranger's soul ye clung,
> And for yourselves ye wrought a stunted form
> Of foreign mould."

This poem presents, in three divisions, a dramatic version of the entire legend of Sigurd, from the Scandinavian text; besides the Volsunga Saga, and other Icelandic Sagas already known, it contains also a few passages, never before published, from the old Saemunda Edda, as, for example, the Sigurdar Quida. The historical purpose of this Saga is the same as that of the Niebelungen Lied, varying only in a few single particulars. The first part relates to Sigurd's heroic exploits and adventures, his two-fold love, misfortunes and death. The second contains an account of the avenging of

his murder, and the defeat of the warriors in Attila's burg. The third, entitled Aslauga, relates the fate of his daughter, who, for many years, lives unknown in the disguise of a shepherdess, but afterwards becomes the wife of King Regner Lodbrok, so celebrated in Danish songs. The dramatic structure adopted by the German poet was not, perhaps, essentially necessary. A narrative epic poem might have been equally suitable; yet, in reproducing the poetical labours of the early Sagas, the dramatic form has at least this advantage, that many points which perhaps could not be quite clearly defined and explained are thus set more perceptibly and in a more varied aspect before the eyes of the reader. I believe we shall do the German poet most honour by not dividing him from his work; but, adopting the spirit of his own introductory observation, "the legend claims your attention, I but humbly follow it afar; whoever would wish it to be disguised, let him not accompany us." The theatre of artistic vanity, and that style of poetry which ministers to the fashionable taste of the day, must be abandoned, ere the theme of heroic tradition can be worthily treated; for it is the great prerogative of a legend that, instead of being a grand artistic composition, the creation of an individual mind, its operation extends through many varying periods of time, and many generations of men and poets, like the spirit of undying nature, not owning any single earthly master, nor formed to bend beneath his arbitrary will. The German poet, in this hallowed grove of early poetry, has gathered for himself a crown of undying verdure, twined of the oak leaves of his fatherland; without, therefore, dwelling longer on his own great poetical merits, as on a separate feature, let us rather turn to the study of the poem itself. In comparing the German Niebelungen with this Northern poem, the softer spirit of Christian chivalry which floats gently around the former, softening particular details and circumstances, gives it the superiority; still, in the Northern Niebelungen we are sensible of a more profound feeling, of that prophetic foreboding supposed to reside in the works and in the operations of nature. Immediately from that fountain a stream of melancholy, desire, and love gushes forth, flowing on unceasingly towards us, and calling up long buried remembrances. We see enthroned in flames the

heroic maiden, Sigurd's first beloved.* When guilt has entered, and peace and happiness are for ever banished by revenge and cruelty, still the desert waste of the now completed tragedy is lighted by some gleams of promisé. Aslauga, the child of the most noble affection, appears like the beneficent light of returning hope, and after many surprising adventures, becomes the wife of Regner Lodbrok and queen of the Danish warriors.† Brynhilda is the most prominent character in the Northern poem, and far more nobly portrayed than in the German; in this last-mentioned, on the contrary, the character of Attila is less fearfully cruel, and, perhaps even, is drawn in too favourable a light to be strictly consistent with historical veracity. The noble-minded, benevolent Rudiger is the perfect impersonation of a Christian hero, and could not have been conceived or embodied by a heathen imagination. Each version of the legend is thus seen to have its own peculiar features and local colouring.

But how, it may be asked, can the Northern warrior Sigurd have become actor in a history originating among Frankish and Burgundian heroes, on the shores of the Rhine, and the scene of which is laid in Attila's kingdom on the banks of the Danube? This difficulty may be solved by the following consideration. The legend of the Niebelungen and of Attila, first sung in old Gothic songs, then transcribed into the Latin, or imitated in the Saxon, may indeed have been originally confined within one circle, although in the course of time much extraneous matter became interwoven with the original text. The Danish hero who reigned in Southern Jutland was not so very distant from Saxony nor from the northern German territory. Siegfried too, who granted his favour and protection to Witikind, the leader of the

* See Brynhilda. *Herbert's Works*, vol. i. p. 149.

† All this history of Aslauga is completely at variance with Herbert and others. "Regner's wife by a second marriage was certainly named Aslauga, and she has here been erroneously identified with the illegitimate child of Brynhilda, by Sigurd, who lived in the time of Attila, or in truth was Attila himself: but this is a gross error and anachronism." Attila reigned from 433 to 453, and Regner Lodbrok is said to have been killed in 794. — *Note to the Dying Song of Regner Lodbrok*, *Herbert's Works*, vol. i. p. 294.: also *Mallet's Northern Antiquities*, *Bohn*, *S. L.* p. 384. — *Trans.*

Saxons in their wars against Charlemagne, might easily awaken a remembrance of the ancient Siegfried, and contribute to diffuse the traditionary glory of that name, and of the Jutland hero among both Saxons and Germans.

In the last Austrian version of the Nicbelungen Lied, their native and favourite hero Rudiger is introduced, and a similar early, though scarcely so remarkable, anachronism, may, in the Northern German version of the poem, have prompted the adoption of the Jutland warrior Sigurd. Still the anachronism is clearly proved, for although much that is merely fiction enters into the account of Sigurd in the Northern legend, his historical position is ascertained by the marriage of his daughter Aslauga with the Danish king Regner Lodbrok, 730—794. Even in authentic history, some circumstances are related of Sigurd, the immediate predecessor of Regner Lodbrok, which decidedly appertain to the other Sigurd, the fabulous dragon-killer, Fafnisbane, and are borrowed from the German legend. We are, therefore, justified in supposing the same to have occurred in other points, and it certainly could not have been easy, throughout both history and legend, to distinguish clearly between the two Rudigers, and decide the particular points in which one may have borrowed from the other. Anachronisms of this sort are frequently found in the heroic poems of the ancients, and arise from the influence of national partiality; poetical and patriotic impulse have at least equal weight. Thus, in the instance of Æneas and Dido, the Trojan hero is, according to history and chronology, some hundred years older than Dido; yet the poet unites them in the bonds of love. Similar examples might, no doubt, be cited in Homer, were we as capable of making historical comments on his poems as we often imagine ourselves to be of censuring and criticising them.

The Northern legend, happily as it has been modernised by a bard whose mind was deeply imbued with its spirit, and who adhered closely to the text, is still, although so vividly represented, a tradition only, a memorial of earlier times, the echo of a former world. The most essential element in the poem is the fresh spirit of nature breathing throughout, a peculiarly Northern impulse, which is deeply implanted in our hearts, and is even more strikingly seen

in Shakspeare, who, by its influence, enters completely into our daily world, and becomes again living and present with us. Shakspeare is, therefore, most justly acknowledged to be the favourite poet not only of the English, but of all nations of Teutonic origin: excepting only when a foreign and unnatural influence intervenes, and people have already become false to their original character and better feeling. What more can be said of this noble poet? He is a man among his compeers, so many of whom, interpreting too literally that prerogative of eternal youth so willingly conceded to him, grasp at it and abusing it, fail. We may, indeed, apply to him the words of his own Hamlet:—

"He was a man, take him for all in all
We shall not look upon his like again."

Clear and intelligible even to the understanding of a child, wondrous and fascinating to the youthful imagination, he is still the friend and fellow traveller of the full grown man, the confidant of his thoughts and most serious feelings; when the prime of life is past, the poet is still his faithful companion; many other associates, to whom he clung in youth, appear empty and frivolous, and while he marvels to what they owed their former fascinating charm, our glorious Shakspeare retains all his value to the last, unshaken by the few solitary blemishes, defects of taste, as they are called, which are sometimes pointed out, but which are in general merely the offspring of our own misapprehension.

A parallel example exists in another sphere of intellectual exertion, widely removed from that of poetry. Although many, who profess to discern the golden era of the Latin language in the eloquent periods of Cicero alone, censure the silvery style of Tacitus, and trace in it the evidence of a declining and already degenerate taste, his works are still preferred to all others, and form the eternal handbook of the contemplative statesman, or the serious inquirer into the history of the world. The scope of this comparison may appear almost too extensive to be correct; still there is one point in which the genius of both may be exactly compared. Never, since the time of Tacitus, has the character of a tyrant been drawn with so much truth and energy as that of Henry VIII. by Shakspeare, and yet, at the same time,

with so little exaggeration, with such truth in the external expression and colouring, that his king-like daughter Queen Elizabeth could endure to witness the representation.* Henry, notwithstanding the vehemence and cruelty of his disposition, was yet a slave to forms. He played the tyrant in his own family and within the circle of his court; but his mandates came from the depth of his cabinet, and his measures were often circuitous and indirect. He thus became reserved from his position, even if he had not been so by nature. An equally arbitrary and ambitious character has been portrayed by Shakspeare in Richard III. Yet the temperament of the latter is widely different from that of Henry VIII., warlike and almost heroic, despising and spurning all restraints of form. The vigorous delineation of this character has been sometimes censured as unnatural and exaggerated; but those only judge thus who are ignorant of the depths of the human heart, or perhaps think it not expedient that those depths should be laid bare. Whoever has studied human life in its grandest proportions, and meditated on the records of history, will acknowledge the picture to be but too true to nature and probability. In the grand representation of human life which Shakspeare places before us, we see the whole world in movement and action. The ghosts of the past seem, as it were, wandering in the background, while their expressive forms and images point to the distant future and seem even to link themselves therewith.

Having thus directed your attention to this peculiar property of Shakspeare's genius, I would further remark that

* "Henry VIII. has somewhat of a prosaic appearance; for Shakspeare, artist-like, adapted himself always to the quality of his materials. If others of his works, both in elevation of fancy and in energy of pathos and character, tower far above this, we have here, on the other hand, occasion to admire his nice powers of discrimination, and his perfect knowledge of courts and the world. What tact was requisite to represent before the eyes of the queen subjects of such a delicate nature, and in which she was personally so nearly concerned, without doing violence to the truth! He has unmasked the tyrannical king, and to the intelligent observer exhibited him such as he was actually; haughty and obstinate, voluptuous and unfeeling, extravagant in conferring favours, and revengeful under the pretext of justice; and yet the picture is so dexterously handled that a daughter might take it for favourable." (*A. W. von Schlegel's Dramatic Literature, Bohn's Standard Library*, p. 439.)—*Trans.*

he possesses, beyond all other poets, a profound and comprehensive knowledge of the human mind and heart; a power which even his adversaries have never ventured to question.

On this too is founded a far loftier fame and more permanent reputation, than his talent as a dramatic poet could alone have procured him; a fame dwelling in a loftier region than that of the ordinary stage, and completely independent of the laws of theatrical taste.

Had Shakspeare not been endowed with higher merit than that of being the first and most excellent poet of the British stage it would be more difficult to bring the dispute concerning his merit to a distinct and triumphant conclusion. For every nation of peculiar temperament, possessing in the drama a general point of union for its intellectual strength, adapted to the requirements of the national taste, is led to cherish an undue partiality for its own stage and dramatic poets, disregarding and despising the peculiarities of others. Let us, merely for the sake of argument, imagine a Frenchman and a German disputing concerning the respective features and merit of Göthe and Schiller, or Corneille and Racine. It will be seen at once that the contest is likely to prove interminable, as it is almost impossible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, that is to say, for either party to be convinced, or for both to understand each other. The numerous theoretical works and treatises written on the dramatic art give new nourishment to a contest founded on prejudices so difficult to eradicate. It might be almost more easy for a dispute concerning different points of faith and doctrine to be satisfactorily decided than an argument on theatrical points, since neither party can be won to yield one hairbreadth of their opinions or prejudices. The Frenchman carries his partiality for his own dramatic poets so far as even to compare them with Sophocles and Euripides, a parallel which may be more easily supported in France, where few people have any knowledge of Greek antiquity, than it could be in other countries, in which, as in England and Germany, classical learning is considered an essential branch in the cultivation of the mind, and absolutely indispensable to a good education, especially among the higher classes. We must not, however, deceive ourselves by the supposition that Spaniards or Englishmen, though less ob-

trusive and violent in their opinions, cling less firmly to Calderon, or to Shakspeare. How can it be otherwise, when these gifted dramatic poets correspond so entirely with their national taste and requirements?

I have been led to express so decided a partiality for Shakspeare from the fact that he was indeed very different to, and infinitely grander than, a mere dramatic poet. I do not, however, believe that it would be possible to adapt Shakspeare's method, and allow him to give laws to our own stage and drama, because I believe that every stage must be subject to peculiar laws and forms suitable to the period of time and character of the nation. Whether the laws of our stage have ever yet been completely formed I must leave undecided. Shakspeare's plans could not be made available with us without great modifications and alterations, and Schiller himself appears to have been at length convinced of this even in his treatment of details, although he commenced by adopting that form as far at least as he had seized its intention.

The lofty genius and profound schemes and arrangement of the English dramatist confer a far higher degree of value on his dramas than any mere form could bestow. Yet if the peculiar plan which he adopted be examined we shall discover that it was framed and fitted by his genius to convey all he desired; and this is but another striking instance of the comprehensive and piercing intellect which makes him so far surpass all other poets in the perception of the human character: this discriminating power did not abandon him either in the intention or execution of his work. There are many instances of this kind in the "Early English Theatre,"* in which Ludwig Tieck has made a most welcome offering to the lovers of Shakspeare. Pericles, which has been historically proved to belong to Shakspeare, and concerning the authenticity of which not even the most incredulous now attempt to raise a question, is certainly one of his earlier compositions, and might indeed be called a poetical wood-cut: we ought not then to ask too much from it, but be content to find that as a poem, it possesses in due proportion the very features which in the time of Dürer distinguished a wood-cut. Such were the trifling beginnings from which Shak-

* Altenglischen Theater. Berlin, 1811.

speare's matured genius arose. How many degrees must he have ascended before he reached the zenith of his powers, and that energy and vigour of expression which characterise his later works! The "Pinner of Wakefield,"* not written by Shakspeare, but belonging to his time, is a popular comedy, and remarkable from the joyous animation and genuine humour which prevails throughout. The dramatic rivals and predecessors of Shakspeare were rather over-educated pedants than rude and uncultured men of genius, and their style presents a clumsy imitation of Seneca, or of the French. Shakspeare confined himself entirely to the popular drama, which still survived the wreck of so many abortive efforts, a branch which, although in itself little esteemed, has contributed greatly to the development of the dramatic art; it exercised great influence over the polished nations of antiquity, and even the slight vestiges remaining are valuable as lively memorials of national manners and customs.

The old King John is, perhaps, the most remarkable play in this collection. Whoever can entertain a doubt as to the authenticity of this old work should read the scene between Hubert and the little Arthur, when the former is employed to put out the prince's eyes, or that in which Arthur springs from his prison-wall and dies. Yet even this scene, when compared with the later work, strikingly illustrates the care and consideration which this master bestowed on the complete development of his original scheme. The scene in the old play is indeed true, simple, mournful, and calm, but more commonplace and rhetorical, compared with the peculiar features of childish character, the sad spectacle of suffering innocence, which, from its very *naiveté* and simplicity, touch the soul so deeply. This remark applies more particularly to that scene in which Hubert is employed to put out Prince Arthur's eyes, and where the latter, by his pathetic entreaties, at length wins him to abandon his cruel purpose. The

* "Pinner of Wakefield. See A. W. von Schlegel's Dramatic Literature, page 458. He there mentions the Pinner of Wakefield, and Grim, the Collier of Croydon, as belonging to a period before Shakspeare, and both "handled with hearty joviality;" the same play appears in Malone as the "Piner of Wakefield;" and in Dodsley's Collection, as "George a Greene, the Pindar of Wakefield."— Sec also p. 276. *infra.*

treatment in the older work of that scene in which Arthur dies might almost be preferred.

This poet, who so often brings to light the deepest secrets of the human heart, and who has such power to move and thrill the soul, as no poet ever, before or since, has possessed, comprehended by the aid of his own clear intellect and penetrating judgment the whole variety and mystery of human existence. Since the time of Homer no pictures have been produced so life-like and universal as those which Shakspeare places before our eyes, comprehensively grand, yet faithful to nature, even in minutest details and personal characteristics. He is the dramatic Homer of the North, of our North, the later, civilised, and polished North, no longer ruling by the power of nature alone, but in the added strength of intellectual energy, a highly-developed world variously framed and moulded.

Thus have I attempted to trace the poetic art of our forefathers back to its original root and source. What fruit that same old root might have produced if planted beneath a southern heaven, or what it may yet bear without doing too much violence to its original nature, will require separate investigation, and must be reserved for some future occasion.

Part IV.

CONTINUATION OF SHAKSPEARE'S DRAMATIC WORKS.

In the preceding treatise on the poetry of the North, I noticed a few of Shakspeare's earlier dramas, translated by Tieck, and published in his "Altenglischen Theater." Although these dramas have frequently been rejected as worthless, and are indeed generally excluded from the editions of Shakspeare's plays, I shall nevertheless annex a few observations on their peculiar style and character.

Most of them have been historically proved to belong to Shakspeare, nor will their authenticity be now called in question by the most profound critics, yet they certainly be-

long to a much earlier period, than his other more generally accepted works. In regard to a few of the other pieces, the internal evidence of their authenticity is sufficiently decisive to be almost taken for a certainty. This is particularly the case with the old King John. No one who has really *studied* Shakspeare will deny the work in question to be his; yet, in comparison with the later play, it affords a remarkable proof of the studious solicitude with which that great master of his art worked out and completed the ideas embodied in his earliest outlines.

The Monologue spoken by little Arthur before he springs from his prison walls, and its continuation after he has taken the fatal leap, and lies with broken limbs and mangled body at the foot of the tower, is in the old work to the following purport.

* *Enter young Arthur on the walls.*

Now help good hap, to further my intent
Crosse not my path with any more extremes;
I venter life to gaine my libertie;
And if I die, world's troubles have an end.
Feare gives disswade the strength of my resolve;
My holde will faile, and then, alas, I fall;
And if I fall, no question death is next.
Better desist, and live in prison still;
Prison, said I? nay, rather death than so.
Comfort and courage come again to me,
I'll venter sure; 'tis but a leape for life.

(He leaps down, and, bruising his bones, after he wakes from his trance speakes thus):—

Hoe! who is nigh? some bodie take me up:—
Where is my mother? let me speak with her.
Who hurts me thus? speak, hoe! where are you gone?
Ay me, poore Arthur, I am here alone!
Why called I mother? how did I forget?

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* Extracted from "The First and Second Part of The troublesome Raigne of King John, containing the Entrance of Lewis, the French king's sonne; with the poysoning of King John by a Monke; with the discoverie of King Richard Cordelion's Base Sonne (vulgarly named the Bastard Falconbridge); also the death of King John, at Swinstead Abbey. As they were acted by the Queen's Maiestie's Players. Written by W. Shakspeare. Imprinted in London by Valentine Simmes, for John Helme, 1611."—*Trans.*

My falle — my falle — hath killed my mother's sonne!
How will she weep at tidings of my deathe.
My deathe indeed; O God! my bones are burst!
Sweet Jesu, save my soul! forgive my rash attempt!
Comfort my mother, shield her from despair
When she shall hear my tragicke overthrowe!
My heart controls the office of my tongue,
My vital powers forsake my bruised trunke;
I die, I die! heaven take my fleeting soule,
And, lady mother, all good hap to thee!

The passage just quoted cannot fail to remove every remaining doubt that may exist in regard to the authenticity of the old play: for what other poet *could* have dictated it?* In the later drama the two following lines are substituted for the original monologue: —

"Alas! my uncle's spirit is in these stones!
God take my soul, and England has my bones!"

This circumstance gives the old work greatly the advantage in reading at least, if not also in poetical value. I imagine that beautiful speech must have been thus curtailed and sacrificed, because too long to be recited on the stage, in so painful a position. How rich must that genius have been which could sacrifice so much beauty, and yet possess an inexhaustible store from which to replace it! It is also

* Steevens decidedly rejects this play, although he had once supposed it to be genuine. The following observations by him are copied from the introductory preface to "King John," in his last edition of Shakspeare's works: —"There is extant another play of King John, published in 1611. Shakspeare has preserved the greatest part of the conduct of it, as well as the number of the lines. What most inclines me to think it the work of some contemporary author, is the number of quotations from Horace, and other scraps of learning scattered over it. There is, likewise, a quantity of rhyming Latin and ballad metre, in a scene where the 'Bastard' is represented as plundering a monastery; and some strokes of humour, which seem from their particular turn to have been evidently produced by another hand than that of Shakspeare. Of this play there is said to have been an edition in 1591, [printed] *for Samson Clarke*, but I have never seen it; and the copy in 1611, which is the oldest I could find, was printed 'for John Helme,' whose name appears before no other of the plays of Shakspeare. I admitted this play, some years ago, as Shakspeare's own, among the twenty which I published from the old editions, but a more careful perusal of it, and a further conviction of our poet's custom of borrowing plots, sentiments, &c., dispose me to recede from that opinion."— STEEVENS.— *Trans.*

worthy of notice, that in the prison scene between Hubert and Arthur, the noble boy, in his attempts to soften the rugged heart of his stern tormentor, speaks most of God, and of the fearful retribution prepared by eternal justice for all who commit such deeds of cruelty and guilt. In the later drama these motives, which grand and poetical as they are still seem perhaps a little commonplace, are no longer dwelt upon, but the exquisite pathos of the little prince's childish prayers and entreaties wakes every latent emotion of sympathy and compassion in the heart.

I cannot, however, entirely agree with the translator, in considering the old King John so decidedly superior to the second version. Besides the passages already cited there are many others which establish the authenticity of the work beyond all doubt or question; yet, in the details, there is undeniably great roughness and want of polish; particularly in that scene in which the bastard indulges in so much coarse invective and contemptuous satire of the monks and nuns. The whole of the later piece is written in a more profound and universal spirit; while the motive of the first appears to be a certain narrow patriotism, and that characteristic abhorrence of the papal power which distinguished the early English. The sense of the piece appears to be condensed into the concluding verse*: —

> "If England's peers and peasants remain united,
> Neither France, Spain, nor Pope can do us injury."

Or, as in the modern play, —

> "*Nought can make us rue,*
> *If England to herself will be but true.*"

The period immediately succeeding the destruction of the Spanish Armada, is that assigned by the German editor and translator to the first appearance of this drama. The patriotism and strong national feeling recognised in it, are indeed quite in accordance with the spirit of that time. This littleness of feeling is not found in the second play; and besides the vicissitudes to which royalty is exposed, displayed in that fearful tragedy, the poet's grand object appears to

* The last page of the old play of King John before quoted is wanting in the copy in the library of the British Museum.—*Trans.*

have been to exhibit the degree in which justice and mercy are usually seen to operate in political deliberations and decisions. It is a bitter satire on the confused instincts of the populace and ordinary politicians; founded on the deepest knowledge of mankind and of the human heart, and particularly directed against that unregulated hatred of the papal power, the mere assertion of which was sufficient to ensure to any politician the reputation of surpassing intelligence and discernment. The later King John remarkably illustrates the progress of the poet's mind, not in his peculiar art alone, but also in his knowledge of the world and of human nature.

The Pinner of Wakefield* is one of the remaining Dramas

* George a Greene, the Pindar of Wakefield, was first printed in 1599, and is to be found in Dodsley's collection of old plays. The plot of this play (which is not divided into acts) is founded on an ancient ballad, and the scene lies at Wakefield in Yorkshire. This George a Greene was a man of great and ancient renown; there is a peculiar history of his life written by one N. W., 8vo. 1706, and he is mentioned by Hudibras, part ii. cant 2. line 305.

(*Theatrical Records.*)

This play is, in Dodsley's Catalogue, 1756, ascribed by Anthony Wood to John Heywood, who died 1564. — See note by Dodsley subjoined.

DODSLEY'S PREFACE TO THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD.

"I can give no account of the author of this piece. The story seems to have its foundation in history, or at least in the particular traditions of the town of Wakefield. And by the style it does not appear to have been wrote much before the time it was printed, which was 1599. It is said in the title-page to have been acted by the Earl of Sussex's servants, and is ascribed by Philips and Winstanley to John Heywood, the author of the interludes; but I believe any reader of judgment will easily perceive they must be mistaken."

Pinner, or *Pindar*, probably means a sort of constable, or bailiff. — See Supplement to Jamieson's Etymological Dictionary. To *pind*, *pynd*, v. n. to distrain. "Anent, a horse of Johne Charteris pyndit be the said John Maxwell sernandis of his command, the said John Maxwell grantis that the said horse was ridden after he was pyndit."

Poinder of cattle; keeper of the pound; Huloet. — Todd's Johnson.

Mr. Malone, in his account of the rise and progress of the English stage, gives copies of some old registers of plays performed between 1591 and 1597, in which in the year 1593, on the 8th of January, "the Piner of Wakefield" is stated to have been acted "by the Earle of Sussex his men." — Malone's Prolegomena to Plays and Poems of William Shakspeare, ed. 1821, vol. iii. p. 300. — *Trans.*

translated in the "Altenglischen Theater." I have already noticed this piece in the treatise on Northern Poetic Art, as not generally attributed to Shakspeare, from the absence of any historical evidence of its origin and composition. Still it is by no means unworthy of the master's hand; not merely from the jovial humour and vigorous delineation of character which distinguish it, but also from the clear, strong intellect perceptible throughout. On first reading it, many years since, I unhesitatingly pronounced it to be the work of Shakspeare, from this latter quality alone. This powerful internal evidence is also corroborated by the circumstance that it would be almost impossible to point out by name any author of that period capable of producing so skilful a drama. As more decisive proofs are wanting, I must, however, leave the question at present undecided.

The same remarks may with justice be applied to the "Merry Devil of Edmonton," published in the second part of the "Altenglischen Theater," which has recently appeared, but from internal probability, scarcely seems worthy of being attributed to Shakspeare. Yet I know not why it should seem incredible that among his numerous early productions and experiments, one or two should be found to border on the ordinary and commonplace. In the old "King Lear," for example, he descends to the verge of mediocrity, prompted probably by a desire to approximate more closely to the type of his beloved stage-plays, and renounce that lofty grandeur which raised him so far above the ordinary standard of the boards. I quite agree in opinion with the translator, who undoubtingly ascribes this work to Shakspeare, from certain peculiar habits and forms of expression there recognised, as well as other quaint terms of speech, which he never entirely laid aside; the most important among these doubtful pieces, which, though proved to be genuine, certainly belong to the earliest period of his youth, is the old drama of "Locrine,"* the authenticity of which is vouched by historical and internal probability. I fully concur with the Translator in his judgment of this majestic tragedy, and the poetical value to be assigned to it. He esteems it one of the earliest

* "Locrine," printed in 1595. It appears amongst the plays ascribed to Shakspeare, in Malone's edition (1821), vol. ii. p. 682. — *Trans.*

of Shakspeare's works, written before he had visited London, or the theatre, under the influence of a strong patriotic feeling excited by the domestic dissensions which distracted England during the later years of the life of Mary Stuart, dividing that country into parties, and giving rise to fears of foreign invasion. Notwithstanding the many great beauties of this drama, it is decidedly unsuited to the stage. The poet's predilection for gigantic grandeur, and everything rare and wondrous, is here peculiarly apparent. Many of the speeches remind us of that of the rude Pyrrhus in "Hamlet," which is unquestionably borrowed from some earlier play; and it contains the plot, in embryo as it were, of the chief part of the later work of Shakspeare.

Thus Tieck reasons, incidentally, in his Preface to "Locrine," and I object only that he does not express himself with sufficient warmth or decision in regard to the poetical merit of this lofty tragic poem. Were I to attempt to illustrate in few words the progress of Shakspeare's genius, I should enumerate, Locrine, Romeo, the series of Historical Plays, and "King Lear," as marking the principal gradations of his splendid career. "Locrine" must certainly not be omitted in this series, and although being merely a sketch it is deficient in point of execution, in intrinsic grandeur of the conception it is inferior to none. One innate and never forsaken impulse of Shakspeare's genius is peculiarly observable in "Locrine;" that faculty of seizing and representing the problem of life in its grandest proportions, and bringing the strife and opposing elements of the world's career in all their actual vigour upon the tragic boards. Still the stern inflexible grandeur of the youthful poet's bold and lofty genius, in its first upsoaring, seems rather disposed to crush the then feeble stage beneath his powerful foot, than to call up for its embellishment any fleeting yet brilliant apparition. This very circumstance makes the play of "Locrine" one of the most important of the earlier productions of Shakspeare. It shows clearly at what an immeasurable distance the poet stood apart from the arena for which he wrote, and the world which he depicted. It shows to what an abyss of degradation his giant mind must have abased itself, to what a falsification of his own principles, and denial of his powers he must have descended, ere

he suffered himself to cling exclusively to the stage, far superior, as, then existing in England, it may have been to the modern theatre.

This contrast becomes very apparent if we compare with the tragic grandeur of "Locrine," (not the old "King Lear," the authenticity of which is not universally admitted, but) "Pericles," and the old "King John," both of which belong unquestionably to our poet. And yet, even in these, the compulsive effort is so far apparent, that we feel the poet's representation was not inspired by any impulse from within, but rather by an effort to depict in the most harsh and glaring colours that external world which was to him so strange, and to point out the surprising errors therein existing in their true light, as they were discerned by his powerful and discriminating intellect. Yet the true intention, in which the poet threw off his pictures of the world and of human life, is more distinctly understood by considering the wide difference between them and his lyric and idyllic poems. The former, severely drawn, as if by the power of the intellect alone, unenfeebled by softness or tenderness of feeling; the latter presenting a clue to the inmost sentiments of the poet, which are in them revealed almost without any intermixture of external influence. These poems and sonnets are indeed well worthy of serious contemplation. Considering the almost universal tendency of his own efforts, it appears singular that Shakspeare should have thought this free style, in which he followed Spenser, worthy of such high consideration, although so completely unsuited for theatrical representation. He appears to consider it the loftiest, and indeed the only style of poetry well deserving that name, and treats the dramatic branch in which he was himself so great a master, with almost unjust depreciation and contempt. Although Shakspeare in his dramas frequently adopted the early popular comedy, as well as old national songs and ballads, and notwithstanding the decided preference he evinced in early youth for Italian novels and romances, and every branch of Southern literature, he never appears to treat any themes with so much seriousness and enthusiasm as those selected from the heroic chronicles of his nation. The series of historical plays founded on the events recorded in those chronicles,

seem to form almost an epic poem, and as the poet himself felt and acknowledged, far surpass the narrow limits of the stage.

This and other considerations lead me to place Shakspeare, although unquestionably the first dramatic poet of his nation, and, as such surpassed by none, on a far loftier eminence, and, independently of the perfection of his dramatic art, to recognise in him a far higher order of poetry, the source of which is purely and essentially northern and German.

In the present time especially, when the love of poetry in our country is so shattered and broken up by petty preferences and partialities, this poet may be made the instrument of uniting our divided parties. Those who have seized merely the outward form and garb of antiquity, instead of its rich abundance of fancy and imagery, — those, in short, whose errors tend more or less to antique stiffness and formality, unless all idea of pleasure derived from the rhythmical flow of words, and the love of poetry itself, be actually crushed and trodden out in their hearts, will attach themselves to Shakspeare, for his genius is most in harmony with the antique preferences of modern poets. The spirit which, next to the antique, seems most predominant among the writers of our day, is that which holds ignorance and neglect of study for the most decisive proofs of genius. The believers in this doctrine are ever bent on imitating, or rather counterfeiting the very qualities in which they are most deficient, and which they have least power to attain, and are perpetually mistaking childishness for simplicity, confounding the popular with the vulgar, and instead of the golden lyre of Apollo or the heroic harp of northern bards, each, familiar only with the bagpipe of St. Monday, makes its unpoetical drone resound through all his works.

Shakspeare, the grand, deep-souled master of all true poetical beauty, may, by the weight and irresistible power of his genius, minister most effectually to the setting aside of these insignificant trifles, produced by the fashionable temperament of the day.

Yet there are those amongst us who embrace a better and nobler aim, rejecting the vulgar no less unconditionally than the mere antique. Nor do they err in holding romance to

be the vital element of poetry, and the most appropriate sphere for the development of modern German art. Still, though it is an incontrovertible principle that poetry, if true to itself, will ever be a creation of fancy and imagination, the same features, too frequently and exclusively repeated, will produce feeble and degenerate works, unless combined with that tragic and heroic grandeur, that deep solemnity engendered by constant meditation on life and the human destiny, which in Shakspeare ever speak so vividly and intelligibly. Shakspeare's writings are romance throughout. He avoids with evident aversion that affectation of classical learning, to which so many poets of his time were addicted; and also rejects that merely modern poetry, which is the slave of fashion and of circumstances, and usually becomes insipid when it should be sweet, — turns pathos into fretfulness, and in the vain pursuit of nature and simplicity, degenerates into unmeaning commonplace. Shakspeare, the prince of poets, was romantic in the selection and treatment of his subjects; and notwithstanding the degeneracy of which we complain, examples of a similar kind are found in abundance among the stage-writing poets of his day; but it is chiefly by his superexcellent vigour and bold freedom that his writings are distinguished from the need-and-help dramas (Noth-und-hülfs Dramen)* of our own stage. Shakspeare was truly romantic, but in the right spirit; his fancy was not merely glowing and sportive, but profoundly grand and, in the truest signification of the term, romantic.

The attempt to adapt foreign forms to any national stage will usually prove quite fruitless, for the theatre of any country must be subjected to its own appropriate laws and government; and these we are more likely to find, adapted in just proportion to the true object and requirements of our German stage, in the lyric poems of Shakspeare than in his historical dramas. Singular as such an assertion

* "Noth-und-hülfs Dramen." This term is scarcely susceptible of translation: it applies, probably, to dramas of a very inferior though popular character, in which, as in some commonplace novels, the personages appear to be thrown into situations of forced distress and necessity, merely that they may be assisted and saved by a combination of other circumstances equally forced and unnatural, and palpably contrived for the occasion. — *Trans.*

may appear, Calderon assimilates more closely to our stage in mature experience and the lofty ideal of dramatic art than the English poet. Apart, however, from that peculiar consideration, and the false imitative experiments arising from it, I should, in accordance with the principles before laid down, pronounce Shakspeare to be the true and only foundation on which any better feeling for the art in Germany is likely to be raised. A high sense and feeling for poetry is most likely to be universally developed by a deep study and full comprehension of that poet's genius, and thus all the various parties, and the devious courses pursued in our literature would gradually disappear, and ere long be entirely lost. It would scarcely now be possible to counsel a revival of the earlier French taste, the so called poetic art of a Boileau, Batteur, or Godschied, yet in the general anarchy prevailing in regard to taste and beauty, it is not altogether surprising that some voices plead even for a return to that neglected path. Not, however, to such a retrograde movement does our mission tend; rather, enriched by retrospection and the garnered wisdom and experience of the past, let us look steadily forward, ever advancing on our way.

Modern German Paintings.

ON

THE GERMAN PAINTINGS EXHIBITED AT ROME

IN THE YEAR 1819.

THE exhibition of modern German paintings in the palace Caffarelli, at Rome, which was fitted up and arranged for that purpose, by permission of the consul of the Prussian embassy, formed one of the most remarkable features connected with the presence of the imperial court in that city, once the capital of the world, and so long the focus of the arts and the point of union for all amateurs.

The public journals gave a full account of the visit with which his Imperial Highness honoured the exhibition; but as yet no detailed examination of its merits, as an assemblage of works of art, has appeared; at least no work, fully deserving such a title, or in any degree accomplishing that design. Yet the German exhibition seems well entitled to careful investigation, both as a remarkable feature of the times, and in reference to the present condition of the arts; besides which, it possesses great intrinsic value, from the richness and variety of the compositions exhibited, far exceeding all that have been produced by any other modern and rising school for a long period of time. It is most gratifying and delightful to witness the universal and well-directed aspirations of so much varied talent, as it must be clear to us all, that excellence, instead of springing up spontaneously like the grass of the field, cannot be

attained without much careful study and cultivation. If, among the numerous indifferent, or even bad pictures, which usually preponderate in an exhibition like the present, we find many good, and a few of distinguished merit, we may reasonably anticipate, from the united efforts of so much natural and varied talent, a successful and happy reaction in the art generally.

The exhibition was, on the whole, favourably received by the public, both in regard to individual performances and the rising talent here, for the first time, displayed in a higher order of conceptions, embracing a wider circle of ideas. Great and well-deserved praise was bestowed on the two Schadows, Philip Veit, Wach, and others; for the public, when left to form an unbiassed judgment, usually decide both judiciously and kindly. Opinions were divided on some other points, and many dissentient voices were even raised to depreciate the exhibition. It was considered to be the general defect of the modern German school, and urged against it as a subject of reproach, that it digressed into the old German manner; and consequently, although great commendations were awarded to individual merit, which the greater and better part of the public failed not to discern and acknowledge, it was generally asserted that the artists of that school were entering upon an irregular and false path.

I design in this treatise to inquire into the cause and origin of this general censure, and to ascertain in how far it may be applicable either to the entire school, or to particular individuals and their productions; but as numerous points require to be noticed, before forming a judgment in either case, I shall first remind my readers of such considerations as appear to me of most essential importance.

Before, however, I inquire into the correct or incorrect application of this very vague censure, I must attempt to analyse the idea and define it correctly, so that, having succeeded in attaching a precise meaning to the term, we may the better understand in what sense it is usually received and employed.

If the phrase were intended to convey the idea of incorrect design, common or exaggerated expression, cold, unnatural colouring, or any other positive fault in painting, it would

be easy to determine whether such an objection were well-founded or not: easy at least to all who, with a naturally correct eye, have a cultivated taste, and some knowledge of the real excellencies of the art. If, on the contrary, the reproach of mannerism only be intended, our judgment becomes confused, as this latter term cannot so easily be defined, and wanting requisite precision and distinctness, is susceptible of the most various acceptations and interpretations. But if, as applied in judgment or censure to works of art, the term Early German refers only to a certain style once historically existing: the misconceptions which easily attach themselves to so conventional a form of speech become interminable, and the judgment must be proportionately bewildered and perplexed. It is, therefore, necessary strictly to examine the principles on which this term is founded, that the confusion of our ideas may be cleared up, and the opinion expressed by it distinctly understood.

Neither painting, nor any other high science or art, can break loose entirely from the chain of tradition, nor, denying or rejecting every principle of past times, enter at once on a new and untrodden path. Each artist should rather prefer to link his genius with an earlier period, whether he aim at opening for himself a new path, the pursuit of which may lead to unexampled excellence, or whether it be his desire to raise the bewildered taste of the degenerate art to its original grandeur and sublimity; no such object has ever been accomplished without the study, and, perhaps, even the adaptation of an earlier style. It frequently happens that when the ordinary manner of painting seems quite exhausted, and all minds are weary of the same monotonous path, a new and sudden impulse throws the art into a foreign channel, or prompts its return to such old themes and treatment as appear novel, even from their antiquity. This was the case in the time of the Emperor Hadrian, who wished to revive the ancient Egyptian style in architecture.* A religious object, however, may

* Adrian endeavoured to reanimate paganism, and to make it once more the basis of the empire and of public life: for this purpose he had recourse to the more profound and austere theology of Egypt. and that new Egyptian style, which characterises the later monuments of Roman art, was connected with the emperor's predilection for the old religion of Egypt.—*A. W von Schlegel's Philosophy of History, Standard Library*, p. 292.

have prompted this attempt rather than the requirements of the art. Since this fact can merely be noticed here as an example, I shall leave the closer investigation of the subject for a more appropriate occasion, together with the question whether at such a period the true interest of the art is most essentially promoted by a sudden spring onwards, or by a bold and daring return to its own original form. It is enough to observe, that every period in its last manifestation of power has produced much worthy of study, and of at least comparative excellence; as in that brief revival, to which I have already alluded, when heathen art blazed forth anew before its final and irretrievable extinction. Returning to the art of painting in our modern Christian time, it has long since been decided, by those who are most conversant with its productions, and indeed universally acknowledged, that it reached the summit of perfection about the end of the fifteenth, or during the first part of the sixteenth, century, with the great masters of that period, Raphael, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Titian, and Correggio, and although subsequently the School of the Carracci, Guido, Domenichino, and a few of the better Florentines, enjoyed well-merited fame, the art never again reached the height it had attained under the first great masters. This, at least, is no longer disputed; and when, as each school successively expired, and the time of its dominion passed away, the necessity of a grand revival forced itself upon the genius of the eighteenth century, and prompted an effort, which was based upon a right principle, although the application of it was altogether erroneous, Mengs, who among us undertook the work of restoration, believed that to form a perfect composition it was necessary to combine Titian's life-like carnations, the magical chiaroscuro of Correggio, with the beautiful forms and rich conceptions of Raphael; that the result of such a combination would be perfect in itself, and the carrying out of the theory give new life to declining art. Yet a new life can spring only from the depths of a new love, and it is vain to imagine that lofty art, like a draught of medicine, may be procured by the mingling of various different ingredients. Hence the compositions of Mengs appear cold and insipid, and although in many points superior to his time, his great and praiseworthy exertions never led to the formation of any school peculiarly his own.

Others afterwards modified his recipe for the restoration of art, or even went to the extreme of believing that a single artist ought to unite, with his imitation of Raphael, both the antique school and nature, or, rather, drawing from models; and in this respect, a similar observation will apply to the present struggle of modern art. Copying from the pagan antique leads invariably to a neglect of the immutable distinction between the sister-arts of painting and sculpture; and the theory just noticed would easily produce such errors, although this was not precisely the case with Mengs, who generally confined himself within the true limits of painting. The influence of Winkelmann, whose enthusiasm for the antique created in that respect a new epoch, gave rise to many erroneous applications, leading the artist yet more widely astray from the true object of his art.

The aberrations of the French school were most remarkable, and its errors, though undoubtedly derived from the same source, took a completely different direction. The monuments of the antique, although partially known by a few individual painters who had studied in Rome, stood not here in their native power and majesty before the eyes and senses of the people: yet so much the more did they turn in rising astonishment to marvel at that republican antiquity which history taught them to know and venerate. The tragic heroes of Greece and Rome, produced in theatrical exaggeration upon the stage, became the reigning idols of the day, and consequently art itself rushed into the arms of republican antiquity, showing an especial preference for tragic and exaggerated dramatic effect. In truth a mighty leap to attempt, more wondrous than that Egyptian influence on sculpture in the time of Hadrian, and at least further removed from everything by which, in our time, art as art, and men as men, are measured! It would indeed require that all modern Europe should return to the heathenism of former days, a return which the French, at the time of the first Revolution, certainly both hoped and attempted to effect. Such are still the characteristics of the French school; a vigorous and remarkable, yet false tendency, the peculiarities of which are especially seen in the productions of David, the greatest master of that school. The same principles have till now reigned throughout Europe, which is

the less surprising as they in many respects successfully develope the genius of our time, so far removed from that meditative calm which alone gives birth to true ideas of beauty. The French manner has obtained great influence in Italy, and the excellent paintings of Camuccini, those at least which are drawn from history or mythology, belong decidedly to their mode of conception and treatment, though a noble feeling for art often breaks through the mannered surface of the French schools. Some more recent works of this famous painter, church pictures especially, are more simple and more consonant with the severe grandeur of truth.

The French pictures exhibited this year at Rome afford an opportunity of estimating the practical operation of their principles, exclusively inculcated, on the younger generation. One in particular, the most remarkable, represents "Un Jeune Grec renversé," as it is styled in the catalogue, and chiefly excites a feeling of pity for the poor model, who in that deadly position, head downwards, must have evidently given his whole energies of soul and body to performing the part of the naked hero. The penetration of the artist is particularly exhibited in the position of the sword, which is placed diagonally across the body, so as to supersede the fig-leaf, usually employed. Such an excess of mannerism would scarcely be conceivable in any school except the French.

It is not, however, impossible to name a few happy exceptions and better impulses, though, where false taste so universally prevails, they must necessarily be but isolated examples, until the barriers of slavery are broken, and the erroneous ideas existing thrown aside. In France, where each unnatural extreme soon produces its reverse, another manner has already arisen, half-antique, half revolution-born, tragi-theatrical style, employed in delineating historical themes of lesser importance, and more attractive tenderness than the loftier class. These pictures are called "du genre," and the productions of Granet at Rome in this style are highly and deservedly esteemed.

Portrait-painting also, which is considered a distinct profession, is, in its narrow circle, less exposed to the erroneous influences of popular taste, and often produces artists of

most happy talent, who carry that branch of art to its highest perfection; and even if guided by instinct alone, without reference to higher impulses, produce such life-like resemblances and brilliant effects as throw the age into astonishment, and rival even Lawrence, the famous, noble portrait-painter of Great Britain. But these dazzling meteors too soon depart from among us, and have little perceptible influence on the general progress of the art.

Besides the French school, there is one other influence almost universally prevailing, that of the English copper-plate engravings. We can scarcely feel surprised at the daily increasing taste for these works, since their style is so completely in unison with the spirit of the age, springing from its sentimental style of feeling and the quick fervent impulses of the heart. It will not, therefore, be necessary to offer any further observations on the character of these engravings, because the impulse which produced them is felt at once to be the ruling element of taste, not in England only, nor yet merely in engravings, but discoverable in sculpture, churches, pictures, monuments,—in everything, in short, where the theme is susceptible of sentimental expression and treatment.

The preceding observations give a true picture of the taste hitherto predominating in the art, or, might I not almost say, have even now too much influence? Under these circumstances, between the domination of the French school on the one hand, and of the English engravings on the other; between barren theories, founded on the doctrines of Mengs, or the opinions of Winkelmann, so ill understood, and which, well intended, but solitary, individual efforts have vainly striven to break through, a completely new impulse has stirred in Germany, and during the last ten years its progress and development have become more and more conspicuous. This impulse, if lovingly fostered and wrought into a susceptible feeling for all that is most lofty and appropriate in art; if its deficiencies are supplied by regular cultivation upon certain fixed principles; if the tendency to error and exaggeration be restrained within due bounds by active and critical judgment; if what is as yet incomplete be finished with grandeur proportionate to the loftiness of the conception, we may yet see the lovely path of beauty laid

open, and these rising efforts become the nucleus of a new and flourishing school. German artists long since decidedly rejected the predominant French manner, and manifested an ardent appreciation of the noble painters of early times. A large proportion chose the inimitable Raphael for their model, while some few selected Leonardo for their guide, or were attracted by the severe grandeur of Michelangelo. Who does not recall to mind Büri, "formed," to use the words of Goethe, "by deep study," and Professor Hartmann, at Dresden, so much distinguished for excellence, both as master and scholar? The distinction between sculpture, or the antique, and painting, is also more clearly defined, and becomes more universally regarded. The first, however, who justly claims the highest place in our retrospect of the regeneration of art,—he who commenced the struggle,—lives no more. Schiek of Stuttgart, striving throughout his whole life with oppression and depreciation, died ere his lofty talent, known and acknowledged too late, brought him the meed of fame to which he was so justly entitled. First formed in David's school, he ever retained the manner and vigorous design he had imbibed from that master, certainly the first in his peculiar style; and although rising unsupported in the new career his genius marked out for itself, he discovered, after long years of apprenticeship, that as guides to perfection, other and higher models were needed, models which, among his contemporaries and the school in which he had been formed, might be sought in vain: those he desired to study existed only in the earlier masters, whose works, by no vicissitudes of time destroyed or superseded, still excite the wonder and command the admiration of all beholders. The portraits of the children of Von Humboldt, which excited so much attention at Rome, will bear comparison even with those of Leonardo or Titian, and could not be deemed unworthy a pupil either of Raphael or Leonardo. His talent is yet more strikingly apparent in the "Apollo and the Shepherds," a large picture now in the royal palace at Stuttgart, and which formerly adorned the chamber of the deceased queen. The rich working of this composition, crowded with figures most beautifully arranged, the clear brilliancy, and soft grace of the colouring, and the

freshness and vigour of the whole, make it worthy the best periods of the older masters.

Cornelius and Overbeck are universally acknowledged to stand *first* among the living German painters of this era. Both are gifted with rich creative fancy: the former displays an intense feeling for beauty in figure and expression, with much grace of attitude and arrangements; the latter has an inexhaustible inventive faculty, and great vigour of expression. Overbeck is well-known in Germany by many most expressive works, especially the great cartoon at Frankfort, representing "Joseph sold to the Merchants." His vocation in art is already sufficiently apparent, and were it not so, the grand cartoon of "Jerusalem Delivered," in the present Exhibition, would at once decide it. What Cornelius may be capable of accomplishing in a higher and grander scale than he has hitherto attempted, the fresco paintings in the Glyptotheka built at Munich by the Crown Prince of Bavaria, and the execution of which is entrusted to Cornelius, will afford him ample opportunity of proving. Our anticipations, if formed from his first cartoon, which is finished in a most masterly manner, will be highly raised: it represents the entire mythic cycle of Night, with her numerous allegorical retinue, treated in the ingenious and comprehensive style of the ancients, equally rich and expressive. The dramatic energy of some of this artist's earlier productions appears to verge upon mannerism, but in this last excellent work we remark with pleasure a noble simplicity and greater fidelity to nature. Both painters have been happily imitated by many younger artists of very various talents and different habits of thought, all uniting in earnest emulative efforts to restore the art to its original elevation.

The general struggle of the German artists in Rome daily excites more and more attention, and its progress is watched with cordial sympathy by the illustrious men of many other countries. I have to mention with unfeigned pleasure, as chief among those who honour and value German genius, Canova, the pride of Italy, the sculptor of our time whose genius is reverenced and acknowledged by all Europe. When on his tour through Germany, he visited the unique Boisserée Collection, though himself working in quite a different

sphere, he knew how to appreciate it, and at this moment not only watches with interest the efforts of our young German artists in general, but also affords to individual talent the kindest sympathy and protection. Many young Germans, Philip Veit, Eggers, and others owe to his recommendation their admission to the fresco works in the Vatican. The taste for fresco painting, which is so warmly cultivated among the German artists in Rome, forms a grand step in the advance of art, and the fame of having first encouraged it belongs to the Prussian consul-general Bartholdy. In these compositions a certain grandeur of conception, combined with freedom and certainty of execution, are indispensable, and they consequently offer a noble field for rising talents.

From the preceding observations it will not be difficult to form a correct judgment of the present state of German art, as displayed in the last exhibition at Rome, and to estimate it according to its real merits.

I will say but a few words more in reference to its general principles. Imitation, in the literal meaning of the term, is forbidden to an artist, more especially in the technicalities of his art. He must learn the first elementary principles on which it is based—design, correct, elaborate, powerful and confident design; and happy should the young aspirant esteem himself if he succeed in finding an able master, capable of displaying to him the whole structure of the human frame, internal and external, by the study of anatomy and drawing from models, leaving him to acquire a more perfect knowledge of its most vigorous and powerful development by the study of the antique. The science of perspective belongs also to the recognised principles of art, and must be acquired from instruction; but colouring—the magic truth and beauty of colouring—no master can impart, unless the scholar be endowed by nature with a gifted eye and sense. Yet much preparatory technical knowledge, co-operating with natural endowments, and thus contributing to produce perfection, can and must be acquired. Natural talents thus cultivated, will start with all the elementary parts necessary for the elevation of the art, and the student should himself select some ideal model of excellence, loftier than even his master could offer him. He should remember that he has in

view two very different objects, both of which must be kept studiously distinct; the master's instruction, for whatever is necessary to be learned; the type or model for what cannot be taught but must nevertheless be acquired. It will be clearly seen from the preceding observations that no individual painter can safely break loose from the organised system of art, nor freeing himself from laws already imposed and still existing, attempt to create from his own unassisted genius, or as it is said "from Nature." What is the usual result of thus spurning all tradition or cultivation? The artificial mannered treatment of these would-be-original creators and nature-artists, and the rank assigned to their productions sufficiently prove the fallacy of their theory. Whence, then, should the youthful artist draw ideas of grandeur in form and arrangement, and still more the general conception and treatment of his subject? How infuse into his conception a congenial yet lofty spirit, except from the noble creations of earlier masters, and the study of that brief but glorious period, in which the art of painting had avowedly reached its highest point of perfection? Should we send him back to copy from the French school, or bid him adopt the style of the English engravings? If he think rightly himself, he will never be led away by examples so erroneous, but fix his idea immutably on Raphael and his contemporaries, and other great masters of the latter half of the fifteenth, and the commencement of the sixteenth century, carrying their creations in his heart as the eternal guides of his efforts. It is certain that besides those grand masters whose fame and genius are incontrovertible, none deserve to be more highly esteemed than their immediate predecessors and ancient masters, with whom they are in fact far more closely connected than with their own scholars or later imitators. Shall we profess to honour Raphael, and prize him lightly from whom Raphael first learnt the essentials of the art? There are not only many single figures, but groups and entire compositions, by Perugino, Fiesole, and even Giotto, which may be viewed with pleasure and astonishment, though we turn to them from the contemplation of Raphael himself, at the same time that they are truly in his manner, if we consider that manner the type of all that is spiritually beautiful and harmonious. How seldom

do we meet with such conceptions among the mere effect painters of the later Italian schools! For no sooner had the summit been gained than the first steps of decline were evident in spirit and execution. Still any student who attempts to take as models of design, perspective, the structure of the human frame, or whatever belongs to the scientific elements of painting, those first stars of dawning light in western art, and servilely imitates or rather counterfeits their finished productions, must be abandoned to the consequences of his own folly. That artist who neither possesses natural talent, nor has received technical instruction, will hardly indeed derive much benefit from any example that may be set before him; and it signifies little whether he attempt to combine his own manner with that of the fifteenth century, or confine himself to the 19th alone. But in a serious criticism on the subject of art, our illustrations must be drawn only from those whose natural talent has been sedulously cultivated. This is the case generally with the artists whose works are here exhibited. The others it were best to pass over in silence.

If we are to estimate the present condition of the art and its progress by the productions of these better masters alone, our previous remarks will have led us to the point whence we may safely draw the following inference. First, that if a model be well and judiciously chosen, the true path should lie not back upon itself, but progressively onwards to a new perfection of art, reproduced from the bosom of antiquity, yet nevertheless fresh, living, and blooming; a new art meet for the new time.

Secondly, that the efforts of modern German artists are by no means directed into a wrong channel, nor based upon erroneous principles, but are rather steadily advancing in the right path, though many imperfections and defects naturally cling to the first dawn of talent; and some individuals, ostensibly belonging to that school, and desiring to be numbered among its members, actually deviate, in many instances, from its principles. It is the misfortune of all first efforts, however well-intentioned, that many aspirants join them uninvited, and striving to supply, by exaggeration, their own conscious deficiency of talent and energy, turn everything alike to mannerism, and even afford just opportunity of cen-

sure to the opponents of real excellence; a censure in which all are indiscriminately involved, the most excellent and remarkable compositions being classed in the same category with those which are at best indifferent, if not utter failures.

It cannot now be difficult to reduce to its proper value the charge of "German mannerism" brought against modern German masters: I adopt the term in order to be the more easily understood. If an artist be incapable of uniting the spirit of his types, and their mode of treatment, with his own personal talent, but on the contrary confines himself to copying trivial accidents or positive defects — counterfeiting instead of imitating — he is decidedly in error, and such a practice, like the rude imitation of nature, will lead, though by a totally different route, to the same abyss of degeneracy. It is ever thus with imitation in the arts, resembling, if I may be allowed the comparison, the operation of sin in the moral being; both lead in innumerable false directions, and as there is in the moral world but *one* virtue, so in the arts there is but one true path. Perfection consists in the union of the idea and the vitality; everything that breaks this union, every deficiency on the one side or the other is a fault, and, if further developed or adopted as a principle, will lead to mannerism. The idea, if suffered to predominate, produces works that are cold and inanimate, or, at least in some measure, deserve the reproach of hardness. The attempt, on the other hand, merely to copy life and nature, may in cases produce strong effects, as many of the Naturalisti have done, but, with the loss of ideality is banished all deep meaning, and even that internal character which forms a most essential condition of the art.

To return to our German exhibition: the reproach of antique mannerism is fitly applied to the above-mentioned class alone, and certainly the exaggeration of some few among them seems entirely to merit it. This class of painters may be found everywhere, and their faults are not to be referred to the models they follow; for whether copying Leonardo and Dürer, Guido and Guercino, Mengs and Füger, or who you will, they seize and imitate their worst points; become either insipid and stiff, or exaggerated and overdrawn, and in every case alike mannered and unnatural. In an exhibition we invariably find many indifferent per-

formances, and even utter failures mixed up with more excellent and admirable works, but our judgment should be formed from the best alone, and if there be no deficiency of these, it augurs well for the progress and advancement of the art. The works of sixty-three artists are here collected, of whom by far the greater number are but entering on their career. It has been already said that the rising talent displayed by a few of these, received commendation, and the public, little heeding party disputes, or the too commonly repeated reproach of antique imitation, dispensed full justice to each individual of merit; nay, awarded them the most distinguished approbation. The two Schadows, Philip Veit, Wach, and others, were not only favourably noticed by the public in general, but received from the most enlightened and illustrious spectators of this exhibition, such distinct and unqualified praise, as must have equalled every desire themselves or their friends could have formed; on this point, therefore, little more is left for me than gratefully to acknowledge the sound judgment of the public to which little or nothing of emendation can be added on my part. Neither is there any reason to apprehend that these and other noble painters will rest satisfied with the approbation awarded to the promising works they have hitherto produced, and thus be led to neglect or forget the incomparably better and higher efforts which we are justly entitled to expect from them. But should there be any whose individual merit received less admiration and distinction than was its due, let the artist attribute this omission merely to accidental circumstances. Who could fail to admire the rich originality of Eberhard's remarkable sketches? Yet such designs require to be contemplated at leisure in the cabinet, and catch the eye less on the walls of an exhibition-room than large and highly finished oil-paintings: it is, besides, often difficult to find a convenient position for smaller pieces. The grandest and most admired works of some other painters were not exhibited; the "Adoration of the Shepherds," by Johannes Weit, which has attracted much admiration from the deep fervent piety of the expression, and the truth and vivifying warmth of the execution, and the beautiful cartoon beforementioned, by Cornelius, were absent. Two single heads by Eggers, less beautifully finished than those of the Madonna

and the Angel St. Michael, but of noble form and graceful colouring, worthy the best times of Italian art, were little noticed among so many larger and grander compositions.

The reproach of *antiquity*, if supposed to imply mannerism, and therefore error, cannot be applied to the German artists in Rome; yet we must observe that this mannerism is not necessarily an accompaniment of the antique, and when thoroughly investigated the fault will be found to have no connexion with it, but rather to arise in a totally different quarter: for example, in a Holy Family, by Wilhelm Schadow, the head of the mother is full of soul and expression, beautiful, and most exquisitely finished; but the St. Joseph in the same picture is too diminutive, in fact, a complete failure. Still there is nothing peculiarly old German in the figure, nor could any of Raphael's heads be pointed out as the prototype of the majestic head of the Madonna.

When once a general opinion has been brought into a sort of convenient formula, it is repeated and echoed by persons who have no clear idea of its meaning, and frequently adopt it in circumstances with which it has not the slightest connexion; thus it is with the phrase "old German manner," in art, which is continually applied to compositions that lie a hundred miles at least out of its province. Were it my intention to enter into particulars, I could give numerous instances of a most extraordinary confusion of ideas on this particular point. The case is precisely the same as it has been in literature for many years past. Any new poetical work is supposed to have been sufficiently criticised, and is dismissed without further question when once branded with the fearful reproach of Romantic, whether it be from the pen of Schiller, Tieck, Fouqué, or even in a totally different genre. Others, again, class every thing in philosophy or science which excites their displeasure, or surpasses their comprehension, under the general head of *mystical*, a term which is merely employed to indicate something objectionable, but the meaning of which they as little understand or could explain as the subject or opinion to which they applied it. Such set phrases are in fact mere delusive forms of speech, misleading the judgment.

The introduction, even in modern paintings, of a certain well-dissembled antiquity, must, in a few particular themes,

be defended as appropriate, and can never be thought liable to unqualified censure; it is only when faulty and mannered that it deserves to be condemned. Still I cannot explain how this reproach originated, nor in what respect it is applicable to the new German school, now appearing. Any one who has been in the habit of seeing compositions of the old masters will easily discover in most of the modern German paintings that the artist has contemplated some individual master of the old Italians with peculiar and affectionate reverence, even if he have not expressly chosen any for his model; sometimes, but more rarely, we find instances of affinity with the old German school, and Dürer in particular. Probably the costume of that period, adopted by a few young German artists, may have furnished grounds for this most unreasonable censure, and contributed to its general diffusion: the idea of the dress thus entirely superseding that of the painting.

If the phrase Old German is taken as synonymous with stiff, or hard, I must be allowed to protest against so arbitrary a synonism. The idea is probably drawn more from books and early prejudice than from personal investigation. I, for my part, have seen many old German pictures in the Boisserée Collection and elsewhere, beautiful and full of life. yet without the slightest sacrifice of grace or expression. It would be easy, on the other hand, to point out a number of pictures by the later mannerists, or the old French school, which are throughout cold and insipid, hard and soulless, or, to take an example nearer home, we may name many of our own pictures, originating in the false or Pagan antique, which, although framed strictly according to rule, usually come into the world lifeless from their birth.

Why should we Germans so much undervalue our own old national art, treating it with a contempt which is as unmerited as it ought to be painful to ourselves? Raphael knew how to appreciate the genius of Dürer, and long before Dürer's time there existed many other noble painters, who in some of their compositions surpassed even him in grace and sweetness. The Italians value old German art, and even the French have thought it worthy of their attention; while Germany alone denies that her early masters, in the cycle of excellence in painting, rank next to those of Italy. If, indeed, the art

among us failed to reach the same point of perfection as with the Italians, the causes which checked its progress may easily be discovered; long ere it had reached the summit its career was interrupted by religious dissensions, and the Burgher wars of the 16th contury at length completely put a stop to it. Still it would be difficult to name any among the predecessors of Raphael who contributed so largely to the advancement of the art in all its branches as [Hubert and John] Van Eyck.

This retrospect is not entirely foreign to my subject; but we will now return to the present state of German art, and inquire into the new direction it has lately taken in its development at Rome. One point, however, remains to be cleared up before the object of this treatise can be accomplished, and it is, indeed, a point of the highest importance, as until our ideas on that particular are distinctly defined it will be impossible to form an unbiassed and impartial judgment. It chiefly relates to the choice of subjects; for many young artists, who confine themselves from choice to studying the most excellent masters of the present time, have, in accordance with the general plan of those painters, and of the older schools also, selected Christian subjects in particular for their paintings. The public in general do not approve of these religious themes, but, on the contrary, decidedly reject them; and this determined opposition on their part has greatly contributed to prolong the contest so powerfully maintained against the true destination and office of the art.

I am not aware that it has ever been asserted that Christian themes should be made the exclusive subjects of representation. It is true that the old masters of a loftier time preferred those subjects, and devoted their grandest and most important works to the honour of religion; naturally so, indeed, because in their time the fervent aspirations of art were linked with, and the offspring of, religion, their principal office being to adorn the sanctuary, and beautify devotion. The old painters, nevertheless, frequently chose mythological subjects in fresco for the adornment of secular palaces: we see this first in Raphael, and after him in Giulio Romano, the latter displaying peculiar originality of mind; later still, we have the Carracci, and their successors. Grand poetical subjects, drawn from ancient mythology, or

heroic poetry, are peculiarly adapted for fresco; but, on the contrary, those of a deeper character, in which symbolic mysteries require to be animated by consummate skill in the finishing, belong rather to the sphere of oil-painting. It was, therefore, a happy idea of the Germans — Overbeck, Philip Veit, and Julius Schnorr — to make their fresco paintings in the Villa Giustiniani from the imaginative Italian poets, Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, thus forming a series of cyclic representations. I can easily believe, also, that the old Trojan, Homeric, or other heroic historians, might be executed with much more effect in the grand style of fresco paintings than they have hitherto been in easel pictures; nor will I deny that many other themes, widely removed from the sphere of Christian art, are yet most exquisitely attractive. Who can coldly contemplate a Danäe or Antiope of Titian, or an Io of Correggio? Yet I could almost wish such subjects had been treated exclusively by painters of their genius and delicate taste; handled, as we so frequently see them, by inferior minds, they become unendurable. I would also remind young artists that they must follow a much severer path before they can hope to attain the lofty degree of excellence, which will enable them to diffuse the exquisite expression of true living beauty and grace, without evidently deriving it from the bare charm of the senses; easy though it may be to please many through that medium alone, for the public are often only too susceptible of pleasure from such voluptuous subjects, if treated with moderate delicacy.

The spirit and treatment, however, are here of primary importance. There must be no exclusiveness in the subject, even though a preference is natural. To banish all Christian subjects from the domain of art would be most arbitrary and useless, since the taste for them will ever continue to subsist, being founded not only on the example of each great prototype of past ages, but also on the necessities of our own. During the last thirty years, it is true, there have been many more churches destroyed than either built or decorated with pictures; yet the return of peace and order has already given birth to other thoughts, and not in our country only, but in many others, a number of expressive compositions designed for the adornment of churches have appeared and we feel

justified in prognosticating a rich succession of them. Indeed, Christianity is by no means in so feeble a condition as revolutionists and would-be heathens imagine and declare; our own Germany affords one example in proof of this assertion, in which I pre-eminently rejoice, namely, that Protestants also seem anxious to beautify their churches with devotional paintings; thus opening a new career for the votaries of German art, in the field which has ever been its peculiar choice. Besides the churches, too, there are many private families, who in some apartment of their dwelling, devoted almost exclusively to that purpose, place a "Holy Virgin and Child," an "Annunciation," or some other well-executed devotional painting, which is thus continually before their eyes. Still the taste of individuals is so various, that many men would doubtless have equal pleasure in looking at the representation of a sucking calf. Indeed, if the execution be as excellent as we imagine it to have been in the celebrated cow of Myro, which Goethe has so finely described in the fourth number of his Treatise on Art, even that subject might be received into the circle of artistic representations. I must nevertheless distinctly assert that such subjects, however meritorious in their kind, should never be permitted to intrude among higher and holier themes. Should it be asserted that painting among the Greeks attained greater perfection than in the time of Raphael and others, and that the young artist ought to launch freely and without constraint into the ample field of Greek mythology, selecting for example some of the least familiar subjects of Philostratus, the assertion would meet with but little attention; for we have at present sufficient experience on this point to know that Greek painters never attained a very high grade of perfection in comparison with the old masters of the Christian time, or the sculptors of their own, and such a suggestion, if made in earnest, would scarcely deserve a serious reply. We have already seen the tendency of pagan antique imitation in the stony pictures, and dead creations it has produced, and it would therefore be impossible to listen to so extravagant a proposal, unless supported by signs and wonders of a description differing very much from those hitherto brought to light.

The question of the selection of subjects, Christian subjects

more especially, is closely connected with that of the early German manner, both as to the degree in which it may be in itself absolutely objectionable, or, when kept within due limits, and confined to a certain class of subjects, appropriate and admissible. All Christian themes, being symbolic, require to be symbolically treated, and that severe and serious style which seems to bear the stamp of antiquity, is therefore peculiarly appropriate. If Christian themes are not treated symbolically throughout, but in a simple, worldly, and merely human style, and if I may be permitted the expression, solely with a view to dramatic effect, they must indubitably present subjects quite unsuited to artistic compositions, in fact, hardly endurable, and fully justify the censure and aversion of the opposite party. This point, however, must be left for the present undiscussed, as affording abundant material for a separate investigation.

But I cannot thus lightly pass over the hypothesis, that ancient Greek paintings (of which we may judge from the Greek pictures in the collection at Portici) were as perfect in their way as those of Raphael and his contemporaries. The reverse is universally acknowledged in regard to painting; although in sculpture, the Greeks reached an eminence which we can scarcely hope to equal, much less surpass. The sculptor therefore should cling closely to the ancients, making them his guides, and merely as it were carrying out more fully the development of their principles. The highest proof of skill in this art is the production of antique designs; and that power, when exerted so successfully as by Michelangelo, in the famous Faun, and Thorwaldsen, in his Eginetic figures, not only excites extreme astonishment but also deserves the highest praise. The next aim of the sculptor's genius appears to be to represent a classical figure in such a manner that it might even be taken for an antique, like Thorwaldsen's Mercury, which appears as if girded with a sword, only the more imperatively to announce to hundreds of modern statues their impending and inevitable doom. If, then, sculpture has among us reached this first and comprehensive degree of perfection, we surely ought not to doubt whether it be capable of handling different and peculiar subjects in an equally excellent style, recommencing and carrying to perfection the unfinished efforts of the Middle Ages and the

first experiments of Christian sculpture. "The Christ," designed by our gifted Dannecker, claims unqualified admiration and sympathy, and must be regarded with anxious interest as the first attempt of that nature which our times have witnessed.

The German exhibition was abundantly supplied with excellent works of sculpture; and much might be said of the great genius of Rudolf Schadow, of Schaller's meritorious works, and the bas-reliefs of Eberhard, all of which deserve to be attentively studied. The circumstance of Thorwaldsen's "Graces" being unfinished, and therefore of course absent from the exhibition, gave occasion to many witticisms. I shall only observe, that had they been there people would no doubt have pronounced them hard and stiff, or perhaps, even decidedly old German, for that great artist has undoubtedly treated his subject in the severe manner of the early Greeks, and with very little of that soft, unctuous flow of outline, which alone finds favour among the moderns.

I shall not at present dwell further on the subject of sculpture, as I wish to confine my observations to painting, and particularly to the old historical and symbolic subjects. The judgment of the world has, in that department especially, been far too much biassed by opposition and party spirit, but I trust the principles here set forth will bring those conflicting opinions into harmony, or at least conduce to a just appreciation of the points in which they differ. Neither will it be consistent with my present views, to enter upon the subject of landscape-painting, apart from the other branches of the art. I should find it necessary for that purpose to study a number of unfathomable, and, I might add, little known theories, in the hope of discovering by their assistance some connecting link between the prevailing taste and my own ideas, different as is the direction of each; and determining whether the preference ought to be awarded to a faithful and vigorous delineation of any simple natural theme, imbued throughout with deep signification and expression, or to the attempt to seize one moment of some brilliant natural phenomenon, and portraying it with vivid and even deceptive truth; or again, whether both should be combined, as for example, the distinct styles of Ruysdael and Claude Lorrain.

For the present it will suffice to remark, that the works of Koch, Catel, Rebell, Rohden, and others in the German exhibition, exemplify not only the extreme points of each contrasting style, but also every stage of the transition from one mode of treatment to the other. The works of Koch, in his best time, are the most remarkable in the entire cycle of modern German art, from the deep feeling concentrated in them, and the luxuriant richness of nature which they represent.

I have no inducement to dwell more fully on the works of a few older German masters, as their compositions belong properly to an earlier period: my intention, as I have said, being rather to examine such modern productions as have attracted peculiar censure or commendation from the public.

I wish, however, before concluding, to offer the few following remarks, with respect to the opinion so often repeated, that Raphael, and other Christian painters of his time, attained a degree of excellence which has never since been equalled or surpassed. We should still most joyfully welcome and encourage every indication that seemed to promise new and exalted eminence. Perhaps we ought not to be too hasty in indulging this hope; and, until it is fully realised, it will undoubtedly be more safe to follow some glorious example, and treading in his steps, seek to open to ourselves a new path, suited to our own time, and in pursuing which we shall advance still further towards the goal we have in view: thus only, indeed, dare we hope to see renewed the spring-time and summer of art. We must not give crédence to those who affirm that its glory is for ever passed away, — that it is vain to hope in our time for a revival or any new development of power, because, like old Nature, its energy and vitality are alike exhausted; and not only all appreciation of the past, but all hope of future, reaction or a new life, is for ever extinguished. I could not pass over in silence so dangerous an opinion, at this moment especially, when it is so directly proved to be false and injurious; even now a new impulse has been communicated to the regenerate art, and it needs only to be received with sympathy and favour, to expand into far brighter promise and reality.

A most triumphant advance has been made in Christian art, and its foundation has been wonderfully strengthened and confirmed by the two grand publications of Sulpice Boisserée. One, a splendid and detailed account of the most majestic monuments of mediæval ecclesiastical architecture; the other, a collection of engravings from old German paintings, the lithography of which, in some instances, as for example, in the St. Christopher, of Memling, is brought to a degree of perfection that could scarcely have been anticipated.

A fundamental knowledge of old German art, and a true feeling for Christian beauty, will not fail to develop themselves simultaneously. Those ideas of religious beauty which earlier, when the divine feeling itself existed, vivified and inspired the whole period, had at an after period slumbered on unnoted and undeveloped, till in later times they were forgotten, disfigured, or perverted by hostile misrepresentations, and the strange errors induced by foreign influence. Now they again break forth in more than pristine beauty, and the correct principles of our rising school will continually acquire more and more influence, till at length they become fixed triumphantly on a new and immutable basis. The deep and pious Christian feeling thus re-awakened among us will increase in power and intensity, while the sterile imitations of the Pagan antique sink back into empty nothingness, together with the false theories on which they rest. Indeed, independently of this peculiar influence, the diffusion of a deeper knowledge of the individuality and real grandeur existing even in old heathen art, had left the favourite themes of modern copyists without power or influence. It is a peculiar characteristic of the new style in general, that it is ever emulative and aspiring, ever absorbed in the pursuit of those lofty ideas of art which are frequently crowned with glorious fruition by the working of such ardent aspirations alone, an example of which is seen in the success that attended the pursuit of science and philosophy among the ancients. Hence, too, errors of manner and treatment are found bordering closely on the delicate line of the highest spiritual beauty, so closely, indeed, as often to destroy its effect, at least in the opinion of the world. Yet all mannerism, and the style of the miniaturists included, whether practised on a greater

or less extensive scale, are beginning gradually to sink in the estimation of the public, except when supported by the false magic of momentary caprice; and worthy opportunities and glorious themes still remain for lofty talent to luxuriate in, while pursuing the silent path of deeply rooted, serious, devotional beauty, which seems at last to be regaining its due ascendancy. Religious feeling is, indeed, far more willingly admitted to pre-eminence in painting than in either poetry or philosophy, both of which are still distracted by the spirit of opposition and subversion.

A true knowledge and appreciation of devotional feeling in painting and its practical principles are already established among us on a sufficiently secure basis; that happy talent which is the gift of nature alone, united with the technical skill and facility that must be acquired by study, we assume to be already provided. What more, then, is needed, it may be asked, to enable the painter to reach the perfection to which he aspires? I reply that it is most essential, in the first place, that the beautiful truths of the Christian faith and religion should not be received into the mind as merely lifeless forms, in passive acquiescence to the teaching of others: they must be embraced with an earnest conviction of their truth and reality, and bound up with each individual feeling of the painter's soul. Still even the influence of devotion is not alone sufficient; for however entirely religion may be felt to compensate for all that is wanting to our earthly happiness, much more is required to form a painter. I know not how better to designate that other element, without which mere technical skill, and even correct ideas, will be unavailing, than by styling it the inborn light of inspiration. It is something quite distinct from fertility of invention, or magic of colouring, rare and valuable as is the latter feature in painting. It is no less distinct from skill in the lofty technicalities of design and the natural feeling for beauty inherent in some susceptible minds. The poet and the musician especially should also be inspired, but their inspiration is more the offspring of human emotion, the painter's must be an emanation of celestial light; his very soul must, so to speak, become itself illumined, a glowing centre of holy radiance, in whose bright beams every material object should be reflected, and

even his inmost conceptions and daily thoughts be interpenetrated by its brightness, and remodelled by its influence. This in-dwelling light of the soul should be recognised in every creation of his pencil, expressive as a spoken word; and in this lies the peculiar vitality of Christian beauty, and the cause of the remarkable difference between classical and Christian art. The classic is based upon a lofty idea of the living human frame, linked in a certain degree with a sentiment of exquisite intellectual loveliness, yet not treated as if these principles were of equal importance, but rather giving to the intellectual spirit an inferior and secondary influence: man, according to the early Christian type, still appears in nature, according to the antique idea, like the commanding god ruling over her spirit-forms with king-like power; yet physical beauty is here employed but as a material veil, from beneath which the hidden divinity of the soul shines forth, illuminating all mortal life with the higher spirituality of love. Even in the choice of subjects for painting, this ray of inborn inspiration, this divine enthusiasm, must guide and govern the painter's decision. A more than earthly aspect subduing the soul; a state of heavenly illumination and exaltation; an upspringing from the dark night of mortality, like the morning dawn breaking through heavy clouds; a spell of love and fascination in the midst of suffering nature, or a flash of intense beauty, created from the very anguish of the soul's despair;—such are the peculiar and not merely pleasing themes which afford subjects to the Christian painter, and such is the spirit in which they ought to be rendered. There are also, it is true, old historical and even mythological subjects which are not only susceptible of the deeper meaning that the soul demands, but even naturally suggest and give birth to it. Such themes * certainly need not be excluded from the circle of Christian art. It does not by any means require an arbitrary restriction to certain exterior forms and given subjects, nor does its beauty depend exclusively on the observance of particular rules, but rather springs from the all-pervading influence of a pure and holy devotion. All mere representations of the outward frame, taken without reference to the spirit, are but dead forms,

* See page 105. Giulio Romano, and Remarks on Italian Painters and Greek Subjects.

mute and inexpressive. The spirit never remains attached in motionless union to a lifeless frame, and the soul-inspiring principle of intellectual development, like the restless pulse-throb of natural life, aspires unceasingly, without weariness or lassitude, to the eternal goal it has in view; we need not therefore fear lest modern Christian art should ever again recur to the vain repetition and imitation of the Pagan antique, but may rather anticipate that, pressing steadily forwards, it will establish and carry to perfection the new and peculiar school which has arisen from the progressive development of Christian intellect, and the spiritual disposition now prevailing in the world.

A profound knowledge of early art and genuine feeling for holy beauty will powerfully conduce to this most earnestly desired result, and would seem to promise certain indications of success. In the productions of our Christian ancestors, whatever may be the theme selected, the innate principles of their holy faith and piety are strikingly apparent, and, in order rightly to understand and appreciate them, the eye of the beholder should be illumined with that same spiritual light from whence they drew their birth. This sympathy of feeling will quicken our perception of holy things, for the soul alone can comprehend the truly beautiful; the eye of sense may gaze on the material veil of external grace, but it penetrates not to that severe and lofty meaning which reveals itself to the intelligence alone. That radiant light of the soul, in which, as in the magic mirror of creative fancy, the beautiful is vividly pourtrayed and recognised, is true, unfeigned, and spiritual devotion, ever therefore essentially linked with Christianity, inseparably one with the mysterious revelation of our holy faith, and the all-subduing power and perfect knowledge of divine and immortal love.

CHIVALRY OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

PREFACE.

CHIVALRY, enchantments, and love, were the favourite themes of the beautiful old romances which have been handed down to us from the olden time; and it is to this spirit that the greatest German poets of the Suabian and a somewhat later period, as well as the Italians, owe their noble songs and romances of chivalry.

The most imaginative and interesting of these knightly tales are unquestionably those which relate to King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table; and of these the most singular and remarkable is perhaps that of the Magician Merlin.

The German version of this romance was taken from the best French sources that the Bibliothèque at Paris afforded, in the years 1803 and 1804.*

The story of Lother and Maller is a narrative by Margaret, Countess of Piedmont and Duchess of Lothringia; and was written in the Italian language, in the year of our Lord 1405. It was thence translated into German, by Frau Elizabeth, Countess of Nassau-Saarbrück, a daughter of the above-mentioned Countess Margaretha and the Duke Friedrich of Lothringia. The above translation was made about the year 1437, and the story here given has been adapted from that German manuscript. We gather from the introductory sentences that the translator was aware of a Latin version of even earlier date.

* So many versions of this tale are already before the English public, that the publisher of this work has deemed it unnecessary to attempt a translation of Schlegel's: it has been ably rendered by George Ellis in particular, and will be found in his "Early English Metrical Romances;" this tale has therefore been omitted in this volume.

I am indebted for my knowledge of this MS., which is but little later than the original, to my very estimable friend Canon Walraff of Cologne; and I made and completed this German version in that city in the years 1804 and 1805.

Besides the merit of the fiction and the peculiar style of the narrative, it presents a picture of knightly friendship which seems to have first prompted the original translator to endeavour to rescue it from oblivion; and the present version has been undertaken by me from a similar feeling, and with a regard to the same object.

Many knightly encounters and adventures introduced towards the conclusion of the tale have been omitted, as partaking too much of the ordinary character of chivalric romances; and some circumstances in the catastrophe, which, though not in themselves absolutely objectionable, might seem repugnant to the refinement of modern times, have been considerably modified or kept out of view.

LOTHER AND MALLER:

A Tale of Chivalry.

(From an unpublished German Manuscript.)

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

I AM about to relate a fair history of great beauty, and full of pleasant adventures, which in all verity happened in the manner here set down.

The book was originally rendered from the Latin into Italian, and thence translated into the German language; it describes the fidelity and affection of two faithful friends, such as has never been surpassed.

These friends were both of princely birth: the one was a son of King Charles of France, and named Lother; the other, a son of the valiant King Galyens, was called Maller,

and his mother, Rosamond, was the most beautiful woman of that time.

Lother, renowned in every virtue, was gay and ardent, and made himself so agreeable to all womankind, that the whole sex was in love with him. This caused much displeasure among many of the knights, and they went to Ludwig, King Charles' other son; to complain of his brother's conduct.

"Sir," said they, "your brother Lother is continually pursuing our wives and daughters, and we know not how to hinder him. He will continue this course in spite of us, unless for seven years he be banished the country. In that space perhaps his outrages will be forgotten, and he arrived at sufficient wisdom to understand good from evil. But if he remains here, of this you may be certain, he will excite in the nobles such anger and disgust, that yours and your father's safety will be in jeopardy. Therefore, sir, we beg of you to lay this matter before the king."

"I will willingly undertake to do so," said Ludwig; and he forthwith went to his father, King Charles, and explained the matter to him.

King Charles immediately sent for his son Lother; and when the latter had arrived, accompanied by his comrade Maller, "My dear son," began King Charles, "my nobles, knights, and faithful followers, are very indignant and highly exasperated against you for practices which I have so often forbidden; my advice you have not thought fit to follow, and it has been not a little trouble to me. Now therefore must I speak a judgment upon you; by the Almighty God and his dear mother the holy Virgin, by all God's saints in Heaven and the good St. Denis to boot, by my father's and my mother's soul, by the crown which I bear on my head and by my beard which I hold in my hand, if I find you, within seven years, come within the boundaries of my kingdom, I will throw you into a deep dungeon, wherein for those seven years neither sun nor moon shall you see shining."

As Lother heard his father thus speak, the blood ran cold in his veins. "Dear lord and father," said he, "whoever advises you to this is certainly not my friend; I would therefore beg of you earnestly not to be thus harsh unto

me, for I hope I have not so deserved: I pray you, for God's sake, to be better advised."

"It may, nay, cannot be otherwise ordered," said Charles. "Take gold and silver as much as you may require; also such of my best knights as may please you, and go into another land and gain honour. Fight against the heathen; and if you find yourself in any dire straight, let me know that I may come to your assistance. In truth, my dear son, you must absent yourself for seven long years, for so I have been faithfully counselled; if you fail to do what I command, never more with me shall you have peace. Try every path by which glory may be attained, as did Geryn of Mangel, who won that same land with his arms and my assistance. Lay yourself out as well, and I will also help you. Be good and true, and I will ever hold you for my son; but fail in virtue, and I will as constantly deny you."

"Father," said Lother, "I will do as you command me; I will take with me Maller, my comrade, and several other knights, whose company I would gladly have. God be my witness, I am not inclined, my dear father, to return again until I have won glory and a kingdom." And the king said, "Therewith am I greatly rejoiced."

"Well, dear comrades!" cried Lother to his knights, as he went out from his father, "let us away; my father has banished me for seven years from this country, and my heart tells me I shall never inherit this kingdom." "Dear lord," said Maller, "do not be disheartened; those who have counselled this to the emperor your father will soon have their reward for it; it was intended for your injury, but I hope it will be rather for your glory and service; it is not right that a young man should spend his days at home, but seek in foreign lands to lay the foundation of that fortune and honour which at home he may not easily attain. I, for my part, will go with you, and faithfully serve you." With these words Maller embraced him and comforted him. Lother was consoled, and said, smiling, "I hope God will help me; let us put our trust in him, and he will make the journey easy to us."

With this Lother called his companions, that they might make ready and put on their good armour. Maller, like the rest of the knights, prepared himself magnificently; and

they all placed themselves before the palace, well armed, and in knightly array. Lother mounted his horse, and took leave of the assembled knights and nobles of the court. These all wept as they saw Lother depart, except those who had so counselled, and they laughed and rejoiced.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

LOTHER and his companions, after they had obtained abundance of gold and silver from the emperor Charles, departed from Paris and rode into Lombardy, to a town called Pavia, where Lother found his uncle, his mother's brother. He betook himself, with his comrades, to an inn in the town; and after they had laid aside their armour, they went in a body to the castle, where they found King Dansier, Lother's uncle, in the garden under the shade of an olive-tree, where he sat, playing at chess with one of his knights.

"May God protect my uncle," said Lother, as he appeared before him; upon which King Dansier rose up and received him very kindly. "How is your father, whom I love very dearly?" asked he of Lother. "He is well," answered Lother; "but I have been falsely slandered to him, insomuch that he has banished me for seven years from his kingdom."

"Let not this frighten you," said King Dansier; "I am rich enough, and will certainly not let you be in any trouble. An honest man abandons not his friends in the time of need."

"Sir uncle," said Lother, "I pray you be silent on the subject of my remaining with you, for that I am still too young; a young man should ride abroad and seek knightly adventures, and neither heed summer nor winter, that the noble deeds achieved in his youth may well rejoice him in his old age. Therefore, dear sir uncle, my desire is to ride against the infidel, and seek knightly adventures." "Well spoken," said King Dansier. While they were conversing together, there came to them Otto, the son of King Dansier, a youth of fine figure, pretty face, and red hair. When he had heard what had happened to Lother, and that he was banished, he swore to him that he never would leave him; but in this he lied, as you will see in the sequel.

When Lother had been about fourteen days at his uncle's

court, he said to Otto, "Cousin, I go now against the infidel; if you will join me, willingly will I share with you whatever I may gain." "Yes, cousin," said Otto; "I am willing to accompany you, and will also take my followers, if you will swear to me, this whole year long to bear my name, and let me likewise bear yours; you and your whole suite must swear at the altar, that you, during the whole year through, will be treated by them as I should be; and I on my part pass for you." "That I will willingly do," said Lother; and he and all his companions swore the oath to him at the altar. Thereupon Lother and Otto took leave of the king: the latter strictly enjoined his son to hold Lother in honour, and to do every thing that was agreeable to him. Then they departed.

In the country of the Romans they came into a wood in front of a castle, where they had an intent to pass the night. But in this castle there lay concealed robbers, to the number of at least two hundred. It is a common saying, and it is also true, that as we have great difficulty in protecting ourselves against secret thieves, so we may also never suffer more than from those we most trust. So it happened to Lother; he trusted his cousin Otto entirely, but the latter played him false. As they sat at table in the castle, where they had been at first favourably received by the robber chieftain, and were little on their guard, the robbers sprang out of their lurking places and fell upon them. As soon as Otto was aware of this, he left his cousin Lother and the rest in their extremity, and ran away.

Lother and his men fought bravely with the robbers, and with such manhood that the latter were quickly overpowered and fled. When Otto became aware that Lother and his companions were pursuing them, he scrambled down from the tree in which he had taken refuge, drew his sword, and ran after the robbers with the rest. "Cousin," said he, to Lother, "we may well thank God that we have conquered the robbers." "Verily," cried Maller, "you have marvellously helped thereto; see where they all lie, those whom you have slain." Now they remained the night in the castle and reposed. On the morrow they betook themselves once more to the road, and passing Rome, went towards Constantinople; they were thence obliged to cross the sea.

When they were all embarked, Lother said, "Now let us be joyful; our first adventure with the murderers has ended happily, and God will help us yet further. But I beg of you all to stand by each other, and do not forsake your comrades should any adventure again happen to us." This they all swore to with willing hearts.

As soon as they landed, they were again in the same manner assaulted by robbers, who with great cries rushed upon them. Otto immediately turned his horse about, and rode into a wood near the shore. Here he hid himself, while Lother and his knights fought with the marauders. Maller having observed his retreat, rode after and found him sitting behind a hedge. "Thou false traitor," cried Maller; "may God curse thee that thou leavest thy cousin Lother alone in such extremity!" He took a cudgel, and so belaboured Otto, that he, fleeing from Maller, fell into the water; Maller pulled him out by one leg, and drove him before him into the battle. He told Lother how he had found Otto sitting under a hedge. "By my troth," said Lother, "I was a fool to bring him with me, and still more so to exchange my name with his." They fought manfully, yet they would not have come off so well this time as on the first occasion, had not the prefect of the country, a very brave knight, hastened to their assistance. The robbers were beaten, and their feet and hands cut off. Then the prefect, when he had heard that they were come to serve King Orschier, and to assist him in his war against the infidels, led them to the king, to whom he related how they had fallen in with the robbers, how they had borne themselves in the fight, and how they were come to help him against the infidels; and King Orschier received these soldiers joyfully, and was the more especially glad when informed that the son of the king of France was also with them.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

KING ORSCHIER, taking Otto by the hand, "Dear lord," said he, "what is your name, and whence did you come hither?" "Sir," said Otto, "I am named Lother, and I am the son of King Charles of France." "It rejoices me greatly," replied Orschier, "that you are come hither, to stand by me in my

need. You shall live at my court; I will treat you well, and will give you my daughter Zormerin in marriage; so charming is she in person that never have you beheld a more beautiful woman." "Sir," answered Otto, "I should, indeed, be a fool if I did not accept your offer; I thank you for it heartily." At this moment Zormerin advanced down the steps towards them, led by two high ladies of the court. "Approach, my dear daughter," said the king; "here is Lother, son of the King of France; receive him kindly, and thank him that he is come hither to assist me: I have promised thee to him; you will, if God please, be happy with him." "He and his companions are welcome," said Zormerin; "but I also see there a handsome knight standing in the background; he is of nobler figure than any among them, and I would fain know who he may be?" "He is called Otto," said the king; "he came with Lother from France."

Zormerin was very beautiful and intelligent, and it would have been difficult to find any woman equal to her; and thought Otto in his heart, "if the time were only come when I might clasp her in my arms and make her my own, Lother and his comrades should hang on the gallows. All he knows is how to fight; but I prefer remaining with the women. What avails it to a man to be killed in battle? he is soon forgotten. For my part, I like a good long life, delicate food, and good wine, for that is the physic for the body. Mary, mother of God, how beautiful is Zormerin! Lother has been his own betrayer, for now will I marry her under his name."

Then they sat themselves down to table, King Orschier and his daughter, and, opposite to her, Otto. Maller became thereat almost wild with rage, and said to Lother, "Sir, what a fool have you been not to think sooner of this!" Lother bade him be silent and be of good cheer, though he himself felt sorely grieved in heart, and cursed the hour in which he had exchanged names with Otto. King Orschier intimated to Otto that his comrades should be sent to the inn in the town, but he himself was requested to remain in the castle, in order that he might be present in person whenever the infidels made their assault. As soon as the king had thus finished his say, he added thereto, — "So will I bestow upon you my daughter, and when I am gone you

shall be king over this land." And Otto thanked him much for such great gifts.

Then Lother and Maller, with thirty horses, went into the town to a host called Salomon.

But Otto and his men remained at the court, and would gladly have seen Lother and Maller on the gallows, so much did they fear them. Zormerin showed Otto all the honour which she believed due to the son of the king of France. When Otto had the beautiful form of Zormerin continually before his eyes, and lived peaceably at the court, he forgot Lother and his comrade Maller at the inn, and troubled himself as little about them as if they had been heathens.

Lother at last spent all the money that he had brought with him, and, according to his need, sold by degrees all his horses, except his own excellent steed; he had received it from his father, and his comrades would never consent to his selling it.

The host was a kind and honourable man, and gave him to eat on credit, and lent him besides twenty marks, because he had well observed how nobly Lother carried himself. But the twenty marks helped not much, and Lother had very soon spent them, for he bought therewith clothing for his knights, besides the things thereto pertaining.

"Sir," said at length the knights, "it is truly folly in you not to declare to the King Orschier how ill that rascal Otto behaves to you, and how the whole matter stands; but if you will not thus break your oath, we will in a body go to the king and lay it before him. Your father, King Charles, once held Ogier of Denmark in prison, and swore he would kill him; and whoever interfered to pray for him the king hated and threatened to take his life; whereupon the whole of the knights determined that they would go in a body before the king, and plead for King Ogier; so will we also do for thee." "You, gentlemen?" replied Lother; "by the Virgin who bore God under her heart, whosoever of you shall do this, shall die by my hand. He is no worthy man, and no truth is in him, who does not keep his oath firm. Shall a man for the sake of poverty burden his own soul? I know well what we swore to Otto at the holy altar! if he do evil, shall we also do evil? Rather would I carry stones upon my back than be false to my oath, and not hold to it firm

and unpolluted! Let us continue to live uprightly in the sight of God, and he will surely save us." The knights, when they heard Lother speak so nobly, went out and wept.

Afterwards, as they sat at table, they numbered about twenty-four; but the food prepared was hardly sufficient for ten. The host, like a worthy man, shared what he had with them, gave them, indeed, twenty pitchers of wine, and a supply of food. This host showed himself to be a righteous, pious man.

When Otto heard that Lother was gone into an inn, and what great poverty he endured, he rejoiced with all his heart, and went himself to King Orschier to request of him to send somebody into the inn, in order to purchase from Lother his good horse, because he fancied that in his necessity Lother would willingly part with it for gold. Thereupon King Orschier sent to the inn one of his knights, who found Lother engaged in play with his host, in the hope of forgetting his evil vexations. When the knight had made known his mission concerning the horse, Lother said to his comrades, "You see, gentlemen, I must now, indeed, sell my horse, in order thereby to pay our host." As the host heard this he started up, and said, "So help me God, you never shall, on my account, sell your horse, even should I thereby lose all I have! Go now again to your lord," added he, as he turned to the messenger, "tell him his guest may take it ill, but the horse you never shall take with you, rather would I with a stick break both his legs." At these words of the host the messenger laughed in his mind, because they very well pleased him; thereupon he took leave of the host, and of Lother and his comrades, and went again into the castle, and related all that he had heard to the king and Otto, and the latter was exceedingly vexed.

"Hast thou well observed, dear Maller," asked Lother, "what Otto has against me in his mind? God curse him for ever!" "Amen!" said Maller, "Mary, mother of God, when will the heathens come, that people then might see what manner of man this false traitor is! If he once came into battle, in an hour would he lose his name again, because never will he have the courage to fight."

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

LOTHER, as he lay one day in bed, looked at his shirt, because it was very dirty. "Shirt," said he, "it is very long since you were washed, and that vexes me exceedingly. Maller. dear comrade, take my shirt, and give it to some woman that she may wash it; I will stay in bed till it is dry."

"Very willingly, dear sir," said Maller. He took it, and went out very early in the morning. "I will seek no woman," said he, "but will myself wash thee, thou shirt, because it becomes not a base woman to wash thee, and a noble one would not do it!" Then he went out of the house and through the town to a castle, where was a very beautiful garden, in which were many magnificent trees. It so happened that the porter had not well closed the garden gate, and it stood partly open: Maller entered, and came to a fountain in the midst of the garden: the water ran clear and pure out of golden lions' heads into a great basin of white marble—a more beautiful fountain was never seen: from it there went a flight of marble steps towards a walk adorned with marble columns, overlooking which was Zormerin's chamber, for the garden lay exactly behind the castle. When Maller saw the fountain he threw the shirt into it, and washed it and rubbed it with his hands very industriously.

At the same time came Zormerin with her maiden, named Scheidechin, down the steps into the garden; and when they spied the knight at the fountain, they slipped behind a hedge close by, in order to observe him, how he so diligently washed and rubbed the shirt. Meanwhile Maller, as if talking to the fountain, spoke thus in a loud voice: "Ah! sweet spring, couldst thou but speak, well might'st thou boast that thou to-day with thy pure stream hast washed the shirt of the bravest knight who lives on the earth, or who ever bore arms. Cursed be the hour when he changed his name with the false, traitorous, red-haired Otto; it is piteous that a man so nobly born should be compelled to suffer such poverty!" When Zormerin heard these words, she slipped back softly again with her maiden up the steps into her chamber, and commanded Scheidechin to go down imme-

diately, and bring to her the knight whose words they had both heard below.

Zormerin's maiden went down instantly to Maller, who still remained at the fountain, and gave him the message from her mistress. Maller followed her with alacrity into the chamber of the princess, which he found so beautiful, and ornamented with such splendour, that he marvelled thereat greatly. Zormerin sat on a high seat richly bedecked with gold and precious stones. As Maller looked at her, a chill came over him, for he remembered the words that he had spoken with himself at the spring. He kneeled low before her and said, "May God, who for our redemption willingly suffered, take the princess Zormerin and all who are dear to her into his care! I pray you send my lord something to eat; he has been fasting in his bed since yester morning." "What is your lord's name?" asked Zormerin; "he whose shirt you have been washing?" Maller was so frightened that he could not bring out a word. "Do not be alarmed," continued Zormerin; "whoever travels in strange lands, in order to seek adventures or to gain glory, cannot expect, at all hours and at all times, to have everything he requires or that he would wish to have." "Maiden," said Maller, "I must avow that were my master Otto at his home in Lombardy, he would be rich, and well cared for." "How is it that you will still call him Otto? I thought he had changed his name, for thus I heard you declare: the fountain, you said, had lent its services to the bravest knight in Christendom, named Lother, son of king Charles of France; cursed, said you, be the hour when he changed his name: my maiden will bear testimony that these were the words you uttered." "Yes, indeed," said Scheidechin; "I can bear witness that such were your words; and as I saw you wring the shirt so with your hands, I bethought me, I would willingly have fetched you a washing-stick."

"Lady," said Maller, "I must admit that what you say is true; I have with these hands washed the shirt of the bravest and most virtuous of knights, but could I win a kingdom thereby, to no living man would I tell his name, seeing that I have sworn a knightly oath not to do so." As Zormerin heard this, she thought within herself that it would have

been better to have known nothing of this matter than not to sift the whole affair to the bottom. Such is commonly the nature of women; and if one but begins to relate anything to them, their whole mind is in labour, and they have neither rest nor peace until they have come to the end of it.

Zormerin continued to urge Maller; but as he only persisted the more that he must not reveal the matter to any one, "Hear me," she said; "stay here awhile, and I will go with my maiden Scheidechin into another room, then speak your lord's name aloud to the earth: this may well be consistent with your oath. If I should then chance to overhear it, I will never reveal it until the time is come."

"Worthy lady," said Maller, "I will do whatever pleases you; and if in so doing I am guilty of any act contrary to my oath, I will pray to God hourly that he will pardon me for your sake." Then Zormerin and Scheidechin went out into another room.

"Earth," said Maller, "listen to me; to thee will I complain of the great rogue Otto of Lombardy, who with cunning words persuaded my master to exchange names with him, and now bears the name of my master, the son of King Charles of France. Therefore it is that King Orschier now does such great honour to Otto in my master's name; while he, my master, must live in shame under the name of Otto, and with his comrades suffer poverty such as so great a prince never before endured."

Before he could proceed further, Zormerin sprang into the room, and said, "Dear comrade, your master shall no longer be in want; and in truth this treachery has long been suspected by me. Often in the church have I seen your master with tears flowing over his cheeks, so that I mourned for him. My heart, too, revealed it to me, and felt much more for him than for the traitor Otto; and even though my father has promised me to the latter for a wife, never, never shall he have me; for he who would marry me must first deserve me. What is your name, comrade?" "I am called Maller, lady." "Dear Maller," continued the princess, "in a happy hour you came to wash your lord's shirt at the fountain; I will send your lord wherewithal to cheer him, so that the poverty which he and his comrades

have endured may be forgotten, and he and they henceforth well enjoy themselves."

Then she fetched linen and clothes from her father, and gave them to Maller, that he might present them to his master in her name, and also a costly belt. Maller thanked her, and took his leave, and went again the same way by which he came, to his master at the inn.

"Whence comest thou hither so hastily?" said the knight; as Maller threw what he carried on his shoulders on the bed. "Have you stolen these costly clothes from some rich rogue?" asked Lother. "Now take them back again whence you took them; never shall such things cover my body."

"People should rather admire my cleverness, inasmuch as I have been dexterous enough to rob a man. If I had indeed taken from a poor man, I should deserve the gallows; but, sir, to take the rich man's property is a sin I will willingly bear, and never burden you with it. Is it not better to steal from a rich man than to let a poor one die of hunger?" Thus spoke Maller in jest, mocking his master; but when he saw that Lother was really in anger about the stolen property, he began seriously to tell him the truth; how the king's daughter had watched him at the fountain; how she, through her maid, had called him to her, and every thing as has been before related. When Lother had heard to the end thereof, he heartily rejoiced. "I am truly glad," said he, "that thou hast not broken thine oath; because, indeed, my good Maller, hadst thou done so, never again should I have felt pure and innocent."

"Now, dear sir," quoth Maller, "if it please you, I will prepare you a bath before you put on the clean clothes."

"That I should like very much," said Lother: "only I fear the hostess will not permit it, seeing that I already owe her so much."

Maller made no reply, but went straight to the hostess. He inquired of her whether she would prepare a bath for his master: she was very friendly, and said, "Willingly will I do so."

While she was still talking with him, there came a knight to the door, leading a horse heavily laden with gold and silver. "This treasure," said the knight. "is sent by the

princess Zormerin, the king's daughter, to the guest, who is here in your inn; she has heard in what poverty he is plunged, and this she cannot suffer to continue."

Maller took the money and carried it into the chamber to his master. "See, dear sir, this comes from the beautiful Zormerin." "God protect her!" cried Lother; "now will I again eat and drink joyously, and now also can I pay my host. After the bath, I will mount my horse and ride a little; it is more than four weeks since last I was on my horse, for in truth I had no inclination thereto, as long as I was in debt to my host."

Lother payed the host with joyful heart, and thanked him that he had behaved so kindly to him; then he called his company together, and gave them all money for horses, arms, and fine clothes; and he bathed himself, put on fine clothes, and was rejoiced in his very heart.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

ZORMERIN went to her father, and said to him, "Dear lord and father, since you have so many strange soldiers now in the town, let us for once have a tournament; this I entreat of you, and I promise to him who deserves the reward a beautiful horse. In this way you will be able to prove and discover the merit of each among them; and as it is known that King Pynart will soon come against the town, it is right that you should inform yourself on which of your servants you can best rely."

"Dear daughter," answered the king, "I have long wished to do this, but Lother of France has each time prevented me."

"If Lother were true and brave," said Zormerin, "and were of noble blood as he reports himself, he would surely not oppose it; but much rather would all his aspirations and thoughts turn often to the tourney and the fight. I swear, by God who created me, were he even king over kings, I would never more be his. Never will I wed with a coward. He who becomes my husband must rule this country after you; and a cowardly, pusillanimous king would very ill protect it against the neighbouring infidels!"

Gladly the king heard this from his daughter, and immey 2

diately commanded his heralds to proclaim in the town that he would have a tilt at the quintain at the palace; namely, that six planks should be set up on an equal number of posts; and whoever struck the plank should have a horse for his reward of the value of a hundred marks. The soldiers were much rejoiced at this news, but Otto was frightened in his heart, and cursed a thousand times those who had suggested it.

Lother prepared himself magnificently, and so did his companions;—the Thursday, thought he, on which day the game was fixed, was very long coming, so impatient was he to tilt and to tourney. The other knights and nobles armed themselves gallantly thereto, for many a one amongst them thought himself the most valiant, and expected to gain the prize.

Zormerin said often to herself, May God permit that Lother win the guerdon! then would I bestow it on him with all my heart. She often talked of him with her faithful Scheidechin,—"Could he but win the prize," said she, "he would then rise very high in my father's esteem, and the falsehood would soon show itself."

"Surely, you speak true," said Scheidechin. "I could never persuade myself that Otto was really the man he gave himself out to be: his whole behaviour was unworthy of him; besides, he is a red-head, and they are commonly false and perfidious."

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

When the Thursday arrived, the king went to the window of his palace; and by him stood lords, counts, and knights, to the number of two hundred. Zormerin stood on the other side, and near her thirty of her maidens. She was very magnificently clad; on her mantle sparkled the most noble precious stones, and it was clasped in front by a carbuncle and a beautiful ruby. Upon this carbuncle a Jew, named Pharaoh, had worked for seven years long; he gave it to the sybil, by whom it was presented to the temple which was raised in Christ's honour. When the Emperor Vespasian destroyed Jerusalem, Pilate sent it to him, that he might induce him thereby to spare his life. The emperor gave it

to St. Clemens, the pope, who bestowed it upon Antonius, father of St. Helena; the latter carried it to Constantinople, and offered it at St. Sophia; thence it was placed among the treasures. This mantle King Orschier took out of the treasury, and adorned his daughter therewith; none more beautiful could be seen in any country, nor any maiden more peerless than Zormerin; for she was of such exceeding beauty, that no man could ever look directly at her without becoming so enamoured of her charms that he felt within himself he could never love another.

Otto approached Zormerin as she, with her maiden Scheidechin, sat in a window to see the tilting. "Dear lady," said he, "I will bide here with you to see the tournament, so that I may be able to judge to whom the prize ought to be awarded." "What can you be thinking of?" asked Zormerin; "do you expect to win a beautiful wife by eating, drinking, and sleeping, and with lazy indolent effeminacy? If it should so happen, that I became your wife, my knightly followers and the whole world might well marvel what sort of unblessed man I had married, one who does not understand how to wield his sword. For my sake do it; ride out; you may already have come into low estimation."

Otto felt the reproach, and, half ashamed of himself, was obliged to go down from Zormerin to the tilting, and to mount his horse.

The whole world came to the tourney, enlivened on the way by the sound of trumpets, fifes, and trombones; and with the throng came also Lother, with a number of his companions and knights; he had also his fifers, trumpeters, and trombone-players, besides many heralds and esquires, who were marshalled in troops near and behind him as if he had been a great king. "Who," asked Orschier," is that stately knight who comes with so considerable a train?" "It is Otto of Lombardy, who was so very poor," said the servants; "he must surely have stolen the wealth, for how else could he have come by it?" Otto wondered not a little where his cousin Lother could have obtained the money for such an equipage, and could not conceal his astonishment. Maller rode up to him, and said, "According to your ideas, doubtless we should now be in great poverty; but such thoughts you must now dismiss, whether it be pleasing or painful to you.

Whosoever aims at wickedness, may he ever win just such a reward." Otto pretended he heard not what Maller said to him, and rode on in front.

Zormerin looked at no one as she did at Lother: he alone pleased her above all others. Lother also often looked up at Zormerin, and when he remarked that her eyes were fixed on him, he made his horse bound so gallantly, and he leapt the barriers with such courage and such a noble deportment, that every one was rejoiced to look at him.

Now began the tilting. If the plank was not struck with exactitude by the lance, the heavy beam swung round upon the helmet and knocked the knight off his horse. This happened to many who thought themselves very excellent. Otto placed his lance in rest, and ran so furiously, for he rode a good horse, that he neither saw nor heard. But as he came near the beam, against which he was to tilt, he became so frightened, that he failed to touch the plank; the spear turned round in his hand. Close to the plank was a slough, full of manure and filth; as he now had not struck the bar of wood, but was himself struck by the swing-beam, his horse could no longer be held in, but carried him with him into the ditch, in which Otto lay like a log, bemired and weltering. Maller began to laugh loudly. "Hush, Maller," said Lother; "if any other but you did that, I would never forgive him." Lother was so true of heart, that it always hurt him when anything ill happened to Otto, although the latter behaved so wickedly to him. But Zormerin would not, for a waggon full of beaten gold, that Otto had succeeded.

Now Lother tilted at the plank with his lance with such force that the arm above, to which the plank hung, broke in two, and the latter fell; in the same manner he threw down the other five planks. "Mary, mother of God," cried the knights, "who has ever before seen so strong a knight?" "Sire," said the herald, to King Orschier, "give this knight as much wealth, and as many horses as you will, you can never give him as much as he deserves." Zormerin, full of joy, said to Scheidechin, "The red-head has lost me! Go, hasten to Maller; tell him, in my name, his lord may on this day keep open house in his hostelry, I will thereto send him money enough; nevertheless, whatever I may send, he is deserving of much more."

Scheidechin performed her errand to Maller, who thereupon thanked her very courteously, and immediately rode to his lord in the lists, and bore to him the pleasure of the king's daughter. Lother called to him ten heralds and through them caused all nobles, as well knights as squires, noblemen, burghers and their wives, whatever their age or condition, to be invited that evening to the hostelry, and with him and his comrades to make merry, with eating and drinking and other enjoyments.

Then spake one to the other, "Who indeed can have given this miserable fellow so much money and property? It cannot have come to him justly; but a little while ago, he was willing to sell his horse for very poverty, and now he is going to keep open house. It is great arrogance truly. To-morrow early, by breakfast hour, he will have scampered off."

Thus tattled the people; but Lother was joyful, and thanked God with his whole heart, that it had turned out so fortunately for him on this day. Zormerin's favour was more dear than all the gold she sent him, and his only anxiety was this, how he should well entertain his guests; therefore he said to Maller, "Dear comrade, trust not alone to the host, see yourself that we have enough of every thing." "Never heed," said Maller; "nothing that is to be had in the town shall be wanting to us this evening." Thereupon he rode away to the hostelry, and called to him the host. "Sir host," cried he, "set your wits to work, for my lord will keep open house here this evening, and he has by ten heralds caused to be invited knights, lords, gentles, burghers, and burghers' wives, old and young, great and small, and every one who likes to eat with us; there must therefore be no want of any thing."

"That shall be done, dear sir," said the host; "bring whom you will, I will provide well for all your guests." Thereupon he went and prepared a most magnificent feast. When the tilting was over, every one rode away to his house in order to lay aside his armour, and then to repair to Lother at the inn.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

KING ORSCHIER sent the prize to Lother, and commanded that he should be invited to the table at his court; but Lother

in reply begged that he would not think it ill in him if he did not come; it was not at present in his power, as he intended to hold a court himself. Then the king wondered greatly thereat.

Lother betook himself to his inn, where the guests were already arrived in such numbers that they could not find room in the house; some of them were, therefore, obliged to establish themselves in the garden, and some sat in the street in front of the inn.

There was venison and game, and no lack of dishes with eatables of every kind. There stood thirty great butts of wine, both white and red, from which each man might drink as much as he pleased; and on that same day full two hundred men were so gorged with wine they could not speak their own language.

Then said one man to the rest, "In truth he will be obliged to decamp to-morrow morning; the host is, indeed, a fool to give him credit for so much." Lother heard this, and said, "Make yourselves easy, my friends, and care not for the reckoning, — our good host willingly gives me credit." "I have as much uneasiness about my reckoning," said the host, "as if I had the money already in my hand." Then said they, "Ah! our host is as drunk as any one among the guests; to-morrow he will sing another song."

The guests remained together in revelry and jollity until midnight, when each departed from the inn. Zormerin had not forgotten her promise, and even before day-break a horse laden with gold and silver was brought to the inn. "Dear host, now pay yourself as much as you've expended; the remaining money take into your safe keeping; as soon as it is spent tell me, that I may send you another supply."

In the morning early Lother dressed himself gaily, and with his companions went to church; when Zormerin saw him, her heart beat violently; she entreated of her father that the knight, who the day before had tilted so admirably and carried off the prize, might be invited again to the table; and she pointed Lother out to the king as being the same brave knight. Upon which the king went to him and invited him to his table; but Lother would not accept it, and said in reply, "Sir king, I will not sit at table with you until I have done you good service against the infidels." Then Zormerin

gave him her hand, which he took, and she bade him good morrow, on which he went back rejoicing to his inn.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

FOURTEEN days after came King Hispinart from Acre, with an army of two hundred thousand men, and with him besides fourteen kings. When these infidels entered into the country, all the inhabitants fled to King Orschier, and cried for aid against the pagan invaders. The king was alarmed when he heard that the enemy were so near, and commanded Otto to be called to him. "Lother," said he, "order your soldiers to arm themselves: we must march against these heathens; to you I commit my banner, and trust it wholly to your care."

Otto was frightened in his heart, but dissembled, and said with smiling lips, "Sir, I will do my best." He left the presence of the king, and gave orders by sound of trumpets that every one should arm himself in his best. Lother and his comrades prepared themselves immediately with the greatest speed, and put their horses and furniture in the best condition.

Then Otto called his armour-bearer, to whom he said, "Go to my cousin, and say I am grieved from my heart that I have angered him. I have followed evil counsel, but I am now ready to beg him for mercy's sake only once more to help me in my need. King Orschier has given me his standard to bear in this great war; but this it will never profit me to do; my cousin can undertake it better than I, for he is a brave and valiant knight; it is more suited to him than to me. If he will only charge himself with this banner instead of me, I will willingly resign to him the maiden Zormerin, who has been betrothed to me by the king. I would much rather give up a woman than be obliged to head this great combat."

"Sir," answered the esquire, "this message will I willingly deliver; it would be well if Lother did undertake the thing, for as far as I know of you, if you enter the fight, you will certainly let the standard fall, which would be a great shame and ignominy to the Christians." "That's true," said Otto. Thereupon the soldier went from him straight to Lother,

and delivered the message with much gravity. He took Lother aside, and said to him, "Your cousin Otto sends me to you; he begs your pardon for having offended you; he has therein followed evil counsel, and it now grieves him. He desires very much that you should be reconciled to him, and if you will forgive him he will amend his conduct towards you; and in order to do you honour, he will begin by giving up to you the banner which the king has intrusted to his guardianship, and he will yield to you the beautiful Zormerin, whom the king has betrothed to him, and all the honours you may desire besides. Consider this proposal well, dear sir, I entreat you as a friend." "Tell my cousin," said Lother, "I bear no ill-will to any man, especially not against him; I hold him for a prudent man, and he is also of noble birth. If King Orschier has intrusted his banner to him, it is doubtless in good keeping, especially against the pagans, and if he has bestowed upon him a wife I have no desire to take her away from him: God give him with both much happiness and joy; I wish it him with all my heart, and he would be very wrong not to do his best for the sake of such great good fortune. Say to my cousin also, in my name, that since the king has confided his banner to him, he must see to it well that he does not let it fall; for if he does, I will strike his head off, or should I not be near at that moment, I will send my comrade Maller to do it. This answer bear to my cousin from me."

The esquire was much troubled that he could obtain no better answer; but Otto was most pitifully terrified when he received this message. "Ah! miserable wretch that I am!" he cried out; "I see well my hour is come: I must fight, though against my will, and, worse still, must be the foremost and lead on others when I would rather by far be the hindermost."

The king mounted his horse, took the banner in his hand, and presented it to Otto; the latter received it, and rode onwards with about thirty thousand Christians. Lother rode next to him; he bore on his helmet a silken sleeve, embroidered with gold and with golden spangles, which Zormerin had given him. She had ascended a tower from which she could see the fight; she knew Lother well by the sleeve, and as for Otto, she prayed to God with her whole heart that he might never return again.

When the pagans saw the army of the Christians advancing towards them they drew up in battle-array, and a terrible onslaught began; they fought furiously against the Christians, and slew all that came before them. When Otto saw that the infidels fought with such exceeding cruelty, he dropped the banner from terror, and shouted to his men, "Dear comrades, I shall stay no longer here; I will ride home into Lombardy, for I feel great anxiety lest these heathens should slay me. I could not possibly remain here, even though King Orschier gave me another kingdom besides his own." "God confound you," cried his comrades in return. "You disgrace all Lombardy, and if we desert a bad master may God forgive us, for you will have to ride off alone." King Pynart now advanced nigh to the flank, whence Otto was fleeing; and as he saw the king thus approaching him, he cried out with a loud voice and uplifted hands, "Do not kill me, gentlemen, I will willingly deny God and believe in Mahomet."

Then he was taken prisoner and led into a tent, and King Pynart began the combat afresh. The Christians were confounded at the fall of their standard. "Alas, alas!" cried King Orschier; "cursed be the hour when I received this Lother at my court, and so trusted him; this day has he acted towards me like a false traitor." The infidels, on the contrary, were highly elated, for when a banner is lost on one side the opposite party are proportionably delighted.

King Orschier fought valiantly notwithstanding; but as he pressed rather too forward in the fight, there came the pagan king Helding, and struck him from his horse; immediately thereon the infidels surrounded him, and led him away captive.

When the Christians saw their king taken prisoner they thought themselves indeed in an evil plight, and no wonder; an army may well be dismayed that has lost both its standard and its king.

Lother fought boldly, and forced his way deep into the ranks of the heathen army; Maller and his comrades also failed him not. At length Lother espied the standard as it lay on the ground. "Maller, dear comrade," cried he, "now fight briskly round me, that I may stoop and pick up the standard." Then they both struck out so furiously that

they soon cleared a circle round them; then Lother stooped, seized the banner, and let it wave in the wind; but it had been greatly soiled and torn under the horses' feet. He handed it over to Maller, and said, "Here display it high in the air;" which Maller did, and then the Christian host exulted, and began the fight again with fresh courage. "Mary, mother of God, protect my beloved," cried Zormerin; "he is the bravest knight that ever sat on a horse."

Lother fought, until he came to King Pynart's standard. There he saw how four of the pagans were leading captive King Orschier, who was bitterly bewailing his fate. Lother immediately hastened thither, killed the four infidels, seized one of their horses, and gave it to King Orschier. "Dear sir," cried he to him, "mount quickly, and see that you fight bravely." "Friend," replied Orschier, "you have this day saved me from death; to thee will I give my daughter Zormerin, and with her also my kingdom; Lother of France has betrayed me very traitorously, and he shall never have my daughter." Hereupon he rode again into the fight, and Maller brought to him the standard. "Mary, mother of God," quoth he, "who may this man be, who has again upraised the banner?" "Sir," said the attendants, "the same man that set you free from captivity saved the standard also, and hotly has he worked for it." "By my truth," said the king, "I will well repay him; I will bestow upon him my daughter, and, after my death, my kingdom. Is it not a grief, my friends, that he whom I so much trusted should thus have treated me? But for this good knight, we should all ere this have been slaughtered by the heathen foe."

Zormerin continued to follow Lother with her eyes; for she knew him by the sleeve upon his helmet. There she saw how ten thousand pagans had surrounded him and killed his horse; she witnessed his fall, and that he never rose again. She saw that no one came to his assistance, but that he was taken captive after much resistance.

When Zormerin witnessed this, she seized a knife, and would have stabbed herself to the heart; but Scheidechin hurried to her side and said, "Dear lady, bethink yourself, and pray God to preserve your senses." "Scheidechin," cried Zormerin, "I have seen the Prince of France struck down by infidels, and nobody went to his assistance. If the

heathens have slain him, I will live no longer." Herewith she would have sprung over the battlements, had not a knight seized her and held her. "Dear young lady," said he, "be consoled; keep yourself well and tranquil, your father is not slain."

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

MALLER sought his lord over the whole battle-field. When he could hear no tidings of him, he rode to King Orschier. "Sir king," said he, "where is my lord and master?" "By my truth," said Orschier, "I know nothing of him." "Thou false king, thus rewardest thou him who saved thee from the hand of the infidels? Thou hast lost the best knight that is to be found in the whole country round; for know that he is Lother of France. I can no longer be silent, and I think the year is nearly over. Otto of Lombardy has deceived both thee and him, for with his smooth words did he persuade my master to change names with him."

"Now, truly, gentlemen," cried Orschier, "let us immediately seek Lother; everything I possess I would give rather than lose him." Then they all rode out together to seek Lother, but could not find him; at which the king and all the knightly host were much troubled, for all his comrades loved him, especially Maller, who was almost distracted with the excess of his grief.

As night arrived, King Orschier returned again to Constantinople, and Zormerin came out to meet him. "O father," said she to him, "you may well grieve yourself that you have left behind him who saved you from the infidels; you know not who he is." "I know all, my daughter," cried Orschier; "Otto the red-haired has disgracefully cheated me and you, and has, in addition thereto, wilfully brought shame upon his cousin; but God will protect Lother, and may he prevent Otto from ever coming back here again." Zormerin wept loudly as she heard her father thus speak. After this they went to table; but neither Zormerin nor Maller could eat for great sorrow. Now when the table had been removed, and each person had repaired to his chamber, Zormerin went to her own apartment, and commanded Maller to be

called to her. They both sat together the whole night, and wept and lamented for their lord. "Alas! alas!" cried Zormerin, "without my beloved I can no longer live!" "Maiden," said Maller, "hear me; I will depart to-morrow early and devote my life to seeking for my lord. I know well how to imitate the ways of these pagans, and I will so behave amongst them that they shall take me for one of themselves, and thus shall I hear whether my lord be alive or dead." On the morrow, as day began to break, he took leave of Zormerin, went to his inn, and called together his comrades. "Friends, put on your armour," said he; "I shall myself ride amongst the pagans, and never will I return till I have some news of my master. You know my horn well," said he further to them; "I will lead you into the wood; there shall you wait for me: when you hear me blow, then come swiftly to help me." "That will we do joyfully," cried his comrades, and they prepared and armed themselves with great haste.

Maller rubbed his face with herbs which he well knew, so as completely to change his complexion; after which he rode out of the town with his companions. When they came to a wood, Maller desired them to await him there. "I shall myself ride on into the pagan camp," said he, "there to discover whether my lord is living or dead; and if he yet live, know, all of you, I will set him free, even should I, in so doing, lose my own life."

"Dear Maller," cried they all with one voice, "we will await your signal here; and doubt not that when it comes we will labour hard to win a guerdon from you; each man of us shall be worth two." "Comrades," said Maller, "I thank you heartily." Therewith he rode to the camp, and committed himself with confidence to God and the Virgin Mary, his mother. He was turning over in his mind how he should contrive to gain intelligence of Lother, when a troop of the infidel army, returning from foraging, came towards him. He had so well coloured his face and hands, and knew so well the language and manners of these pagans, and imitated them so naturally, that they all took him for one of themselves. So he rode along with them into the camp. He inquired for King Pynart's tent; and when it was pointed out to him, he sprang off his horse and went straight into the tent to the king. "May Mahomet," said he, "who

created all things, be pleased to protect my cousin King Pynart, and may it please him to curse King Orschier and all Christians. Cousin, I am King Glorians, thy brother's son; my father has sent me with twenty thousand men-at-arms to aid thee; but King Orschier's men fell upon me in the wood, and they have slain all my company. With great difficulty have I escaped from them; and if you will not avenge me, I will destroy myself." Thereupon he beat his face, tore his hair, and showed such deep grief, that the infidels were full of compassion for him. "Dear nephew," said King Pynart, "calm yourself; tell me, how does my brother? You are certainly my own nephew; for I well remember that my brother has a handsome son of about your age." "Cousin, my father your brother is very well; he desires, through me, most honourably to greet you, and I pray you earnestly to dub me a knight, for on this I have set my whole heart. Even therefore has my father sent me to you, that you may make a knight of me. Oh dear cousin, avenge me of that wicked rascal Maller, who has caused me so much disgrace, and who now only waits his opportunity to bring shame upon you also." "Dear nephew, I shall not leave Constantinople until I have conquered the city, and then we will burn all the Christians; but this Maller shall be hanged in the air." "Ah! cousin, I can never forget the shame I have suffered." "Thou shalt soon be satisfied; I have near eighty Christians in my power; on these shalt thou revenge thyself well."

Maller, falling on one knee, cried out, "Noble king, give me these Christians immediately, that I may revenge myself upon them." "Very willingly, my dear nephew, thou shalt have them, and mayest do with them what thou pleasest. You may flay them and roast them for aught I care; but first I will dub you a knight." Then King Pynart made Maller a knight after the heathen mode. Maller rose, seized his lance, and, after he had swung it round his head four or five times, threw it so far, that it could not be seen by the eye. "In truth," said the pagans, "this is a brave comrade; when Pynart dies, we will choose him for our king." "My nephew," said the king, "so help me Mahomet, if I take Constantinople I will make thee king over this whole country, and I will take Zormerin to be my wife. I have

already proposed concerning her to King Orschier; but the old sweet-tooth denies her to me; therefore will I take her myself. King Orschier shall hang like a thief in the air, and thou shalt have the prisoners."

Then King Pynart sent word that the prisoners should be brought before him, and they were almost immediately brought thither. Lother was among them. When Maller perceived him, he was more joyous in spirit than if he had gained a kingdom; he pulled out his sword, and struck off the head of one of the captive Lombards; so did he with a second, and so also with a third. Otto was there likewise. When he saw how Maller amused himself with the Lombards, he cried out loudly, "King Pynart, I will willingly deny God and believe in Mahomet!"

Then Maller seized him, and would have slain him like the rest; but King Helding cried out that he should let him live. "He is willing to believe in Mahomet," said he; "therefore you must not kill him. Besides, he is my prisoner; he yielded himself to me."

"By Mahomet," cried Maller, "so much the rather he should die; a bad Christian will never be a good Mahomedan." "No," said King Helding, "let us first try him; he must trample the Cross under foot, in order to insult Christ, then we will circumcise him." "Nephew," said Pynart, "do not offend King Helding; he came to my assistance with at least one hundred thousand men." "Dear uncle," said Maller, "I am very much vexed that I must allow this rogue to escape; cursed be the mother who bare him." But the pagans agreed unanimously that Otto should be permitted to live, because he wished to become a believer in Mahomet.

Maller next went up to Lother and dragged him by one arm so forcibly that he fell upon the ground, and then he gave him a few hard blows on the back. Lother sprang to his feet, and in his indignation struck Maller so hard a blow in the mouth, that he knocked out two of his teeth, and the blood flowed from his mouth and nose. Then fell Maller at the knees of King Pynart, and said, "Noble king, let me hang up this rogue, who has treated me so ill!" "Do with him what you please," said Pynart. "I will have gallows erected," said Maller, "opposite Constantinople; there shall the Christians see whom I will hang thereon. Seize him im-

mediately, and lead him out." Then was Lother seized without pity, and bound, and a rope thrown around his neck; and he prayed to God with his whole heart to have mercy on his soul.

The gallows was erected on the hill, opposite Constantinople, although King Helding disapproved of it. "When the Christians," said he, "see it, for they have cut away all the trees in this direction, that they may be able to observe everything that takes place, they may easily fall upon us, and occasion us great affright." But Maller insisted that the Christians should be able to see how Lother was hanged.

When the horsemen in the wood saw the gallows erected, they prayed earnestly to God that no evil might happen to Lother or Maller, and that he would prosper Maller in his undertaking. They immediately mounted their horses, as they thought that now something must happen; and, to be in readiness in case Maller should blow his horn. Thus they stood all ready and eager for the fight.

Maller led Lother round to the gallows, and many of the infidels accompanied them. Lother sighed deeply, and said, "Oh, Zormerin! oh, Maller, thou true comrade! I shall never see you more; to God Almighty I confide you both!" Then Maller cried in his heart to God, that he would come to their aid, for he saw himself single-handed and surrounded by enemies, and knew not how to set about the release of his lord. As they came under the gallows, Lother prayed to God with all his heart that he would be merciful to his soul, and said, "Heavenly Father, if thou but knewest how hard it goes with me, thou would'st indeed pity me! Farewell, Zormerin, beloved maiden! and thee, also, my true comrade, never shall I see thee more while here I live! Oh, Maller, did'st thou but know whom the people intend here to hang, I know surely thou would'st come to my assistance, but I have lost thee; and thee also, beautiful Zormerin; the gallows will soon be ready, and never shall I more behold thee!"

"Listen, thou rogue," said Maller; "if thou wilt deny thy faith, and believe in Mahomet, then shalt thou live."

"Never," said Lother; "lead me to the gallows, and give me only so long to live that I may have time to say my prayers." "Unhappy man," began Maller again, "wilt

thou not deny thy faith ?" — "Never!" Lother wept bitterly as he was led away. Maller when he saw him was grieved in his soul. "Set him free," said he to those who held him; "let him stand free while he prays." Then fell Lother on his knees; and when Maller again called to him to deny his faith, he broke out thus, in a loud voice: — "Eternal God and Father, whosoever denies thee, — whosoever in thee does not believe, is no true man; thou hast created heaven and earth; thou wast borne by thy mother, a pure virgin, thou God and man, and thou hast sucked the milk of her breast. O, Mary, mother of God, thou sawest thy son led to the hill of Calvary, where he suffered for our salvation, and as he died upon the cross the sun was darkened and the earth trembled; then Lord didst thou arise on the third day, and ascend into heaven, and thou didst send to thy disciples thy Holy Spirit; after that, thou called'st thy mother, and crowned her with eternal life. Eternal God, as I truly believe this, so be thou to-day merciful unto me, and take my soul into thy holy keeping." With this Lother arose, and made the sign of the blessed cross. While he was yet praying, Maller had blown his horn, and saw his comrades ride out of the wood well armed; then hastened he to Lother, and as the latter rose from his knees, unbound his eyes, and said, hurriedly, "Know me, my lord, — I am Maller, your comrade; here, take this ring, it is Zormerin who sends it; she grieves very much for you." Immediately that he had said this, he struck off the head of one of the infidels, snatched away his sword, and gave it to Lother. "Here, here, take the sword," said he, "and defend yourself." Then both struck down bravely all who were around them. The infidels, when they saw themselves thus betrayed by Maller, ran together to defend themselves; in the meantime came also the comrades out of the wood to the place, and led with them two good steeds; Lother and Maller mounted quickly, and, while they sometimes fled, and sometimes turned and drove back the pagans, they hastened towards Constantinople; the infidels followed close after them. King Orschier stood on the wall, and saw the terrible chase in the field; and, said he, "I hope it is Maller, who brings back Lother; bestir yourselves, comrades, that we may go out to help them."

Then he blew his horn, and all armed themselves, and

sallied with him out of the city; and now began a mighty contest. When Orschier recognised Lother he rejoiced, rode up to him, and asked how he had got free from prison. "That will I tell thee another time," said Lother, "now it is only a fitting time to fight."

Therewith he hastened to the field, stripped off a dead man's harness, armed himself therewith, and also with a helmet and accoutrements, and rushed boldly at the infidels, who defended themselves stoutly.

In the mean time rode one away to the moat, and called to the princess, who watched from the tower, that Lother was alive and at liberty. Then she thanked God with hot tears, and prayed to the Virgin still to protect her beloved. The combat was fierce: King Helding ran tilt against Maller, but was by him overthrown; Maller's horse fell also, but they both rose again, and Helding fled. "This day will I exterminate the Christians!" cried King Pynart. "If you had Lother and Maller," answered the attendants, "you might easily overpower them; but both fight so bravely that no man can stand against them." King Pynart met Maller, — for he well knew him by his shield. "Villain!" cried he; "false traitor, would that thou wert hanged; how darest thou, scoundrel, call me cousin?" "Dear sir cousin," replied Maller, "I never deny my relationship." Then King Pynart couched his spear and ran against him, and would have thrown him from his horse, but Maller struck him so hard with his spear, that he pierced him through the body, so that he fell with great anguish to the earth. King Helding came then to King Pynart's assistance, else would Maller soon have killed him outright. "Cousin," said Maller, "I will always pray to God for him who struck you off your horse." "Ah me!" said King Pynart, "what sort of villanous relationship have I found!" Then he was led back to his tent, where he no longer found Otto, who had meanwhile escaped and fled back to Lombardy.

When Otto reached home, he found the king his father dead. The people received him as their rightful lord, and he was crowned king. He did afterwards to his cousin Lother much and grievous injury, as we shall hear in the sequel. Little thought he of the great honour which had been done him in Lother's name, and still less that Lother

had shown him no malice, although he had brought such great evil upon him. Notwithstanding he hated Lother, and wished him no good; he swore also an oath to God, that if he could do Lother or Maller an injury he would not neglect the opportunity; and he kept his oath, as you will hereafter hear.

When it was now late, King Orschier with his people returned again into the city of Constantinople. As Zormerin saw the army coming, she went to meet her father before the palace; and when she perceived Lother she was so agitated with love that she could not speak a word. "Lother," said the king, "I give you my daughter, who stands here, in marriage." "Sire, I thank you very heartily," answered Lother; "and since you have given her to me, permit me to embrace her." Then went he straightway up to her, embraced her, and kissed her with great tenderness; and as he folded her in his arms, he said, "Beloved, thank my comrade Maller, who has freed me from the infidels. He has for my sake done what no man ever yet did for another." "Beloved lord," said Zormerin, "had you died, no greater grief could have happened to me."

Then they went altogether into the saloon; every one took off his armour, and they all sat down to table. Orschier let Lother sit by Zormerin, and his comrade Maller next to him. When they had eaten, Maller began to recount how he had persuaded King Pynart that he was his cousin, and all that had happened to him in his expedition, word for word. Thereat King Orschier began to laugh, and all the people also laughed very much.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

THE siege of Constantinople had lasted already nearly two years, during which there had been numerous assaults and many battles, in which many men, both knights and esquires, lost their lives. Lother and Maller behaved themselves so bravely, so valiantly, and so truly, that they gained great renown, and every one held them dear. They often sallied out secretly and alone, attended only by their knights and retainers, into the enemies' camp, and did the infidels great damage. These infidels had more hurt through Lother and

Maller than from all the other soldiers taken together. Therefore did the pagans never forgive themselves that both had escaped out of their hands, when they had already had them in captivity; they swore by Mahomet that neither Lother nor Maller should be allowed to live over the night if they could only catch them once more.

But Zormerin was very anxious because Lother so often rode out. She entreated him very affectionately that he would not adventure himself so much against the heathens. "They will kill you certainly," said she, "for they hate you and Maller more than all the others." "God will protect me, dear Zormerin," said Lother; "I am here to seek adventures, and I must therefore not neglect them; shall I not revenge myself on these false infidels?" "I wish," answered Zormerin, "that you would cease for my sake, for love of me." "Dear woman, for your sake will I cease from all evil actions, but must continue to perform every deed that is honourable."

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

After three months, as King Pynart was again recovered from his wounds, came his daughter Synoglar, and brought fifteen thousand armed men in her suite. Synoglar was the most beautiful pagan of her time. Pynart was full of joy when he saw her; he ran to her, embraced her, and kissed her, and thanked her many times for coming to his assistance. "Dear daughter," said he, "long since should I have taken Constantinople, were it not for a young knight therein called Lother, son of the king of France. A handsomer young man is no where to be found; if he would deny his God and believe in Mahomet, I would give him to thee for a husband. He is the most proper and, furthermore, the bravest man that ever sat on a horse; he has twelve times overthrown me. If I had him in my power I would never leave him till he had consented, and would so urge him that he could not refuse to believe in Mahomet, and then should you be his wife." By this discourse Synoglar became deeply enamoured of Lother. She thought in her heart never again shall I be happy till I have seen Lother of France.

King Helding was standing thereby, and heard the words

of King Pynart. He had loved the princess for a long time, and Pynart had formerly promised her to him; therefore he stepped forward and said, "Noble king, I have brought you one hundred thousand men; they are at my cost in your service, and I will not forsake you until we have taken the city. This I do for your daughter's sake, whom you have promised to me; but if I knew that you now willed not to give her to me, then would I to-morrow in the morning decamp with my men and ride back to my own country." "By Mahomet," answered Pynart, "dear Helding, I had quite forgotten that. Well, if you can give Lother and Maller into my hands you shall have my daughter." This King Helding promised to do; but it would have been better for him if he had not.

"I have thought of something," said Synoglar, "through which one of the two might certainly come into your hands before the sun goes down." "Oh tell me how," said Helding, "for I shall have no rest till I have performed it." "Then arm yourself," said Synoglar; "mount your horse, take your lance, and let me, adorned and richly dressed as becomes a king's daughter, ride on another horse by your side. Thus we will go to the moat by the wall. If Lother now is the hero my father says, and he sees me with you talking in a friendly manner, he will certainly come out, because handsome maidens most people are eager to gaze upon, and that man whose heart has no love for beautiful women is never a hero in the fight. By Mahomet, I know for certain, when Lother sees me so magnificently adorned and so beautiful, he will readily come out, and it shall cost him his life. If you will then attack him I will help you with my dagger, and strike him in the back until we have overpowered him." "If you will aid me," said King Helding, "I promise to accompany you even to the death: I go now to arm myself, — go you also and prepare."

When he was armed, and Synoglar magnificently arrayed, they rode out of the camp to a hill, an arrow's flight from the city; and as they looked round this hill, and could see no one in the valley, they rode quite close to the city walls. "Now look," said Helding to Synoglar, "that you forget not the dagger when I come into the struggle with Lother; he will ride up to us as soon as he discovers you; of that I am certain, for there was never a braver knight, nor a more gallant

youth. Your father took him captive, but Maller, his comrade, set him free with exceeding craft. Had he not thus escaped, your father would, nevertheless, not have killed him, but would have kept him at his court, on account of his beauty and courage." As Synoglar heard the knight speak thus of his enemy, she felt the latter becoming more and more dear to her heart. "Ah," thought she in her mind, "that the young man would but come out, and assuredly he will, since he is so bold a hero." When he has overthrown Helding I will follow him, deny Mahomet, and accept the Christian faith. How could I obtain a better man or a happier fate than with this hero? Helding thinks I shall help him, but cursed may I be if ever I raise a hand against the handsome young knight!" "Of what are you thinking, beautiful maiden?" asked Helding. "Let us now," said Synoglar, "ride nearer the walls; there cry with a loud voice that you have here your betrothed, and that were Lother of France a gallant knight he would come out to win her away from you." "Do not forget your knife," said Helding. "Don't trouble your mind about that," answered Synoglar.

Then cried Helding with a loud voice, "Where art thou, King Charles's son? Come out and win from me my beautiful beloved!" Those who were on the walls went to tell this to Lother; and when he mounted the walls, he saw the pagan king with the beautiful maiden. "Lother of France," said Helding, "come out and break a lance with me, if thou hast the courage, for the sake of this beautiful maiden." "Who is this fair damsel," asked Lother, "so magnificently arrayed?" "She is King Pynart's daughter; her father has betrothed her to me, but I must not take her for my wife, so have I promised her father, until I have fought with you, body to body, if, indeed, you are bold enough to adventure yourself against me." "Wait for me there," answered Lother; "I will arm myself." "Make haste then," cried Helding.

Lother went in haste to the palace; here he found King Orschier and Maller. He hurriedly laid the case before them how the pagan was come to break a lance with him, and how he had accepted the challenge. "I am sorry for that," cried Orschier, alarmed. "Sir," said Maller, "Let me go out and fight with him, it is not fitting that you should." "That I will never permit," said Lother; "bring hither my armour

and help me to put it on." Zormerin, who heard the order, came hastily thither, and wept bitterly. She entreated Lother with affectionate words that he would not ride out; but Lother suffered himself not to be detained even by her, but took leave of her, and sallied out in front of the city.

When Helding saw him coming he said, "Synoglar, now look at him, he who ought indeed to be an object of hatred to you; this is that Lother of France, who twelve times has conquered your father in battle, and has slain many of his followers; I pray you, maiden, be pleased not to forget the dagger if I come into distress with him." King Orschier, Maller, and many other knights stood on the walls to witness the fight; Zormerin also went up and wept bitterly.

"Here am I," said Lother, when he came near Helding, "and I am ready to run a course with you: if you conquer, you shall take me as a prisoner, but if I overthrow you, this fair damsel returns to the city with me. I fight with the better mettle, since it concerns a beautiful woman." "I heed not your high words," said Helding, "for words, be they ever so grand, gain no victories." Lother grasped his spear, and so did also King Helding, and anon they ran briskly one against the other. Helding's lance broke, and he was so sore pressed by Lother that he was forced from off his horse. Synoglar ran up to him, and said, "Why dost thou let thyself, thou false man, be so soon conquered? Cursed be thou by Mahomet — surely thou shalt never win my person." At these words she pulled out her dagger, and would have pierced him with it, but Lother prevented her, and said to Helding, "Mount, sir, for I may not fight with you on foot." Helding again mounted his horse, rode to Lother, and struck at him. Lother covered himself with his shield in such wise that Helding thrust a full hand's breadth away from the shield. Lother struck at him in return, and wounded him in the shoulder, so that the blood flowed. Thereat was Synoglar happy in her heart. "Dear sir," cried she to Lother, "have no mercy with the sweet-tooth; if you slay him, I will, for the love of your hero-boldness, ride with you, abjure Mahomet, and honour the God Christ, together with his mother who bore him."

This Lother heard and rejoiced at; he and Helding struck heavily at each other, and both maintained a hard struggle.

At last Helding smote so hard Lother's horse, that it fell down dead. Lother sprang up again, wounded Helding in the left side, and said, "Come down now from your horse, or I will slay you." "I will dismount," said Helding, "if you will not molest me until I am down." Lother stood still and said, "You may get down in security; I will do nothing to you till then." "Then am I safe from thee," said Helding; "for I do not choose to dismount until I am in my tent. Mahomet be with you! I leave you my beloved, the Lady Synoglar, who has treated me very ill, and I will get my hurts bound up, for I am very much wounded."

With that he turned his horse and rode fast away. Synoglar remained alone with Lother. "Thou hast a coward's heart, thou false pagan," shouted Lother after him; "I should not have believed it of you."

Lother took Synoglar kindly in his arms, and said to her: "Beautiful maiden, do you desire baptism with all your heart?" "Yes, indeed," answered she, "with my whole heart." Lother mounted her white palfrey, and seated her behind him; and while they rode into the city, they conversed amicably together. "Dear sir," said she, "I heard so much said of your valour and beauty, that I could not overcome my desire to see you. My father had promised me to Helding as a wedded wife, if he would conquer you and Maller, and put you both into his hands. Then made I the cunning device that Helding should ride out and take me with him; but I only desired to see you." Lother answered her with a smile: "For this much I thank you, fair Synoglar, that you could devise such a deep scheme. Helding ought to have fought more boldly; he must be heartily ashamed of himself to have suffered so lovely a young lady to be so easily conquered from him."

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

King Orschier, Maller, and all the knights went out to meet them, and received Lother very honourably; but Zormerin remained behind. She grieved herself, because he brought in another young lady, and she fancied he would now love that one more than her. She went mournfully to her chamber, and commanded Scheidechin to come to her.

"Oh, my dear Scheidechin," said she, weeping, "wherefore should I ever have seen Lother; wherefore have I felt such love for him, and given him my whole heart? I have done him many kindnesses; but now does he desert me to be pleased with a pagan. She is beautiful, and a king's daughter as well as I am, and men are ever more pleased with the new love than with the old! Oh, dear Scheidechin, thus have I now, on this very day, lost him whom I love so tenderly!" "Dear lady," answered Scheidechin, "of this I do not suspect Lother; he is, without doubt, the truest man under the sun: besides he is much too wise and sensible, and knows very well that through you he attains such great honour and advantage, that I am certain he will never do anything which can cause you trouble or sorrow. If he has won the beautiful maiden with his sword, he is, for that, deserving of the more praise and greater honour. I know of a truth that he will baptize her and then give her to one of his comrades. Should it, however, so chance that he were a month or two with her, that might be permitted him, because he is yet unmarried; she would come to shame, and you nevertheless would remain his wife."

"No," cried out Zormerin, "I will never bear it silently; I will complain to Maller in my extremity." Scheidechin went and called Maller to her lady, and he came to her immediately. "Oh Maller!" said Zormerin, "the woman who sets her mind upon any man, acts foolishly. Lother deserts me for the sake of a pagan, — that you may readily see; never before has he returned from the fight without coming immediately into my chamber; but this time he comes not; he has forgotten me, although I have shown him such great kindness. Cursed be the hour when I helped him out of poverty, and cursed the fountain and my ears also, because they heard your words!" "Dear maiden, complain not so bitterly of my master; he is in truth the truest man in all Christendom. He has won with his sword an infidel maiden; there is also nothing to reproach him with, because he remains with her till she has received baptism; be assured, that as soon as she is baptized he will give her to one of his comrades. If you permit, I will speak thereof to Lother, because it would not be well that you should harbour any suspicion against him. I know of a truth you will find no unfaithfulness in

my lord." Maller took leave of her, and she remained in her chamber.

Zormerin's heart was consumed with love. And any human heart thus inflamed will never want cause for anxiety. She sent Scheidechin to Lother, and commanded him to be summoned; he came instantly, thinking no ill. "Lother," said she, "are you not contented with me, that you have also taken King Pynart's daughter, and love her more than me?" "I never desired King Pynart's daughter," answered Lother, "and never can I love another woman as I love you, and no other have I ever so loved." He took her then in his arms and kissed her tenderly, and sat down near her on her couch. Then came King Orschier, with six knights of her retinue, into the chamber: she had so concerted with him before she sent to call Lother. As now the king saw them both lying near together, then spake he: "Truly, Sir Lother, you are much in haste! Will you, after doing your pleasure with my daughter, ride back to France and leave her in disgrace and me in affliction? By God, who created me, if you don't now marry my daughter, I will lay you there where you never again shall come to daylight." Lother sprang up and said, "Noble king, what I have done to your daughter may well be permitted me, because you have betrothed her to me and promised that after the war I shall lead her to the altar. Therefore if it please you that this take place now, I can wish myself no greater good fortune, and I am ready immediately with all my heart." "That rejoices me," said the king; "we will no longer defer the ceremony, and to-morrow early you shall be wedded to each other in the church." Lother was full of joy at this; he would rather that it should happen thus soon than that he should wait even another day, for Zormerin could not sigh for him more ardently than he longed for her.

The next morning the bishop espoused Lother to Zormerin in the church, and blessed them, and thereat both rejoiced with all their hearts, for they loved each other very dearly. At the same time Maller also was espoused to Scheidechin. When they had come out of the church, they went to table; every one was joyous, and the town burghers felt especially delighted that they were to have a lord so brave. After the feast, began a great tilting and running at the ring; costly

honours were bestowed on knights and nobles; in all points each did his best, and exerted himself to merit the reward. Lother and Maller ran at the ring and tourneyed all the day, and overthrew many proud knights: none durst hold the barrier against them or joust with them. "Mary, mother of God," said King Orschier, "what two stout heroes are these! they alone make the barrier too narrow for all the others; my daughter, indeed, is well protected, and she and Lother are, moreover, a lovely pair; a more beautiful wedded couple one could not easily find." His servants, knights and nobles, very willingly agreed with King Orschier in this. All were full of mirth and hilarity, except Synoglar; she was very sad, because she had fixed all her hopes on Lother's taking her for a wife. Lother went to her, and consoled her as he best could. "Dear maiden," said he, "do not grieve; you shall be well taken care of. Remain with my wife until I can find you a rich husband." "I thank you," answered Synoglar; "but hope is gone, and now must I learn patience."

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

When the wedding festivities were with great mirth and joy brought to an end, the Christians again armed themselves, fell with fresh courage upon the heathen host, and fought that day so valiantly, that the enemy were entirely routed, and King Pynart and Helding lost their lives. Those who could save themselves fled and vacated the country. The rich tents, with much noble furniture, money, and property, became the spoil of the Christians. On that day were one hundred thousand pagans slain; nevertheless much Christian blood must also have been shed, for the heathen fought bravely.

Lother remained in Constantinople until the seven years were over during which his father had banished him; when these were expired, he told Zormerin that he wished to return to France, that he might stand before his father.

Zormerin was very glad of this: Lother went to King Orschier, and begged permission to depart with his daughter into France, because his years of banishment were expired. "Assuredly I will permit it," said Orschier; "only you must promise me to return again to Constantinople,

when you have seen your father; thereto I entreat you affectionately, for, after my death, you shall reign over my dominions and be emperor of Constantinople." "Dear sir," said Lother, "I will, before one year is past, be with you again." Then they made all ready for the journey; Lother and the beautiful Zormerin, her beloved maiden Scheidechin, with Maller his faithful comrade, besides all their retainers, took leave of King Orschier, who gave his daughter his blessing. He saw her not again until she had endured great suffering.

They set forth together, attended on their way by about one hundred men-at-arms. When they came to Rome, the pope showed them much honour, and they remained there for four days. Then Otto heard, through a spy, that Lother, with his wife, as also Maller and the rest, were on their way to Paris, and would take the route through Pavia. Upon which Otto devised the greatest treachery that ever was heard of: he assembled twenty thousand armed men, and made them take possession of all the roads by which Lother and his company would travel.

"Sir," said Maller, "let us rather not pass through Pavia, or at least let us be in proper array and well armed, because Otto, the knave, who is become king of Pavia, is not very well to be trusted." Lother said he was right; and they all put on their armour. But they were watched by a spy, who had been sent by Otto, that he might have certain intelligence of Lother and his suite. This spy rode in haste back to Otto, and brought him tidings how Lother and Maller, with their wives, were on the road thither, and only a very few people with them, "but," said he, "they have all armed themselves. Thus much I saw from behind a hedge where I had concealed myself; therefore be on your guard, sir king." "By my troth," said Otto, "their armour shall help them little, because I will send so many men against them,—indeed, ten to one shall go. Now will I avenge myself upon them: Lother and Maller shall hang on the gallows, and Zormerin will I take for a wife." With that he rode attended by all his knights into the wood, through which Lother must travel on the road thither; and this came to pass very soon. When they appeared, Otto, with five thousand men with spears in rest, ran full tilt against Lother; and now may God take him

under his protection, both him and his faithful Zormerin, for great sufferings await them both!

They rushed upon him with tremendous shouts. "Lother of France," cried they, "thou shalt not pass through alive—here must thou die!" and therewith they fell as furiously upon them as wolves upon a flock of sheep. Zormerin, who saw all this, sprang down instantly from her carriage, and ran quite alone into the wood and hid herself. The Lombards surrounded the carriage, and searched about for her; but they found her not. Then they took Scheidechin captive, and all the women. Lother fought bravely with the Lombards, and bore himself like a hero; but his horse was slain under him, so that he fell with him to the ground; then they surrounded him, and after he had received many wounds they took him prisoner by force.

Maller killed at least twenty of the Lombards; but he was himself grievously wounded; full thirty wounds had he, each of which was deadly; his horse also fell under him, and he swooned away and lay like a corpse among the dead. Lother was bound like a robber, and led with eyes blindfolded into Pavia. His heart was sore troubled, for he found himself in the power of his most base and deceitful kinsman, and he sighed deeply when he thought of Zormerin and Maller, and commended them to God's protection.

Otto betook himself to his palace, assembled his council and distinguished knights, and asked their advice as to what he should do with Lother, and how he could best avenge himself? He was doubtful whether to hang him, or what sort of death he should make him suffer. Then stood up one of the Lombards before Otto, and said, "Noble sir, I think in my mind it would be very ill done if you so grievously destroyed your own flesh and blood. Besides, Lother is the noblest and bravest of warriors that ever was born in your family. If you have had any grievance through him, still he has not on that account deserved death. If you kill him, and King Charles hear of it, neither you nor your family will ever have peace with him, and you must continually live in dread. Therefore, sir, shut him up in a tower; there you may treat him as harshly as you please. If you ever repent this advice, then never follow my counsel again; but if there

be any one in your court whom my counsel displeases, let him say so boldly, and I will fight with him."

The Lombard who spoke was of high family. He himself had formerly served Lother's father, the Emperor Charles, and had been with him at Marseilles, where he helped him to take prisoner the Count Ganelon; on this account Otto was obliged to respect his words and follow the advice. Lother was, therefore, thrust into prison.

Otto sent for the captive women, and when Zormerin was not found he was greatly vexed. "Where is your lady," said he to Scheidechin? "Sir," answered she, "fourteen Lombards led her away: thus much I saw — I wist not whence they came nor who they were; but I fear greatly they will bring my lady to shame and dishonour." Otto was inwardly troubled at this information, and commanded the women to be taken to a separate apartment, where a sufficiency to eat and drink was placed before them. To Lother also was sent a leech, to cure his wounds.

Otto sent round messengers, as far as Lombardy extends, to seek Zormerin, but she was not to be found. Then was Otto very enraged, because his plan had so failed; for what he had principally desired was to get Zormerin into his power. Lother was now, by the aid of the leech, recovered from his wounds, after he had suffered much anguish. But he grieved and lamented inwardly for Zormerin, because he knew not otherwise but that she had fallen into Otto's hands.

He mourned more for Zormerin than for himself.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

We leave Lother awhile and turn to Maller, his comrade. He revived again from his swoon, and as he raised his head a little and looked about, nothing found he but the dead above and around him. He crept with much pain from under the dead bodies, and into the wood. Here he sat down, and as his wounds bled profusely, he pulled off his jerkin, and tore his shirt into bandages, with which he bound up his wounds as far as it would go. Then he looked about and discovered a horse, which had run away from the fight. With great pain and difficulty he reached the horse, mounted it, and rode slowly through the wood.

He had not ridden long when he perceived a beautiful woman, who ran away swiftly when she saw him coming. He followed, but she ran away all the quicker. "Ah! flee not, lovely maiden," said Maller, as loud as he could shout. "Wait for me: I swear by my knightly oath I wish to do you no harm." Zormerin was the fugitive, and when she recognised Maller's voice she stood still, and waited for him. "Ah, Maller," she said, "dost thou bring me tidings of my lord Lother?" "Yes, dear lady; my lord is taken prisoner to Pavia; but I hope Otto is not daring enough to take away his life: so help me God, when my wounds are healed, the traitor Otto shall pay for it with his kingdom — to that will I bring him. But to have found you, worthy lady, is better to me than to have taken any kingdom. We will go to France, and implore King Charles's aid for his son, against the false traitorous Otto. Yet I suffer now such great pain, that I fear more and more I shall die and go no further." "Dear comrade, be comforted: I will fervently pray to God for you, that he will help you and also my dear husband, and that he will revenge us on the false knave Otto, who has caused us so much harm. I have always heard say, whoever does evil escapes not his punishment; therefore, dear Maller, hope for God's assistance." Zormerin was delighted that she had the protection of Maller; but he was very ill from his wounds, and suffered a great deal of pain, especially from a great spear wound which he had in the body, and which gave him bitter anguish.

Thus rode they slowly on, and arrived at length at St. Bernard. Here they went into an inn, in which they were obliged to remain for nearly four months. During fourteen days Zormerin thought each hour that Maller must die. At length he became better, and after four months he, with Zormerin, again departed. All that they had, they had expended, and now went away poor and barefoot. Zormerin endeavoured to console him with soothing words, how they now would travel into France, and how she set her hope on the Emperor Charles. Maller comforted her in return, and they planned how they would set Lother free from captivity, and avenge themselves on the infamous Otto. Thus they consoled and encouraged one another; but they little expected that they should find no help from his kinsmen.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

When Charles the emperor felt that he was about to die, he sent throughout the extent of his kingdom for all his nobles, and the whole body of his knights, and payed what he owed them; then went he into the church of St. Kilian, where he confessed, and commanded a noble mass to be sung. As history informs us, the priest found on the altar a letter, wherein was written a sin which the Emperor Charles had committed but had neglected to confess. The priest showed the letter to the emperor, who acknowledged and confessed immediately that same sin, and thanked God with all his heart for this grace.

The Emperor Charles shortly died, and his son Ludwig was chosen and crowned as emperor, after he had taken for a wife Blanchefleure, the daughter of the Count de Narbonne. King Ludwig had not been long at Paris when Zormerin and Maller arrived there. Maller went immediately to the court before King Ludwig, who was surrounded by the grandees and nobles of the kingdom; among them was the brother of his wife, to whom he had given great wealth, so that he had become very powerful. Maller had on a tattered coat, and his whole appearance was very wretched; therefore would none of his former acquaintance recognise him, but treated him with contempt. "Accursed be the wicked kingdom," said Maller to himself, "since a rich rogue will here have greater honour done him than is bestowed on the righteous man who is poor. Eternal God, why is every thing thus changed on earth?"

Maller fell at the feet of the king, who had not even so much as noticed him, because he saw him in such a wretched condition. "Sire," began Maller, "methinks you wish not to recognise me, although you formerly knew me very well, and I have still many kinsmen at your court; but now I am poor, nobody knows me. I am called Maller, King Galyen's son, and was brought up at your court, with your brother. I went away when his father banished him." "Dear Maller," answered the king; "yes, indeed, I know you now. If you will stay with me at the court, and enter my service, you shall be treated as my other servants." "Sire," answered Maller, "it would be a wonderful thing

for me to serve thee, seeing that I also am a king's son!" And at the same time, in his heart thought he, what sort of relation is this, that he asks me not at once after his brother, of whom I have spoken to him; not once does he even seek to know whether he still lives, or whether he is dead. Had I such a brother forsooth, I would banish him where he should not come back again for a thousand years. Thereupon he said, "Noble king, why have you such an unfeeling mind towards your nearest of kin? Truly, methinks, you have but small love for your own brother, who is now in misfortune and misery, and through your traitorous cousin languishing in fetters, while you live in peace and security king and emperor!" Then he related to King Ludwig all that had happened to Lother since his banishment; and after he had particularly reported every thing, prayed him for assistance, and that he would help Lother out of captivity, and revenge him on the faithless Otto.

King Ludwig would willingly have delivered his brother and sent men to his assistance, but there lived at his court all the false traitors who had so long been Lother's enemies; these took King Ludwig aside: "Sire," said they, "let your brother alone; he never did any good. Your highest knights he has all affronted on account of women, for which reason your father, as you may remember, banished him for seven years from the land; if you receive him again now at your court, you will never have peace or quiet with these nobles. Think also that you will then have to share with him the paternal inheritance; if he comes again he will certainly be either king or emperor." "By my faith," said the king, "you speak the truth. Otto also has, doubtless, imprisoned him on account of his evil ways. Maller," continued he, turning to him, "my friends advise me to bring no war into the land on my brother's account. Lother will always live after his own mind, he would never submit even to my father; he has probably in like manner injured my cousin Otto, and so it is just that he should punish him therefore. Although he has imprisoned him, he yet gives him enough food to eat. For myself, I will never put on armour in order to help him out of captivity, where he lives so well; in this I will follow my counsellors." "Those who give you such advice are thorough traitors," retorted Maller,

indignantly. "It is grievous that you will not come to the help of your own natural brother. Otto has, like a foul traitor as he is, imprisoned him unjustly!" Herewith Maller turned about, and went out. King Ludwig called after him, to ask whether he would not breakfast with him? "Nevermore!" cried Maller; "I will rather go fasting to bed, than eat with traitors." This Maller spoke very boldly. He had not yielded at all to King Ludwig's pleasure, for he was as great a king's son as Ludwig.

He went back then into the inn to Zormerin. "Lady," cried he, full of indignation, "in Ludwig I have found the most faithless man that ever lived. He leaves his brother in his need, and follows the advice of false traitors. May God curse him therefore! Oh God, I fear much that Lother will never again be set at liberty." Zormerin wept. "Oh, unhappy that I am!" said she; "did ever any woman endure what I must suffer? Cursed be the hour in which I was born!" "Worthy woman," began Maller, "let us again return to Constantinople to your father. I will beg him to remember the great fidelity Lother showed towards him; that he may come to his assistance, who never deserted him in his need against the pagans. I shall then see whether truth is still to be found on the earth."

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

They left Paris and travelled many days. Of their journey I shall say only that they came again into Lombardy. Then did they both take good counsel together, how they should best disguise themselves, in order to travel unknown through the country. Zormerin sold her fine furs which she wore, and bought herself a lute therewith, for she could play very well on that instrument. Maller, who knew well how to find the proper herbs, stained himself and also Zormerin, both face and hands; no one in this disguise could know them. "Maller, dear comrade," said Zormerin, when she saw how changed they both were, "let us go to Pavia, and there learn whether Lother is dead or alive. I beg you earnestly to do it, for no one will know us in this guise." "If you then will undertake the delicate task," said Maller, "I willingly

agree to your proposal. You can, with your lute-playing, gain as much as we may require, not to die of hunger; and King Otto shall find me in clothes besides. I will say I am your husband; you shall be called Maria, and I will name myself Dietrich." "So let it be," said Zormerin; "and now only be quick; let us haste with as little delay as possible to Pavia, that we may hear of Lother."

In the mean time, while these two were thus wandering, Lother lay in a deep dungeon; but enough to eat and to drink was given to him by Otto's command. They were come now to the holy Whitsuntide, and it so happened that a new garment was brought to King Otto; and, as he put it on, he found it was a hand's-breadth too long. Now as he was much abusing the tailor who had made it, one of the chamberlains said, "Sire, you have for a long time kept Lother of France in captivity, and he has never been newly clad. Yet is he of high birth and your near kindred; therefore it would be very proper for you to send him the garment, as it is too long for you; it will just fit him, for he is much taller than you are." "Be it so," said Otto; "go take it to him."

The chamberlain went with the garment to Lother, whom he found lying very unhappy in the dungeon. The servant greeted him, and spoke to him with kindness. "My lord, King Otto sends you this robe, that you may wear it." Lother stood up, put it on, and it fitted him excellently. Then added the chamberlain a thoughtless word, which he afterwards regretted. He said, namely, "My lord, the robe fits you as completely as if it had been made for you; for my master the king it was a somewhat too long." "What mean you by that?" cried Lother; "am I so little esteemed in the world, that Otto dares to send me what does not fit him? Oh! must I endure this? Ah me! If then I am thus degraded, I will never more desire either to eat or drink." Therewith he doffed the garment again, cut and tore it to pieces, and trampled it under foot. "Go now," said he to the chamberlain, "tell the dungeon warden I will neither eat nor drink any more; I will live no longer; let no one bring me food." The chamberlain was very grieved so to have spoken; he went sadly to King Otto, and told him the circumstance and all that Lother had said. Then Otto began to feel a little pity, and was sorry that the chamberlain had said so much.

On the same day Zormerin and Maller arrived at Pavia. They went instantly to the palace, and inquired of the porter whether they could be permitted to play and sing before the king, and if so, desired he would lead them into the banquet hall. The porter wished to jest with Zormerin, and would have kissed her on the neck; but she turned away and gave him such a hearty blow, that two of his teeth fell out. Then the porter thought to play them false, and would not let them enter. This a knight witnessed, and took them under his protection, and led them both directly into the banquet-hall, where the king, with the whole court, many knights and also many beautiful women, sat at table. Otto little thought that Zormerin and Maller were so near to him. Had he recognised them under their disguise, he would without mercy have slain Maller; for he hated him more especially. Zormerin and Maller moved on to the side where they saw the other minstrels, and sat down by them. Maller immediately filled a drinking cup with wine, and drank it off at a draught. "God help thee," said the piper; "we see plainly you are one of us." When the repast was half over, the players stood up; one piped, another played on an organ, and so that each in turn performed his part. At length Zormerin took her lute, and played thereon so sweetly and so well, that Otto kept his eyes continually fixed upon her. The lute-playing delighted him so much, that he made all the other players to cease, and listened only to her; he said moreover to his servants, "Let the lute-player be richly rewarded; for she has so pleased me, that I would not have her say of me that I am stingy or poor. These people wander about everywhere more than others; and when they arrive at other places, I would that she speak well of my court."

"Noble sir," said one of the knights, "it might be well to reward these musicians, so that they may publish your praises in other parts; but think of your cousin Lother, who is at this very moment a captive in your dungeon. He is your nearest of kin; and if he had his right, he would be emperor of Rome. I have heard that your chamberlain distressed him very much to-day on account of a robe; in justice, noble sir, you should not suffer him to perish so piteously. My advice is, that you send him good meat and drink; let them bid him be of good cheer, for that his affairs

will yet mend, and that you wish to be reconciled with him. It were also well that you sent the lute-player into the tower to him; perhaps she might please him, and he would take courage again; I am confident he would thank you for it." "Let it be so," said the king, and called his servants. "Take food and wine," said he; "carry it to my cousin in the dungeon."

He also commanded Zormerin to take her lute and go with the servants to a prisoner in the tower, before whom she was to play for his amusement. "I will give you for your service a good reward," said he. "Sire, what you command me I will do very willingly," said Zormerin; and therein she indeed spoke the truth; for no gift ever so great could make her so glad as that she should again see her beloved. Her heart beat hard through great joy and expectation; so did also that of the faithful Maller, who only feared lest her great gladness should be observed.

She went then with the servant, who carried the food; and when they came to the tower, they found Lother very ill and lying on the bed. "Take this food away again," said he; "I will neither eat nor drink. Has King Otto sent these musicians to make mock of me? He knows very well that from such as these I can derive no pleasure." Zormerin said then to the serving man and the warder: "Dear friends, go you out, and lock us in here with the gentleman; I will play so sweetly that he shall, notwithstanding his words, be delighted; and I will say to him such soothing words, that he shall be willing to share with me his last farthing." At these words the serving man and the keeper laughed heartily, and they thought Zormerin a Corinna. Lother was astonished when he heard her so speak; yet could he neither recognise her nor Maller. Zormerin began to play, the serving-man and the keeper went out, and left both alone with the captive. When Zormerin was certain that they were far enough off, and all the bolts and locks were fastened, then she fell on the neck of Lother, and wept, and kissed him a thousand times.

"O Lother! knowest thou not thine own true Zormerin? Here also is Maller, thy comrade: in order to see thee, we have thus disguised ourselves." Lother began to shed scalding tears when he recognised her, and pressed both to his heart,

and embraced and kissed her again and again, times innumerable. "Kiss me, dear lord," said Maller; "for I love you more than all your friends besides. Your father is dead, and your brother Ludwig is crowned king; the latter follows the counsels of your treacherous enemies, so that you must expect no consolation from him. It grieves him not at all that you lie here in prison. Your wife and I went to Paris; but as I received such sorry comfort from your brother, I brought her hither, that we might learn how it fared with you; and whether you were alive or dead. Then I willed to lead her to Constantinople to King Orschier. Let us speak to him, to besiege Pavia and destroy Otto; King Orschier must aid us, if he remembers how you assisted him against the pagans. And now, dear sir, do you know anything of Scheidechin my wife? Is she dead or alive?" "Dear comrade, she is not dead; she was taken prisoner with the others, and led into the town; there she is indeed still. Zormerin, beloved wife, we have had but little joy in our marriage; may God help us out of our trouble!" And now both wept aloud and moaned bitterly. Maller attempted to comfort them. "You are wrong," said he: "that you have so much evil fortune is God's will; so too can he soon turn your sorrow into joy. I wish only, for my part, that I had Scheidechin my beloved wife with me; I would make myself very happy with her. You ought to forget your griefs now that you are together. I will go for a while into the little room, and leave you alone; for I do not belong to you nor to your secret counsels." "Comrade," said Lother, "blessed be she who bore thee; those words God himself bade thee speak!"

Thus did they tarry together long, until at length they heard the jailer coming, who unbolted the doors. The time was come when, with sorrowful hearts, Lother and Zormerin must part. Lother kissed Maller on his mouth. "Fare thee well, true friend; work with your best strength, that I may come out of captivity." "Be assured, sir, my heart will never be glad until you are out of this vile durance, and I will labour for it as much as possible,—I swear it by all the saints." Now again entered the jailer, who bid them withdraw. Zormerin could with difficulty restrain her tears or help betraying herself; it caused her heart deep grief that she must now depart

and leave Lother behind. King Otto had Maller newly clad, and gave Zormerin a golden girdle, richly set with pearls, kept them three days at his court, and treated them hospitably. After this space they took leave of King Otto, and once more departed from the town of Pavia. When they were come into the fields, they thanked God that they had not been recognised and had seen their beloved lord, and they confided themselves and him still to the protection of the Almighty.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

They came now to Constantinople, and went immediately into the palace, before King Orschier. When Zormerin saw her father, she could not for tears speak a single word. Orschier looked at her, and for a long time could not recognise her; at last he knew her. "Dear daughter, whence comest thou? It was with difficulty I knew you again! Who ever saw a queen in such circumstances? Cursed be the hour that I gave you to Lother!"

Then, said Maller, "Speak no more thus, sir: you gave her to the noblest knight that lives on earth; and besides that, he is better born than ever were any of your race! I pray you to remember the great fidelity which he showed you; you know well that if he, after God, had not acted as he did, the pagans would have quite ruined you. Could you forget his fidelity, you would indeed do him a great injustice." And now he began and related to King Orschier all that had happened to him, and how Lother now, through the treachery of Otto, lay in prison in a dungeon at Pavia; also how King Ludwig in France followed evil counsels, and would not help his brother. "Think, noble king," said he, "how the heathens had taken you, and how my lord Lother freed you again. Have pity also on my lord, and comfort and assist him." "Then," answered King Orschier, "I hear from you that his natural brother keeps away from him? Why should I then stand by him? Why should I bring my country into so heavy a war? I should be the jest of the world, if I did not conquer, which is very possible. God be my witness I will not run the risk; better care shall be taken of my daughter; she shall never see this man again, and I

will find a richer prince for her than Lother." "King," cried Maller, "never more will I be your friend! When I can do you an injury, I will not neglect the occasion, but do you all the mischief I can. I swear eternal hatred to you, and declare war against you!" With that he rose and went straightway out.

Then went he to Zormerin, who sat mourning in her chamber, shedding many a thousand tears: she also had entreated her father for Lother; but all was vain. "What shall we do now, dear Maller?" cried she, weeping. "I shall go now to my father," said he, "in order to pray him to help Lother. This is the last that I can do." "Do so, dear Maller, I will give you a good horse and a valise full of gold." "God will requite you, noble lady," he replied. "Now I beg you, be constant and true." "You shall find no failing in me," said Zormerin; "yet I wish I might live no longer; for I fear greatly Lother will never again be free." Maller wept when he heard her speak so sadly, and took leave of her. She had commanded that the best horse in the stable should be given him, and he immediately rode away from the city.

Maller was grieved from his heart. "Never," said he, as he came out into the country, "no, never will I rest till I have set you free, my dearest lord." He determined now to go to his parents, whom he had not seen for so many years. He had, when a child, been found by Ogier of Denmark in the water, as the latter was going out with hawks to hunt for ducks; whence he received the name of Maller, which signifies in the Italian language the same as mallard, or "enterich," in German. Ogier of Denmark resigned the child to King Charles of France; the latter having heard that King Galyen had lost his child, thought that this might be the same, and therefore sent him back unto King Galyen, who brought up the child till the age when he could serve, and sent him then again to King Charles: at his court he remained until he was twenty-three years old, when he accompanied Lother to Constantinople, and during the whole period he had never once seen his parents.

Maller had to pass in his journey through an imperial city. He was very well armed, but had no armorial bearings on his shield; so when he arrived in the city, he rode immediately to a painter's house and had his coat of arms painted

thereon ; viz. three heads of maidens, gold on an azure ground, above the heads a leopard, and in the centre of the shield a demi-lion. When it was finished, Maller paid for it liberally, and rode on again as far as Champagne. Here he came to a large town with a beautiful castle, but he wist not to whom it belonged. While he was thinking to himself, there approached him a messenger carrying letters ; he spake to him courteously, and inquired the name of the town and of its lord. "Sir," answered the messenger, "this town is called Neustadt, and belongs to King Galyen the invincible." At this answer Maller was much rejoiced, and inquired further of the messenger. "Whither goest thou, dear friend?" "Not far from hence, noble sir, to the castle there ; I must bring ten master-workmen, that to-morrow in Neustadt they may make preparations for the great tourney which is to be held there." "For what occasion is this tourney to be held?" "Sir, King Ansys' daughter, from Spain, will be married to Otger, the son of King Galyen. Whoever gains the prize in this game shall have a beautiful horse, with a saddle and housings embroidered with pearls ; a more magnificent guerdon was never seen. Here shall we see assembled all the flower of chivalry ; on heralds and musicians also will great gifts be bestowed. A man may well tilt gladly for the sake of a beautiful woman ; and the maiden, King Ansys' daughter, of Spain, is so beautiful, that one could not easily find her equal in the world."

Maller left the messenger and rode on again towards the city ; he determined not to declare himself to his parents till he had tourneyed with ten of the bravest knights. Then he commended himself to God, to his blessed mother, and to St. Julian ; this last is a saint, to whom people are accustomed to pray when they desire to find good quarters. As he rode into the town he saw numerous nobles, knights, squires, and many beautiful women. There was heard on all sides the sound of pipes, trumpets, and many-stringed instruments. "Eternal God!" said Maller, "I have by this time learned how miserable is the life of the poor man · how many are suffering in wretchedness who have no property, while the rich are so pompously embellishing life. O God, how vain is all this ! Were it not for Lother my lord, and my beloved wife Scheidechin, whom I wish so much to deliver from captivity,

I would abandon worldly honours and all pleasure and joy, — and would go alone into the forest, — there might I serve God, for there only shall I be certain of imperishable joys."

He rode on again into the city, and sought in many places for an inn, but every one jeered at him, and bade him go further; and he laughed in his heart, because he knew well that had he made himself known he would every where have found a lodging. At last he was received in a rich merchant's house. Here he saw that already every one who lodged in the house had placed his helmet before the window; he begged also of his host to take care that his helmet in like manner should be hung outside the window, so that people might see he wished to tourney, and he promised him ten guilders for doing so.

The host was greedy for the money, and commanded the servant at once to hang the helmet out of window. Maller gave the servant a guilder, for which he thanked him, and, with a jesting air, added, "I will take good care of it, if you will promise to dub me a knight, should you to-morrow gain the prize, for I have a long time desired to be made a knight." Maller answered, laughing, "More than thou desirest shalt thou have from me." The servant took the helmet and hung it jestingly higher than the others, so that it was conspicuous to the eye. And thus jested the servant with him in all ways and at every thing that Maller desired of him; for he held him for a poor knight who was seeking adventures, in order to gain somewhat. But Maller laughed with the servant, and so well knew how to win him, that he as well as the host, soon for love of him did all that he required.

Maller went out into the city to walk about, and came before the palace; hither came Otger, his brother, and with him walked his father, King Ansys, and the Bastard von Cüneber, King Ansys' son. As Maller saw all these princes coming, he asked the servants who they were; and when he heard his father named, the tears came into his eyes. The princes made Otger observe Maller, because he so perfectly resembled him. King Galyen, his father, approached him; Maller bowed reverentially. "Tell me, dear comrade," said the king, "whence comest thou hither?" "Sir," answered Maller, "that shall you know to-morrow when the tourney begins. I am a poor companion; I seek adventures, and

am come hither to obtain a prize; but if I obtain it, so shall God curse them that would contest it with me." King Galyen laughed and turned again to the princes. "What a fool of a young man is this," said he; "to what I ask him he answers not directly, and says all kinds of absurd things instead."

Then Maller met his mother, and his blood ran swiftly through his veins; he wist not whether he should speak to her and make himself known or not; then he remembered his vow, that he would not make himself known till he had tilted against the bravest and most famous knights.

The nobles and ladies began a gay dance; then Maller chose the most lovely woman out of the circle, and danced with her so beautifully, and like a little bird sprang so lightly with her, that all the women felt a liking for him; and even the knights said, "What a fine young man is this! every thing he does becomes him well."

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER.

THE next morning early Maller put on his fine armour, which he had obtained from Zormerin, and rode to the square before the palace, where the tourney was to be held; the servant of the inn, named Garnier, attended him as his squire. First Maller saw the marriage of his brother and King Ansys' daughter; as soon as this was over, they began the tourney. The princes kept the arena, in order to tilt with every one who might enter. The women went to a handsome gallery which had been prepared for the occasion. There were full three hundred in number, and Rosamunde, Maller's mother, sat in the centre, by King Ansys' daughter, and the women on both sides around her. Exquisite beauty, loveliness, and grace were there to be seen in plenty, but plenty also of pride and arrogance. Many handsome knights had their lady loves there; and many women there were, who wished in their hearts that their husbands might not return alive from the tourney.

Maller rode up to those who were distributing the spears, and demanded one also. But as they saw him attended only by a single servant, they said, "Who are you? Whence do you come Of what country? Was your coat of arms

exposed to view?" "It was exposed to view," answered Maller; "my servant will bear witness to it." But they would not believe him until two heralds, who accidentally stood by, swore thereto, and that they had seen the coat of arms the day before exposed for show. Now, at length, Maller obtained a spear. He bore exactly his father's arms, to the half-lion. This last he had had added thereto. As he now rode into the lists, every one wondered; even the great King Galyen was astonished to see a stranger bear these arms. The king spoke to him kindly, and said, "I am surprised at the device you bear, comrade; you have exactly my arms, with the exception of the demi-lion. Tell me, therefore, whence hast thou them?" "Sir, I had the arms painted at my own pleasure, not therewith to offend you, but rather to honour and exalt you; therefore I pray you, may I be permitted to tilt therewith?"

"What!" cried one of the knights; "thou arrogant sweet-tooth! how darest thou to take upon thyself to bear the king's arms?" "Make not so many words," answered Maller, "and be not so very indignant, I beg of you; bring me one of your best comrades, and I will prove my right to these arms upon him!" King Galyen could not help laughing at Maller's bold speech. "Comrade," said he, "you shall have permission to bear these arms under the condition that thou tiltest against a knight that I will send thee, and if then thou dost not do honour to them, I will treat you in such wise that the coat of arms shall be reversed until the uppermost shall become the lowest." "So be it, sire," answered Maller, "yet I have first one request, if you will graciously permit me to ask it." "You have permission; what is your request?" "It is proclaimed that knights must break four lances before they can receive the reward; I beg for myself to be allowed to break eight." The king, after he had agreed, rode away; and had himself armed. He put on an armour not known, entered the lists as a foreign knight, and demanded to tilt against Maller, who was also, on his side immediately ready. They rode against each other. Maller struck his father exactly in the vizor of his helmet, so that the helmet fell off his head, and his lance was broken. The king could not save himself from falling. More than a hundred knights ran to him to raise him up again. Maller could not

confess before the people that it was his own father whom he had unhorsed; but he had already knelt down, and implored of the king forgiveness and grace. They carried the king away into the palace, where he was disarmed and presented with a goblet of wine; he drank it off, then mounted his horse again, and said to the Bastard von Cüneber, "I beg you to break with this adventurer a couple of spears. If thou throw him down, I will richly reward you." The king had fixed upon the bastard, because he was big, strong, and brave. He also rode against Maller, and was, like the king, unhorsed by him. He cried so loud with pain at his fall, that those who heard him thought he was dying. King Ansys had his son brought away from the arena, and all the princes lamented for him. Then King Galyen called a worthy knight, who, already in fourteen battles had carried the standard of the king. "Count Richard, dear nephew," said Galyen, "I pray you break a lance with this adventurer." "Sir," answered the count, "methinks the stars to-day are not propitious for those who fight against the adventurer: I shall wait till to-morrow." Geon, King Ansys' eldest son, made a signal to Maller with his hand; the latter was quite prepared and anxious, for he would rather have died than not win the guerdon on that day, because he hoped through this to be so much the more gladly acknowledged as their kinsman by his parents and friends, and consequently so much the better able to carry assistance to Lother. For his friend he bore constantly in his mind, and not for a moment, in all he did, could he forget him. Maller also struck down Geon, so that he remained hanging with one foot in the stirrup, and he was dragged by the horse all round the inclosure. Then rose such a tumult and cry among the people at this sight, that the earth shook. After this rode up to him Otger his brother, and begged to break a lance with him. "That shall I never do," answered Maller. "I would not for all the world run against you; myself I hold very lightly, and heed not at all what may befall me, but for your sake it would grieve me very much; your father, and your mother, and your bride might well curse me if I threw you; therefore run I not against you." "By my truth," said Otger, "you are a virtuous knight; if you will remain here with my father and me, we will treat you well." "I thank

you very much," answered Maller; "that may perhaps be done; when I find a good master, I serve him well." Then Otger rode away again.

Maller broke the eight spears in a knightly manner, and with splendid tourneying, although at the fourth he had already earned the prize, and the heralds had begun to cry out his praises and his triumphs with many noble words. Yet he was not thereby to be diverted from his purpose, till he had broken his eight spears altogether, and unhorsed eight knights. King Galyen commanded his pipers and musicians to attend Maller to his inn, and the heralds also preceded him with fine singing; then Maller had a fine repast prepared of poultry, fish and venison, and wine in plenty, and regaled all who chose to come.

While he was preparing every thing for his guests, King Galyen came and brought the prize with him to the inn. It was a superb horse, on which was a golden saddle; the stirrups were of silken web, with pearls and precious stones, beautifully adorned. Two queens led it; the one was the beautiful Rosamunde, Maller's mother; and the other King Ansys' daughter. King Ansys himself, King Galyen, and his son Otger, and many other princes, came with and followed the horse, as well as many beautiful women and brave knights. On the horse sat a noble youth, who was clad in a silken robe, and adorned with costly jewels; on his head he wore a golden crown magnificently ornamented with precious stones; and the two queens who led the horse wore also golden crowns, splendidly jewelled, and were clothed in rich robes. In such fine order, and with so noble a company, they went through the city to Maller's inn. When Maller saw them approaching his heart was glad, and he thanked God in silence.

King Galyen said, "Sir, receive this reward; you have well earned it by your knightly virtue." "That I have merited the reward," said Maller, "I thank God, in the first place, who gave me strength thereto, and next the beautiful woman who lives ever in my mind." Then he took a drinking-cup, and gave his father to drink, then his mother, then his grandfather, also called Galyen, and then lastly to his brother Otger. King Ansys took it ill that Maller had given these four to drink before him; he thought himself insulted, turned

about, and was going away. "Noble king," cried Maller, "be not offended that I have given the cup to these four to drink first; for the first to whom I gave it is he who begat me; the second, she who bore me; then gave I to my grandfather, from whom my father and I are descended, and after him to my brother." With these words he fell on his father's neck, hugged and kissed him; then he embraced also his mother, and cried, "You see your son Maller, whom King Charles of France brought up!" Then the joy was indeed great; Maller was made welcome by all, and very much caressed by his kindred and friends. The servant Garnier pressed through the crowd, fell at Maller's feet, and begged for forgiveness, for that he had carried on his jests with him, and ridiculed him. "Thou servedst me well," quoth Maller, "and therefore I shall reward thee." He dubbed him knight, and gave him besides land and great wealth. To the host he gave the horse, besides the treasures which he had received as the prize, and begged of him that he would pray to God, to give him aid in his design.

This the host promised; and thereupon Maller invited him and his wife to table, and they betook themselves together to the palace, where the table and excellent viands stood prepared. But before they sat down to the repast, Maller laid before King Galyen his request, and prayed for aid for Lother, and for his wife, Scheidechin; he also related all that had happened to them, and the treachery of the false Otto. "I will not go to table; I will never give myself diversion nor rest, nor sleep, until I have found aid for my lord Lother, and for my wife." "Dear son," cried Maller's grandsire, "I will not forsake thee!" "Nor I," said King Galyen, "I will help thee with fifteen thousand armed men." "I also, dear brother," said Otger, "will help thee with my best ability." "And I no less," said King Ansys; "I will not leave Lother, my kinsman, in the lurch, in his necessity." Then was Maller's heart very rejoiced; he thanked all, and embraced them. Then he fell on his knee before his father, and prayed his forgiveness that he had thrown him down; his father forgave him willingly and blessed his knightly strength. Rosamunde could not leave off caressing him, pressing him to her heart and kissing him; she was full of joy to have so valiant a son, and all sat gaily and full of glee down to

table, where they ate and drank, and toasted one another, till Otger with his bride retired to bed.

The next day the princes wrote letters, and sent them without delay into all their lands, that every one capable of bearing arms should get ready, and should then assemble with them. Maller remained in the city, and urged them on that they might the sooner be in order, and all be the more quickly ready for the expedition.

THE NINETEENTH CHAPTER.

In the meantime Otto had heard that Zormerin lived again in Constantinople with her father; he sent, therefore, a very great embassy to King Orschier, and informed him that Lother of France was dead, and if he would give his daughter Zormerin to him in marriage, then he, Otto, would become his ally, and help him with all his forces against the pagans, and if Zormerin gave him a son he should inherit the entire kingdom of Lombardy.

King Orschier was well content with this proposal, received the ambassadors graciously, and invited Otto immediately to his court. The latter came without loss of time with a splendid suite, and with such wealth that every one wondered at it.

Zormerin was quite in despair when she was informed of what had happened; she tore her hair and struck with her hands her beautiful face and white bosom. "Ah me! unhappy woman," cried she, "will God never help me out of this need? Oh Mary, mother of God, thou pure virgin, save me, that I may not be compelled to give myself to that false traitor, and my soul to damnation." Thus she prayed, weeping very bitterly. Synoglar, who had remained along with her women, loved her very dearly, and tried to console her with affectionate and gentle words, but she could not. Zormerin remained inconsolable, and when King Orschier sent for her, and said to her, that she must appear before King Otto, she sent back word to him that she was very ill, and could not appear; and betook herself to her bed because she felt so miserable; with the determination, however, in her heart, that if she should be compelled to the marriage with Otto that she would kill him, even should her own life be the forfeit. Thereupon

she called to her Synoglar, and said, "Synoglar, I would fain confide to you an idea which I have, and in the execution of which you must help me, if you will promise to be true and silent."

"Speak, dear maiden," answered Synoglar; "so help me God and his mother, as I will truly help you! would to God you had found some means whereby we might set free your husband out of prison, for never will I believe the knave Otto that Lother is dead." "That is the very point," continued Zormerin, "in which you must help me. Go and call Otto to me here; tell himthat I am indeed ill, but not so much that I will not willingly speak with him, because I love him secretly, and my passion for him entirely consumes me. Strive to convince him so of my love, that he may firmly believe it and come to me with perfect confidence; I will then by stratagem endeavour to take off his signet-ring, with which to seal a letter that I will write in his name to his castellain in Pavia; therein will I say he must immediately set Lother and the other prisoners free. You, Synoglar, must be the messenger, and carry to Pavia the letter to the castellain; get Lother first out into the open field, then tell him the truth of all, and discover yourself to him." "Oh, dear lady," cried Synoglar, "what an excellent plan you have devised! I will immediately depart and put it in operation." She hastened to Otto and delivered her message in the most skilful way possible. "Your unhappy flight and imprisonment," said she flatteringly to him, "and Lother's victory, was the cause that Zormerin obeyed her father, and was obliged to marry Lother; but she loved him not, and never loved any but you, Sir Otto." Otto allowed himself to be cajoled by these words, and believed them, because he imagined himself to be a man very pleasing to the women; he therefore followed the cunning Synoglar into Zormerin's chamber. Here happened to him this evil omen, he stumbled on the threshold, and fell at full length into the room, so hard upon his stomach that the ground shook thereat. He got up again full of shame; Synoglar could hardly restrain her loud laughter, but Zormerin wished in secret that he had broken his neck.

However, she did violence to herself, and called him to her with a friendly voice, and begged him caressingly to sit down near her on her bed. He was quite blinded by his

loving ardour, and seated himself near her; and while she talked to him of her love for him, and very kindly and lovingly caressed him, he wot not for great joyfulness what had come to him; then she took hold of a silken purse which hung at his girdle. "Sir," began she, "what have you in this purse? If they are beautiful little rings, I should like very much to have one of them, and I would wear it on my hand for love of you." "Take out, lovely Zormerin, what you please," said the fascinated Otto. Then searched she a long time in the purse, and pulled out a little ring, which she put on her finger; but at the same time she stole from him the signet-ring without his remarking it, because his loving glances were unceasingly fixed upon her, and he took no heed of what she did.

Zormerin was so joyous when she had the signet-ring that she good-humouredly and gaily jested with him, which completely drove him out of his senses. Then he begged her very much that she would take him for her husband, at which she complained to him that she felt herself too ill, but as soon as she recovered she would become his wife. Then went Otto from Zormerin to King Orschier, who had commanded him to be summoned to table.

Zormerin remained alone with Synoglar, and now they immediately prepared the letter. She wrote just as would the king in giving a command to his castellain, subscribed Otto's signature, and impressed his seal below. Then she confided the letter to Synoglar, who, during the writing, had dressed herself like a messenger, and got ready her horse, so that without delay she set out with it on her way to Pavia.

Zormerin threw the signet-ring on the ground before the door of the chamber. After the repast Otto again went to her, and there found it lying before the door; he picked it up, and thinking he must have let it fall, and that Zormerin, after looking through his purse, had not fastened it again properly, troubled himself no further about it, but entering in to the fair Zormerin, talked with her of his love. She spoke with him kindly, but her heart was with Lother.

Synoglar came without mishap to Pavia, and presented herself immediately to the castellain, kneeled before him, greeted him in the name of his master Otto, and gave him the letter. When the castellain had read it through, and recog-

nised his master's signet impression, he was very glad at the message, because he loved Lother well, and he knew also that he lay unjustly in captivity. He went then with gladsome gestures to Lother in the dungeon. "Sir, give me a rich recompense," said he; "I bring you good tidings — you are free! King Otto has written to me that I shall set you and the other prisoners at liberty, and lead you to Constantinople, where he will be reconciled with you. How glad I am that my lord, King Otto, sees his injustice. I was always sorry for you, Sir Lother, and I thank God that he has now gone thus far with you." Lother could not at first believe his words, and thought, consequently, that the castellain was joking with him; yet when he heard that he spoke so seriously, and conversed so kindly with him, he thanked him cordially for his good friendship, and went with him out of the dungeon, in which he had spent so many melancholy years. As the people of Pavia wondered to see Lother going free, the castellain caused the letter he had received from Otto to be read about, and he showed it to every one who liked to read it; and they all rejoiced, and went to Lother and wished him happiness. Synoglar had access to the palace where Lother was, and went in and out repeatedly, and spoke with him, but he could not recognise her, she was in such strange apparel, and had so stained her face and hands with herbs.

The castellain sent now also for Scheidechin and the other captive women, who were in another town, and had them brought to Pavia. Scheidechin had been formerly accounted one of the loveliest maidens on earth, but now her beauty was gone and quite faded, for in her captivity she had suffered cold and hunger, and felt a lack of all things that preserve the beauty of women. Lother embraced her and kissed her, with many tears, because he saw her so much faded. "Ah, sir," said she, "I have lost my husband, your true comrade; I saw him fall as I still sat in the carriage, — God and his dear mother know it; never can I again be glad, for he was the truest man that one could well find." "Be of good cheer, young woman! Your husband lives still; my comrade Maller, and my wife Zormerin, were with me, not long ago, disguised as musicians!" Now Scheidechin, for the first time, was glad of her liberty. The castellain ordered water to be brought, — they washed

themselves and sat down together to table. That day, they remained at Pavia, but the next morning, very early, they all went out on the road to Constantinople. The women were seated in a coach, the castellain and Lother rode, attended by twenty armed Lombards, and Synoglar, mounted on a good horse, led the expedition.

Four days had they already journeyed, and she had not found an opportunity of making herself known to Lother, or saying a word to him. Now, however, it happened one day, when they had arrived at a beautiful cool spring, that Lother dismounted and went to the fountain to drink. The Lombards had all passed on without stopping; this Synoglar perceived. "Sir Lother, I too will drink!" cried she, and she turned her horse and rode to the spring, where Lother had alighted. She likewise dismounted from her horse, but instead of drinking, approached him, and said hurriedly: — "Look at me, Sir Lother,—I am Synoglar. The Lady Zormerin obtained by stratagem from the traitor Otto his signet-ring, wrote the letter to the castellain, and I, dressed as a messenger, brought it, and thus were you released from the dungeon. King Orschier wishes to give his daughter to the traitor Otto, because he thinks you are dead. But now bethink you how you may set yourself and the rest of your company free; I must steal away, and, by another route, ride to Constantinople, to my gracious Lady Zormerin." Lother had recognised her whilst she was speaking, and said, "Greet my wife kindly for me, — I will see her ere long, cost what it will." Then Synoglar mounted her horse again, turned about, and rode away by another route. Thereat the castellain gave no heed, and thought she was in the rear of the company, or had tarried somewhere.

Lother rode up to the carriage to Scheidechin, and related to her privily the whole matter. Then, added he, "Dear Scheidechin, you must now see how you can free yourself, for I can no further aid you."

That night they halted in a village to rest. As they found nothing there to eat or drink, they were obliged very soon to go to bed. Scheidechin, when she saw the Lombards were fast asleep, got up, waked the other women, related to all briefly what had happened, and how they must from that time shift for themselves; wherefore they all cut

their clothes short, like boys, that they might the more easily run; crept softly out of the house, and fled with the utmost speed into the neighbouring forest. Lother, on his part, cut his sheet into strips, tied it to the window and let himself down by it. He ran to the next village, there put himself in bed, as if he were very ill, and sent for the priest. In the meantime the castellain awoke, and as he saw that it was day, he rose and went to rouse Lother and the rest. When he found that Lother was nowhere to be seen he became frightened; at last he caught sight of the shreds of the sheet at the window, and now perceived that Lother had escaped; he knew not what to think of this, and ran about quite like a man distraught. But when it came to light that the women also had fled, he knew that some treachery must have been in play, and foresaw, to his terror, that he would have to expiate it with his life. He made his party take ten different routes, and seek everywhere whether they could not find some of the prisoners again, and fixed with them upon a town where they should all re-assemble. This search was entirely fruitless. Lother kept himself like a sick man in bed, and let no one come near him but the priest, until such time as he might safely think the Lombards had left the place.

The castellain, sore troubled, at length arrived with his company at Constantinople, and knelt before Otto, who was sitting by Zormerin. "Castellain, God greet you," said Otto, "what business brings you to me here in this strange land?" "Sire, I bear you evil tidings; I would have brought Lother here to you, as you commanded in your letter, but he is fled." At this account Otto was stupified with amazement. "What!" cried he, "what sayest thou, castellain? I have never had an idea of writing to you to set Lother at liberty. Thou false villain, if thou hast let him escape, thou shalt die without mercy." He called his council together, and disclosed to them this act of treachery. "What shall I do, then," cried he, "in order to find out who has played me this trick?" Then said one of the council, "Sir, it cannot fail certainly to have happened through women, — the wisest and strongest men have been betrayed by them; when women have set their minds on doing anything, it boots not how men may contrive and provide." "Yes, yes," said the castellain, in his extremity,

"sir, your councillor speaks the truth!" But these words helped not the poor castellain; Otto, in his rage, had both him and his men hanged on the gallows.

THE TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

THEN went Otto to King Orschier, and made complaint against Zormerin that she had stolen his signet, and written a false letter to his castellain in Pavia, that he should set Lother free. "Sir king," said he, "on account of this treachery I demand judgment and justice upon your daughter." "If she has done thee evil," said King Orschier, "I will have her burnt." Therewith he sent a knight to her to bid her to his presence; she was sitting and listening to Synoglar's relation of every thing which had happened to Lother, and how things had gone with her, when she received the message from her father. She went to him immediately; and when King Orschier saw her he cried with an angry voice, "Daughter, King Otto complains to me that you have stolen his signet-ring, and that you have by means of it made a false letter, and sent it to his castellain at Pavia, that he should let Lother out of prison." "Father, were I a man I would answer, life against life to any one who accused me of it; but I am a woman, and cannot now defend myself." "You cannot deny," said Otto, "that I found my signet-ring lying before your door; the blood in my veins ran cold when I saw it there, but your fine speeches and friendly behaviour caused me to forget it again immediately." "Sir," exclaimed Zormerin, "if I was friendly to you in words and actions, it arose from love, as you well know; for I then believed my husband, Sir Lother, was dead, as you declared him to be. But now that he still lives, everything between us is changed, and God preserve me from ever taking any other man! I am also guiltless of that of which you accuse me." Then advanced one of Otto's followers, called Herna; he was the same who had carried the robe to Lother in the dungeon and had pained him by his thoughtless discourse. "Noble lady," said Herna, "you have betrayed my lord; seek yourself now a knight to combat for you; for I will maintain the cause of my master King Otto; so may your father then judge you according to your deserts." "So be it! This

combat must be fought," said Orschier; "therefore, daughter, go and seek for yourself one who will do battle for you."

Zormerin went out and sent for thirty of her retainers in each of whom she had confidence that he would go to the death for her service; but she found not one who would fight for her in this combat, for Herna was known in all the country for a great champion.

Then Zormerin fell on her knees and prayed to God that he would not forsake her, as all that she had done was only that she might remain true to her wedded lord and help him. God heard Zormerin's prayer, and Lother was already very near to Constantinople. In the last inn, where he passed the night before entering the city, he bought a false beard of a beggar who used to wear it, and tell people he was come from the Holy Sepulchre, and who thereupon gave him alms. This beard Lother bought, as well as a perfect pilgrim's dress, and went thus clad to Constantinople. Here he went to his ancient host, Salomon, but did not make himself known to him; he wished not to be recognised by any man, for he trusted in none. Salomon and his wife received him as a common pilgrim, and entertained him very hospitably.

Let us leave Lother here in the inn, and return to Zormerin, who had as yet found no champion. In the mean while Herna said one day to Otto, "Sir, it will be a long time before Zormerin can find herself a champion; you will never revenge yourself on her; for, while her father King Orschier lives, he will be readily mollified by her prayers. But if you will let me have my will, I will soon free you from King Orschier, and then shall you be lord of Constantinople and of Zormerin." "If you can do this," said Otto, "you shall be well rewarded." Then Herna prepared a poison so subtle that it would kill a man as soon as he had swallowed it. King Orschier, however, wore a golden ring in which was set a costly gem; this gem had lain under the Holy Cross when our blessed Saviour suffered death thereon, and, when Longinus pierced his side with the spear, there flowed over the stone some of the divine blood; thence it derived the property of marking the presence of any deadly poison, when brought within thirty steps of it, by springing immediately out of the ring. No one knew this property of the stone, excepting King Orschier.

As he now sat at table and called for his great golden goblet, Herna threw the poison into it so adroitly, that no one remarked it. But the instant the goblet was set down before the king, the gem sprang out of the ring at least thirty paces distant into the hall. King Orschier immediately started up from table full of horror. "How have I deserved," cried he, "that people should poison me? I know no one whom I have injured." "Sir," said Otto, "the poison was evidently not placed here solely on your account. I shall therefore return home to my own country, before I too am poisoned." Then the wine was given to a dog, which, after lapping it. died immediately, so that all were convinced that it was poison. "Alas, alas! woe is me!" cried Orschier, lamenting, "who can it be, that thus seeks my death?" "Sir," said Herna, "it can be no one but your daughter; she can find no champion; she thinks, therefore, to put you out of the way, in order to reign alone in the kingdom, and thus to be absolved from the combat. Your daughter Zormerin I therefore accuse of this, and whoever gainsays me must fight with me!" "It may be so," said King Orschier; "bring my daughter hither." Then went full ten knights and rudely seized Zormerin. "Dear gentlemen," said she, "what would you with me?" One of them said: "Lady, you are to be burnt, on account of the poison you prepared for your father. Denial is of no avail, as it was discovered by the ring." "Jesus forbid!" said Zormerin, "what language do you hold? Eternal God! I commit myself to thy care, for there are those who act treacherously towards me."

She was led away like a criminal. When she appeared before her father she fell low on her knees before him. "Father," said she, "permit me to defend myself, for never came such wickedness into my mind." "Base criminal," cried Orschier, "thou canst not deny the fact, — thou hast sought to poison me!" "No! never! by the death that I must and shall suffer." "Woman," cried Otto, "you shall be burnt: you have well deserved it from us, for you prepared your poison for me, and you also set free my mortal enemy; whoever denies this let him advance and try your cause against my champion." Herna at these words threw down his gauntlet, but no one was found to accept the challenge. Then King Orschier called his marshal, and said, "Marshal,

I command thee do execution upon her, and spare her not, from this moment she shall no longer be my daughter; I renounce her, and will neither eat nor drink until she has received her just punishment." Zormerin wept bitterly, and was led away, and before the palace a stake was erected on a pile of wood, on which she was to be burnt.

When the burghers in the town heard this, pity for Zormerin was universal. Men, women, and children, and all who were in the city, mourned and wept for her. Salomon, the host, and his wife, bewailed her very sorrowfully. Then Lother inquired the reason of the great lamentation. "Alas for us!" said the hostess, "shall we not weep indeed? The king's only child, the lovely Zormerin, is to-day to be burnt." Lother was so horrified that the blood ran cold to his heart. Without taking leave of the host, and without thinking of himself, he ran from the inn to the palace. Before the palace was so great a throng of people that Lother could scarce push through; they were just leading Zormerin past; she had no other apparel but a coarse under-garment, as the marshal had commanded. He stood high upon a platform that every one might see him, and after he had begged the people to be silent, he began: "Ye people, we must condemn our lady to suffer death, when I have first asked three times whether any one will fight for her against Herna. If one is found who will stand forth as her champion and be victorious in the combat, then she is free, and he who loses the fight must be hanged; but if there is no one to be found who will do battle for her against Herna, or if he who fights for her is vanquished, then must she, in judgment and justice, be burnt." Then the marshal demanded the first time if there was any one who would answer for her. Zormerin fell on her knees and wept burning tears; she looked round at her knights: "You, dear gentlemen, save me from this undeserved punishment of death; I am falsely accused; I am unjustly condemned!" Thus cried she constantly; but the knights were all silent. Then demanded the marshal the second time, and now Lother had only just succeeded in pressing through the crowd; he came forth with his long beard and pilgrim's staff. "Hear me, all men," cried he aloud: "permit me to fight for the lady, for I believe her to be traitorously treated. I come from the Holy Sepulchre, and have nothing but what I bear

on my body; but if you will arm me, I will do battle against that knave who stands there; if he conquers me you shall hang me up on the gallows; but I trust in God, who defends the innocent, because I know the lady is guiltless of the crime of which she is accused." While he thus spake there arose a murmur among the people: one said to another, "I hope the pilgrim is sent from God to save our young lady." Zormerin said to herself, "Alas! alas! shall this pilgrim fight for me, and he is much less than Herna? Oh God, take me under thy protection!" She called to her the pilgrim. "Dear brother, fight bravely for me; I swear to thee they do me injustice; I am guiltless of the treachery laid to my charge." "Lady, I fight for you with a willing heart, only take care that I have arms and a good horse." "That you shall not want," said Zormerin, "but first let me kiss the staff which has touched the Holy Sepulchre."

Lother gave her the staff, but in such a manner that she could not fail to see the ring on his hand, which she well knew, because she herself had formerly placed it on his finger. When she perceived the ring her inmost heart revived; she looked then at the pilgrim, but could not recognise him on account of the long beard; then she glanced at his hands, which were white and soft; by those hands, and by his brown eyes, she at last satisfied her mind that it was Lother. Then said she to the marshal, "I am content with this champion, and I hope God the Lord has sent him to me. If he is conquered and hanged you shall instantly burn me, for I will not even ask to live." Then Herna was obliged again to throw down his gauntlet, which the pilgrim took up. "Art thou noble?" asked Herna. "No one boasts of himself," answered the pilgrim; "my sword shall give an answer."

When the king was informed of what had passed with the pilgrim, he only treated it with derision. Herna went away to arm himself, as the pilgrim insisted that the combat should begin forthwith. The marshal took Lother to his own house, where he gave him good armour; this the pilgrim knew so well how to put on, and understood every thing so thoroughly, that the marshal wondered greatly. Then Lother mounted a horse, slung his shield over his shoulder, and seized the lance; then fixing himself firmly in the saddle, he rode hither and thither, looked closely to all the trappings of the horse, and

proved him in every way. "My God," thought the marshal, "who ever saw a pilgrim like this!" "Dear sir marshal," said Lother, as he took leave of him, "now pray to God for me." With this he rode into the square, where he found Herna already waiting for him, and that was no more than proper, for as Herna had thrown the glove so ought he also to be the first in the lists. Lother rode up to Zormerin, and held out to her his hand, which she pressed to her lips with ardent affection. "God will protect thee," thought she in her heart: "in respect of the poison injustice was done me, and therefore I have faith that thou wilt gain the victory; but the letter I did indeed write, only I hope that was no such heavy sin." King Orschier from his window saw that the pilgrim sat well on his horse, which caused him great gladness. "If injustice is done to my daughter, God will help her," thought he in his silent heart. The holy relics were brought, on which Lother and Herna took the oath; then they mounted once more, and withdrew to a distance from each other; anon they rode together again, and charged both furiously, so that their two horses fell dead under them. Quickly they sprang upon their feet, drew their swords, and struck so mightily at each other that the people thought the pilgrim must have fallen at the first blow, for Herna was a much larger and stronger man.

Lother bore himself right valiantly, and gave Herna such a blow that the blood flowed down through his armour. "Knave," cried he, "take care of yourself; such blows I learned to deal at the Holy Sepulchre." Herna was furious at these words, and pressed hard upon Lother. "Holy God," prayed Zormerin fervently, "protect the man I love; if he is conquered and must die, I wish not to live a day longer!" Herna dealt such a blow at Lother that it shattered a fourth part of his shield. If the blow had not thus fallen on the shield it must have cut Lother in two. Lother on his side was not wanting, he struck so heavily on Herna's head, that his blade shivered against the helmet; then did he curse him who had made the sword.

The people made a loud outcry; "Alas," said they, "our lady must be burnt!" King Orschier was grievously troubled. "Ah, daughter," sighed he, "must I then curse the hour in which you were born?" Zormerin fell on her knees and

began to pray most piously and fervently, and when she had finished her prayer in great anguish and in deep sorrow of heart, her senses left her, and she fell on the ground in a swoon.

Both still fought bravely. Herna struck at Lother, and the latter either warded off the blows or covered himself with his shield. At last Herna gave such a powerful blow that his sword stuck in Lother's shield, so that he could not draw it out again; when Lother saw this he seized the sword by the point with both hands, Herna pulling on his side by the handle, and Lother on his by the point. At last, when Herna was pulling with all his might, Lother let go so suddenly, that Herna fell backwards on the ground. Now Lother sprang upon him, and stuck a knife in his body, which came through to his back, but his heart was not pierced, so that he did not die immediately; but he let his sword fall, and this Lother seized and threw over the barrier. He then ran again to Herna and pulled off his helmet; from this Herna revived again, and sprang upon his feet; and now they wrestled with each other, but neither could throw down the other; at last Lother gave Herna a blow as the latter was looking round for his sword, and recovered again his knife, with which he cut off Herna's ear and a portion of his cheek. "Thou canst not now escape the gallows," cried he, "for whosoever sees thee with one ear will soon know thee to be a thief." "Pilgrim, thou hast treated me very ill," said Herna; "if thou wilt now freely let thyself be conquered by me I will give you gold and silver in plenty, and besides that many costly gifts." "False villain!" cried Lother, "what a shameful deed dost thou propose to me! but know, thou knave, that thou hast no pilgrim before thee, but Lother of France, to whom thou broughtest a garment in the dungeon." This terrified Herna so that his heart sunk within him. "Noble sir," began he, "I yield to you; but before you slay me let me go to King Orschier, that I may confess my treachery, for it was I who prepared the poison for him." Lother sat himself down, for he was weary, and wished to listen to Herna's discourse; then Herna sat himself opposite, as if he wished to talk more conveniently with him; but he seized his knife before Lother was aware, and threw it at him; the knife, however, pierced only the breast-plate, and happily did not wound Lother, for had it

gone deeper the wound must have been mortal. Then Lother sprang up furious and indignant, grasped his knife, and struck so fiercely at Herna with it that it clove his head from the crown to the teeth; then Herna fell dead, to the great joy of the beautiful Zormerin and her father. All the people, full of joy, shouted, "God the merciful sent us the pilgrim! Blessed be the hour when he first came hither!" Lother went straightway to Zormerin, took off his helmet, and kissed her on the lips with his long beard, at which all the people laughed heartily.

Then Zormerin led him by the hand to her father, and said, — "You see now, my lord and father, how, by the Lombard, violence and injustice have been done me; I have neither thought to do evil against my father, nor will I ever think it." King Orschier replied, — "I see it now very plainly, dear daughter; go, take with you the pilgrim, entertain him well, give him also rich gifts, and when he goes away I will allow him an honourable attendance as far as he pleases. Lother thanked the king courteously; then Zormerin and Synoglar led him into a private chamber; here he washed himself, so that his natural colour again appeared, and made himself as neat as he could, then went he to Zormerin in her chamber; she joyfully embraced him, and pressed upon his mouth a hundred thousand kisses. Of their great joy at being together I will forbear to speak, as every one can well imagine it. Zormerin bound up his wounds, of which he had many, and took good care of him. "Dear wife," said Lother, "can you not inform me at all where my trusty comrade Maller is sojourning?" "No, I have no tidings of him," answered Zormerin; "nothing have I heard since he, here in the hall, declared war against the king my father; at that time this faithful man had in mind to go to his father, and there to pray for help for you; and further, neither to take rest nor repose until he had set you free from your captivity." "Ah!" cried Lother, "how can I ever recompense him for his fidelity?"

Fourteen days had they already been together, when there arrived at last at Constantinople Scheidechin, Maller's wife, and straightway she came to Zormerin, who was heartily rejoiced to see her again; Zormerin forthwith sent to fetch her other women, who were tarrying at an inn in the town, and gave permission that they might all come to her. Now that

Scheidechin knew that Maller, her husband, was still living, and she herself was well tended and nourished by Zormerin, as well with food and drink as with baths and magnificent clothes, she bloomed out again and became as beautiful as before.

Here we will leave Zormerin and Lother for a little space, and once more take a view of Maller, his faithful comrade.

THE ONE-AND-TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

MALLER and his friends had assembled a mighty army, and therewith had invaded Lombardy and ravaged the whole land; neither churches nor cloisters were spared. When they came to Pavia, a herald was despatched into the town to the burghers, with a command that they should bring out Lother, and also that Otto, their king, should be bound on a horse, hand and foot, and delivered into their hands. For Maller insisted so strongly that he must hang Otto, that none of his friends could reason him out of it. The citizens answered the herald: — "Lother of France has been carried hence to Constantinople, and there he has been reconciled with our King Otto." No sooner had Maller received this answer from the herald than he became frantic with impatience. He swore to God, King Orschier and Otto should die the bitterest of deaths, if they set not his lord free, for he could not believe in the reconciliation. Therefore permitted he the city to be taken by storm; and, as history tells us, he left no living soul in Pavia. Men and women, greybeards and children, all were put to the sword, because he hated all Lombards as false traitorous people. After he had garrisoned the city with twenty thousand of his armed men, he departed with the remainder of the army to Constantinople. So soon as he entered the country of King Orschier, he ravaged and burnt every part and slew all who opposed him.

Then ran certain inhabitants to Constantinople, and fell at the king's feet, saying, "Sire, guard your city, for Maller is approaching with one hundred thousand men, and will besiege you; he is not more than two miles distant, and wherever he has passed he has burnt and ravaged everything, and slain every body." King Orschier was greatly frightened, and said to Otto, "I beg of you, be reconciled

with my daughter, and assist me against Maller. You may be certain Lother is with him, and will not fail to creep into the palace to Zormerin; then we will imprison him, and you can do with him what you please, and afterwards marry my daughter." "Give me your word," said Otto, "that you will do this, and I will remain here and fight against Maller." King Orschier had Zormerin summoned to him, and he told her she should be reconciled with Otto and be his wife, because he was going with him to assist him against Maller.

Zormerin said, "Gracious lord and father, since it pleases you I will be reconciled with him, although he has acted very ill towards me, and I have been forced to suffer much shame on his account; but his wife will I never be. You also will not desire it, now you have heard that my lord Lother is living." Then she reconciled herself amicably with Otto, and immediately thereafter hastened away and went again into her own chamber to Lother; she told him how that Maller, with a mighty army, was not far from the city, and that he was going to besiege it. Then up sprang Lother, and cried, "I will ride out to him, the true-hearted, who comes to aid me." "Dear lord," began she again, "I entreat you not to destroy my father; he follows evil counsel, but I know for certain he will regret it." "Dear wife, be calm; no harm shall betide your father, but Otto, the traitor, I will kill, though he is my cousin, for he has committed a great wickedness towards me." When it was night Lother armed himself and put on magnificent armour, and Zormerin gave him a good horse. Then went she forth with him and had the gates opened, for the warden dared not refuse the king's daughter. So Lother rode out, and thanked God with his whole heart when he found himself in the open plain. Zormerin returned weeping to her chamber.

As the day broke, Lother met many people who were hurrying towards the city. "From whom do you flee, dear people?" asked Lother. "We may well flee," answered they, "and you will find it necessary likewise; for there is a great army beyond, which ravages the whole country, burns and destroys churches and monasteries; and all who are met with are put to death." Lother was glad when he heard that his comrade Maller was so near him, and rode on. Then saw he a knight of goodly mien, who had dismounted from his

horse, and by him was a beautiful young maiden, who complained and lamented loudly and very grievously; for he struggled with her, and sought to bend her to his wishes. "Oh, kill me," cried she, weeping; "take thy sword, strike off my head; for I would rather die than yield myself to thee." "Dear maiden," quoth the knight, "first you shall submit yourself to my will, and it will be time enough then to strike off your head." Then cried the maiden with a loud voice, "Oh, Mary, mother of God, come to my aid! help me to preserve my honour and my life!" Lother, who, behind a bush, had heard all, now issued forth and cried, "False knight, mount thy horse; thou must fight with me, for I hereby proclaim myself this maiden's knight." The knight no sooner heard these words than he sprang on his horse and couched his lance. It was Dietrich of Carthago, a bastard son of King Ansys; he had carried off this lady by violence, on account of her beauty, and had killed her father, the king of Spain; through the consequences of this outrage the whole kingdom of Spain was long time desolated.

They now fought, and struck so furiously at each other, that both were wounded. This a knight's serving-man, who had ridden thither, saw, and he turned his horse and rode off to Maller, who was not far behind. "Sir," cried the rider, "come and aid the bastard of Carthago, he is combating with a stranger knight, who is pressing him very sore." Then Maller blew his horn and spurred his horse into a swift gallop; after him hastened near ten thousand men. When Maller came near the spot where the two knights were fighting, he hurried towards them, intending to help Dietrich; but Lother, who knew him by his blazonry, hastily pulled off his helmet, and Maller recognised him also. Both leapt from their horses, embraced and kissed each other for very joy, and they even wept with gladness that they were again near each other. In the mean time the other leaders of the army were arrived also; King Galyen, Otger, Maller's brother, and King Ansys; they all bade Lother welcome, and were rejoiced to see him. Now came near to them also Dietrich of Carthago, who reconciled himself with Lother, and all were full of joy. Maller related to his friend all that had happened to him since they saw each other last; so also

did Lother; and both determined to besiege Constantinople, and never to rest till they had hanged Otto on the gallows.

Now they marched on, and besieged the town of Constantinople; King Orschier determined at the same time to fall upon them with a great army before they had reposed after their march. Of this his knights were very glad; and they led nearly sixteen thousand men against the enemy. Maller also arrayed his army; and Lother and King Ansys, King Galyen, Otger, and Dietrich of Carthago led each a host. King Orschier and his Greeks fought bravely against the enemy; but the latter also were not backward in the combat. Otger, Maller's brother, met in fight Salomon the host, pulled off his helmet, and would have killed him; but Maller saw it and said, "My brother, spare him; he is my good friend." "Yield ye to me," cried he to him. Then Salomon the host gave up his sword, and he was led into Maller's tent. It was a great fight, in which every one staked his life. Maller pressed on until he perceived King Orschier. "Thou most foolish king," cried he, "now thine hour is come; thou hast already lived too long." With these words he thrust at him with his spear, and threw him out of the saddle; so that he fell underneath the horse. Maller seized him and pulled off his helmet. Now Otto had sworn to the king by all the saints that he would not forsake him; but when he saw him lying there on the ground, he would not have taken all King Solomon's treasures to oppose Maller. The latter then drew his sword, and was going to strike off Orschier's head, when Lother hastened thither and seized his arm. "Dear Maller, do not kill the king; give him up to me." Maller did it unwillingly, yet he respected Lother's word, and let go the king. "Noble sire," said Lother, "you see now what Otto's kingdom helps you; you have betrayed yourself." Then he sent him into his tent, and commanded that he should be guarded.

Otto looked this side and that side, and would willingly have been far away; but he could not quit the field for the people. Maller advanced still further in the fight, till at last he caught sight of Otto, and was opening himself a way in order to reach him. This Otto became aware off, and begged a Lombard knight to change armours with him. "I will well reward you for it, dear knight," said he; "for I would not

wait for Maller for all the wealth in the world." The knight was the boldest and most valiant of the Lombards; he instantly changed armour with Otto, and the latter then hurried out of the fight into the city. Maller had now reached the Lombard knight, and gave him so fierce a blow, that he fell dead from his horse. Now Maller fancied it was Otto, and dragged him into his tent, in order to give him over to Lother. The people also fancied Otto was slain, and made a retreat. Maller, when he was arrived in his tent, pulled off the dead man's helmet; but when he saw that it was not Otto, he was sore vexed. "A more cowardly wretch," said Lother, "than that red-head lives not on earth."

Now Lother summoned King Orschier and said, "Noble king, I will do you no injury; I know well that my cousin Otto counselled you to act thus foolishly. You are a man of sense; reflect that I, by the priest before the altar, was given to your daughter as her wedded husband. You know that no marriage can be severed, unless death dissolve it, and I swore fidelity to her at the altar by the God who suffered death for us. Whatever therefore may happen, and whatever you may do to me, I will never act ill towards you, and will always hold you in honour as my father-in-law." King Orschier, when he heard Lother so speak, fell down before him, embraced his knees, and wished to beg his forgiveness; but Lother would not suffer it; he was too generous and virtuous. "If it please you," said Orschier, "I will now ride into Constantinople, and to-morrow I will have the gate opened for you, and give up Otto into your hands." "Do so, in God's name, sir king," said Lother. "Ah! that shall he not," interposed Maller; "I will not let him depart until he has sworn on my hand what he promises to you; for one who has so often lied as he has may not lightly be trusted."

Then Orschier vowed with a loud voice, and before all present, by the honour of his knightly word, that he would open the gates of Constantinople, and give Otto up to them. So Maller suffered him to depart, and Lother attended him; and while they both rode together, Lother related to him, how he was the pilgrim who had slain Herna and saved his daughter. Then King Orschier wept when he heard that tale, and blessed Lother for his truth and his heroism.

As soon as King Orschier was come to Constantinople

into his palace, he sent a troop of men-at-arms to seek Otto, and to take him prisoner. They found the red-haired hidden in a chamber, where he lay and slept. He was bound, and led before the king. "What means this, then?" asked he. "Yesterday, miserable knave, thou didst forsake me," said the king, "when thou sawest me in most dire necessity; and now by the God who made us, I will deliver thee up to thy cousin Lother, and to Maller his comrade." Now Otto was horribly frightened, and shrieked and cried, but it availed him nót; he was bound fast, hand and foot, to a pillar.

Then the king had the gates opened wide and let Lother and his army enter. Zormerin ran to meet Lother, and Scheidechin her husband, Maller: they embraced each other with love and great delight. "Maller," began Scheidechin, "I already began to believe you would marry another maiden." "Dear wife," answered Maller, "and if I had married a hundred, thou would'st have been, as you still are, the lady and mistress. But rest tranquil, I have well taken care of myself, and always remained true to you." They now advanced with great joy, and with the sound of pipes and cymbals, and music of every kind towards the palace, so that it was a wonder to hear them. "Dear husband," said Zormerin, "I wish now to be avenged on that wicked knave Otto: but I well know that you will never do that yourself, therefore I beg you summon your friend Maller; for I swear to God I will neither eat nor drink till Otto is no longer among the living." Lother called his comrade Maller and said, "I pray thee, strike off Otto's head, for I will at no price lay my hands on him." "Sir," answered Maller, "I only want, first, permission from you; for the rest, let me care." Therewith Maller unbound the prisoner from the pillar, and led him by one arm down the stairs. Otto looked as if he were already dead. He was taken out to the gallows and hanged.

They lived now all in great joy together. Lother and Zormerin, Maller and Scheidechin, were the happiest married couples one could see; the maiden Synoglar also married Dietrich the Bastard of Carthago. Soon thereafter King Galven and his son Otger, King Ansys and the rest of the nobles, took leave of the court of Constantinople, and each returned to his own country.

THE TWO-AND-TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

THE citizens of Constantinople, and all Greece, chose Lother of France for their king; for King Orschier was now an old man and might no longer reign. When that Lother was crowned king and emperor of Greece, and there was in consequence thereof great feasting and banqueting, there came a messenger, an ambassador, before him, who kneeled down and said, "God, to whom all things are known, may he take the emperor and all his host, to-day and all future days, under his protection!" "God save you, worthy messenger," said the emperor; "say on: what bringest thou to us?" "Sire, I am sent to you by the pious Bonifacius, our spiritual father. He implores you, through me, that you will come to his assistance. Fourteen heathen kings have besieged Rome; among them are the soldan of Babylon and the king of Morocco, who with all his people are so black that they look like hellish devils. They have thirty thousand armed men, and the black devils especially are so numerous that they possess the entire plain, and ravage the whole Roman land. Wherefore our spiritual father begs you not to forsake him in his extremity, as all Christendom is concerned in this matter."

"Honoured ambassador, has not the holy father sent also to my brother Ludwig, king of France, and summoned him to his assistance?" "Sire, I believe he has also sent to him, but I know not whether he will come; for people say, generally, that he lets himself be guided by evil counsellors, and does according to their advice." Then Lother dismissed the ambassador with this answer, "that he would in a short time with his whole force hasten to the assistance of the holy father." Maller entreated that he also might go with him, for he desired greatly to fight once more against the infidels. "I quit you not again, sire, till death itself shall part us." "For, that may God be praised and thanked," said Lother; "blessed is the hour in which you became my comrade." Lother then wrote letters to all his princes and counts, as far as his dominion extended, and summoned them and all their armed men; and in a short time they had all assembled at Constantinople. Then Lother took leave of his wife: she wept bitterly when he departed, and never

more was she to behold him. Maller also bade farewell to his faithful Scheidechin: the parting was most bitter and very sorrowful to the two couples, for they loved each other to their very hearts.

Lother and his army embarked, and sailed with a favourable wind to Italy; there they landed, and moved on towards Rome. Previous to this, Lother had said to Maller, "I will complain to the pope of my brother Ludwig, that he shares not his kingdom with me, and that he refused to help me out of my captivity at Pavia. If the pope assists me not to obtain my rights, I will do myself justice with an armed hand."

When they arrived before Rome, they found the infidels just then engaged in a severe contest with the Christians. "If I hear aright," said Lother, "I recognise the cry of Montjoye, the French war-cry: quick, dear Maller, let us thither, for I cannot permit the French to win the day alone." They rushed onwards now, in dense masses, and attacking the heathens in the rear, thereby threw the enemy into very great confusion. History relates, that had it not been for Lother and Maller, the French would that day have been all put to the sword. Lother saw a troop of infidels who were fighting very obstinately, and heard also the French war-cry of Montjoye. Then he hastened forwards to where the crowd was thickest, and there he saw his brother Ludwig surrounded by infidels, fighting on foot; his horse had been killed, and himself sore wounded. Lother knew him immediately by his arms. When he saw him in such distress, he forgot his displeasure against him, and struck around him at the heathens with such strength and courage, that there was soon a clear space around Ludwig, for the infidels fled before Lother like devils from holy-water. And in truth he was as noble as he was a valiant knight; he struck him who carried the heathen banner, and severed his arm from his shoulder, so that the arm with the banner together fell to the ground; he then seized the horse of this same heathen, and led it to the king. Ludwig mounted, and looked hard at Lother; he observed that he had the Greek and French arms quartered on his shield. The Greek arms were a griffin, half of gold and half of silver; and furthermore there was a stool,—this stool denoted justice. "Dear friend," began Ludwig, "what is your name? I ought in justice to ask it, because you have

saved me from death; besides which, I see the lilies of France upon your shield, as well as the Greek griffin, which much excites my wonder." "I will not reveal to you my name," said Lother; "a griffin I bear because I am emperor of the Greeks; and I have the lilies also, because I am a son of King Charles of France." Then Ludwig was greatly amazed. "Oh! dear brother," cried he, "I implore your mercy, for I have acted adversely towards you, I acknowledge; and I will make atonement according to your will and pleasure. You have shown me much love, for which I thank you; but I have not deserved it at your hands." At this appeal, Lother's heart was moved. "Brother," said he, "I forgive whatever you have done against me, although you have made a very unfair division of the paternal inheritance; you have obtained not only France, but besides that, the empire of Rome. Let us now agree to lay our cause before the pope at Rome, and he will impartially arbitrate between us, and make a just partition." "It shall be as you desire," said King Ludwig.

Now again they rode into the fight, and smote bravely all the infidels who came near them. Maller also, that same day, did many noble deeds, and slew many heathen men of might. The pope stood on the walls, and prayed incessantly to God to protect the Christians and give them the victory. When night came on, the chiefs assembled and took counsel together, what they should do; then Maller gave them this advice, that they should make a truce with the heathens, in order that they might bury their dead, who were already become so putrid that a pestilence might perchance arise in the land. The whole council approved this advice; and sent forthwith a herald to the pagan camp, to demand a truce of fourteen days, which the infidels agreed to. Then the Christian army returned to Rome, where they were received by the pope with the greatest honours; he went himself to meet them, and gave them his holy benediction. Then said he to King Ludwig, "Welcome in God's name, my son; in this strait I required you very much." Then he advanced and spoke to Lother. "Welcome in God's name, my dear son; I have already heard of thy great deeds. You are the sword and buckler of all Christendom and of justice. You are very like your father; and although he

banished you for seven years long, that is now passed, and it should no longer be to your injury; you and your brother must share your paternal inheritance." "Holy father," said King Ludwig, "we have both agreed to refer the case to your arbitration: if I have been guilty towards my brother, I will make amends to him and pray his forgiveness for every injury."

"Well said, dear son," answered the pope. Now they all went together into the papal palace, and sat down to table, where they were excellently served.

When the truce was ended, the Christians again marched out against the heathens. Of that day and the horrible slaughter, when many thousand Christians, and a far greater number of the pagans, lost their lives, it would be too much to speak.

Before the Christians marched out of Rome to the battle-field, they heard mass with the greatest devotion; this the pope himself performed. The people had presented also rich offerings. The pope gave them his benediction, and excited their devotion with the sight of the holy relics. The victory was theirs; and those infidels who saved not themselves by flight were all slain. Now they all again entered Rome, where the pope received them with still increased honour and rejoicing. The Christian dead were all buried in consecrated ground; but the bodies of the infidels were exposed to the birds and beasts of prey.

"God will comfort all Christian souls,
But the devil will roast the heathen."

THE THREE-AND-TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

FOURTEEN days had Lother and the others been together at Rome, when a messenger arrived bringing a letter to the Emperor. Lother gave the letter to his secretary, that he might read it; but as the latter, having opened it, began to read, he wept very bitterly. "What is the matter secretary? wherefore do you weep?" "Sire," said the secretary, "King Orschier informs you that your wife, the Lady Zormerin, is dead; she died in giving birth to a child, which they also fear greatly will not live." Then Lother, from horror, fell in a swoon on the ground, and remained

thus so long that people thought he too was dead. When he at length came to himself, he tore his hair, and was overwhelmed with grief for the loss of his beautiful consort. King Ludwig hurried thither, and sought to console him; but Lother heeded not the words that any one spoke to him. "Alas! my beautiful, faithful Zormerin!" cried he continually; "ah! my beloved wife, never can I forget thee and the great love that thou didst bare to me! Ah, death! wherefore hast thou separated us? wherefore hast thou taken from the world the most beautiful and the most gracious, the most pious and virtuous woman that ever entered it? Ah, death! me!! me should'st thou have taken much rather than her!" "You should resign yourself to God," said King Ludwig; for, as God wills, so must it come to pass." "Ah, brother!" continued Lother, "I was born to misfortune: now have I lost her whom alone I loved. Oh, earth! open and swallow me up in thine abyss!" And again he tore his hair and wrung his hands. No man had ever so hard a heart, but had he seen that agony and heard Lother's lament, he would have pitied him. Two days and two nights he lamented, so that no one dared to offer consolation to him; but on the third day he became more calm. No grief is so great but one must at last forget it; this we can show daily in the world, both in men and even in tender-hearted women.

The pope sent word to the two brothers, Lother and Ludwig, and the other princes, that they should all assemble together in his presence. "Dear princes," the pope began to say in the assembly, "you are both sons of the emperor Charles of France. The French have elected Ludwig as their lord and king; but Lother has not, of all his paternal inheritance, a spur's worth; yet is he the emperor Charles's legitimate son, and no bastard, nor do we hold him so to be. Now, dear lords and friends, what think you of the following? I beseech you give me your opinion. It seems to me a just apportionment that Ludwig should remain king in France, and Lother be emperor of Rome." "Holy father," began King Ludwig, "your counsel appears to me to be good, and I will follow it." Thus the pope thought to unite the two brothers; but through this union in the sequel more than twice a hundred thousand men were slain. There were many wicked and malicious men among the counsellors of King Ludwig, who

still remained of Lother's old enemies; these were much alarmed that Ludwig should have proved so submissive to the pope, and that he had so freely given up the empire to Lother, and hence arose great misfortunes, and the most bloody war that ever was waged.

Lother was elevated on the papal throne, and the imperial crown placed on his head, and in the one hand the sword, and in the other the imperial globe. Great honour had arrived to Lother, for thus he was crowned Roman emperor with much festivity and great pomp; but he was not pleased therewith, and when every other man's heart was gay his was not so, on account of his wife, who was never absent from his mind night or day, and whom he deeply mourned in his heart.

Shortly afterwards King Ludwig took leave of the pope on his return to France. He also went to Maller to bid him farewell, for Maller then lay ill in bed from his wounds. He had received in the last battle no less than thirty wounds, which were mortally dangerous. At last came King Ludwig to his brother the emperor, to take leave of him. He embraced and kissed him very affectionately, and said, "Dear brother, you have asked my advice, and I pray of you now earnestly to follow it; take no other wife." "My brother," answered Lother, "that would I not do for many a ton of gold — and had you asked my opinion before you married your wife, neither should I probably have advised you thereto." To this King Ludwig replied not, but he took leave and rode away back again to France.

Now spoke those false traitors, Lother's enemies, to Ludwig. "Oh sire, how unwisely have you acted in thus separating the empire from the French crown. You have deprived it of its greatest glory, and you cannot henceforth ever hope to enjoy the friendship and confidence of your brother, and your inheritance will suffer from it for centuries. The empire will now elevate itself far above the French crown, and the latter will never more be able to shake itself free. Never did a king bargain so injuriously; children who are yet unborn will curse your soul for it."

Such language these traitors held so often towards the king, and he was compelled to listen to so much from the same quarter, that he at last began in his heart to hate his brother.

As they were now counselling him to betray Lother, and make war upon him, thus spoke Ludwig: "You are my confidential counsellors and trusty friends, but speak no more on this subject; I will listen to it no longer: advise me no further concerning it; for I will never consent thereto." The traitors were ill-content with this decision: they would willingly have done Lother any injury; for they could not forget that he had formerly been found with their wives and daughters.

To the king they spoke no more at that time; but they determined among themselves to get on their side the king's wife Blanchefleur, and thus bring the king, her husband, to yield his consent. When a woman has a husband who loves her from his heart, she leads him whereto she will; and the wiser the man is, the greater folly she can persuade him to.

THE FOUR-AND-TWENTIETH CHAPTER.

After Ludwig had journeyed from Rome, there came a message to Lother that his son was living, fresh and healthy; he had from his birth the mark of two red crosses; and furthermore his right arm, which should wield the sword, was quite red like blood, but the other arm was white. This message made Lother glad; and he said to Maller, "Dear comrade, I must journey to Constantinople to see my son. In the mean time have yourself well cared for by the physician, that you may recover." "Dear sir," said Maller, "I beg you to bring my wife Scheidechin hither to me." "That shall be done," said Lother: with that he rode forth, embarked on board a ship, and arrived without adventure at Constantinople.

When King Orschier and Lother saw each other, they both began weeping bitterly; and the grief of both for the beautiful Zormerin was again renewed. The nurse brought Lother his infant son: then his tears flowed abundantly over the child. "Marphone, thou dear son," said he, "the most beautiful, the best, and truest woman on this earth died for your sake." "By my truth," cried King Orschier, "he shall keep the name, for Marphone signifies in our language, 'Alas that thou wert born!'" Lother tarried twenty months at Constantinople, after which he took leave of his father-in-law, intending to travel again to Rome. At his departure King

Orschier promised him that he would keep Marphone under his care at Constantinople, and give him the Greek empire; but advised that Lother should again take a wife, in order to have an heir to the Roman empire. "I am willing to obey your wishes," answered Lother, "but never shall I love wife as I have loved the faithful Zormerin." Marphone remained in Constantinople, and became handsome and tall; but Lother departed with Scheidechin, Maller's wife, to Rome. Here they found Maller completely recovered; and the joy he had in seeing Scheidechin again was very great.

Lother now lived for four years in Rome, and during that time marched an expedition against the infidels, to whom he occasioned great injury. But he could not yet find resolution to take a wife, for Zormerin lived ever in his heart.

In the mean while the traitors had not on their part been idle; they had persuaded Blanchefleur, the queen of France, that she ought to talk over her husband; and, at last, after many repulses, he gave her his consent to the war. Lother likewise assembled a mighty host, and many nobles and princes came to aid him; Marphone, also, Lother's son, who in the mean time had become a great and powerful knight, and after King Orschier's death, emperor of Greece, arrived to his father's assistance with a mighty army. Maller and his men also failed him not. Then commenced the bloodiest war, in which Christians fought against Christians, of which one has ever heard. For many years this war lasted, and therein many lands were ravaged, churches and monasteries burned, and more than six hundred thousand men lost their lives, till their blood dyed crimson all the rivers and streams in the land. At last Lother, in the benevolence of his heart, became reconciled to Ludwig, but not till after his traitor counsellors were all either dead or imprisoned.

Then Marphone took leave of his father, and returned with his army to Constantinople. Maller received tidings that his beloved wife Scheidechin was dead; then grieved he deeply for her and wept outright, nor could he ever be gay again from that moment; and thence also he knew how unhappy his lord and comrade Lother must be to his life's end. It occurred to him in his mind that he might as well see his father and mother once more; so he bade farewell to the Emperor Lother, and rode to Montsysson. But he had first

been obliged to promise Lother to return again to Rome, and not to be long absent. At Montsysson he found his father and mother, as well as his brother, King Ansys, and his sons, and the wild Bastard Dietrich of Carthago. They all rejoiced greatly to see Maller again, but he could no longer enjoy happiness. When he had barely spent four weeks with them, he declared his intention of returning forthwith to Rome, to the Emperor Lother. He therefore took leave of all his friends, kissed his mother with tearful eyes, and rode away. When he came near to the city, his heart became so oppressed with grief, and he was so troubled on account of all the Christian blood he had shed, that he was obliged to dismount from his horse and sit down. Here he imagined a voice from heaven called to him, and said that he should become a hermit, lead an ascetic life, and expiate his sins in prayer and solitude. Then he let his horse loose, went far into the forest, where no man's foot ever came, and here he lived as a hermit, slept on the bare ground, bore the armour on his naked body, without once taking it off by night or day, eat wild roots, which he grubbed up himself, drank water, and mortified his body continually.

The Emperor Lother was at Rome, and marvelled much that Maller, his comrade, returned not; and as so long a time had already elapsed, Lother himself set forth with a few followers, and went towards Montsysson to seek him. But no one there had any knowledge of what had become of him; they had all imagined he must be in Rome, and their fear was great, when they learnt from Lother that he had never arrived there. Lother and the others sought for him throughout the whole country, but nowhere could he be found. Then Rosamunde, Maller's mother, laid herself down and died for great grief of her son. Lother returned again to Rome. Three years passed away, and no one had yet heard any tidings of Maller. Then Lother fell ill, and nearly died also of grief; he mourned and wept incessantly; and as often as any one spoke of Maller, or mentioned his name, he began anew to weep. At length he became so ill, that he was obliged to keep to his bed; he was also very weak in his mind; and the physician admonished him that he must cease to encourage this great grief.

Lother, therefore, commanded throughout his whole kingdom that no one should speak of Maller, nor even mention his name, and that whoever transgressed this order should die. Thus was Maller soon forgotten, and his name never more thought of. After three years, it was exactly the time when people exhibited St. Veronica in Rome; this saint was shown once in every hundred years. Now Maller thought that he also would go thither to see St. Veronica. He journeyed then to Rome; his beard was long, and his countenance pale and without colour or animation, for during three years he had taken no animal food, and had scarcely sustained the life within him. He arrived clad like a pilgrim, so that none of his friends could have recognised him, and he went immediately to the church of St. Peter, where he watched Lother, his comrade, enter and depart every day before him. One Sunday Maller sought the palace where Lother resided, and when the latter saw him he trembled all over, for it brought to his mind that Maller had once told him he would yet some day be a pilgrim. "Ah, Maller," sighed the emperor to himself, "if I but knew where to find thee, from one end of the world to the other would I go to seek for you." Maller, not having heard of the emperor's prohibition that his name should never be uttered in his presence, approached him, and begged an "alms for God's sake, and also for the sake of your faithful comrade Maller, whom you loved so dearly." At the sound of this name the emperor lost all control of himself, his heart became hardened, and he clutched his knife, which he cast at the pilgrim, so that it entered deep into his body. "Alas! Lother, I am Maller your comrade, whom thou hast killed. Come here to me; kiss me, that I may show my forgiveness of the deed."

Then Lother sprang down, took the pilgrim in his arms, and scrutinised him from head to foot; having at last recognised his comrade, he fell down beside him in a swoon. When he again came to himself and remembered his misery, he cried aloud for great grief, cursed himself and the hour in which he was born, and would have put an end to his own life, had not Maller collected all his remaining strength and prevented him. "Sire," said he, "multiply not your sins, but think of God; shriek not out so loud that I am Maller, whom you have killed; for should my father and

brother hear of it, they would wish to avenge on you my death, which God forbid! God and his dear mother forgive you, as I forgive you with my whole heart." When he had said this, he gave to Lother one last smile of affection, and fell back dead in his arms. His soul had been so full of faithful love, and he had been called to so expiatory a life, that certainly heavenly bliss is now his portion. His body was buried by the knights in holy ground. After that, Lother fell into such a severe sickness, that people thought he could no longer live. At length he was so far recovered that he could again go out; but he never more spoke word to any man, and was plunged into the deepest grief, whence no one could arouse him.

On a certain day he had ridden out alone, and would take none of his attendants with him. They waited in vain for his return; he never came again to Rome. As his son Marphone was passing through the Calabrian forest, he found him as a hermit, in a cell, in the midst of the forest, and there he soon afterwards died in his son's arms.

Thus endeth the book of Lother and Maller, the two faithful friends.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCHLOSS KARLSTEIN, NEAR PRAGUE.

1808.

SCHLOSS KARLSTEIN, or, as it is called in English, "Castle Karlstein," is situated in a lovely spot, at the distance of a few hours' journey only from the ancient capital of Bohemia. Its heavy towers rise from the deep bosom of woods and forests, and the mountain on which it stands is girt round by other verdant hills and wooded heights. The castle was erected by Charles, the fourth emperor of that name,—a sovereign, who, while acting towards the empire generally in the spirit of a step-father, was to his Bohemians a loving parent, a gracious and beneficent sovereign, and whose memory yet lives in the traditions of Bohemia, associated with spirit-stirring recollections of a golden era, — a happy, yet at the same time glorious period of their national existence.

The castle, though still entire, has undergone little alteration from repairs or renovations, and therefore transports us the more completely, in its present half-ruined condition, to those by-gone days when it was first erected, unrolling before us a rich stream of historical recollections,—memories of its founder Charles,—of the period of the Hussites,—and the many secret deeds of fearful justice or cruel revenge, which have been enacted within its walls; while at the same time it speaks to us of the piety of that departed time, the beautiful regulations of its ecclesiastical government, and the glorious dawn of art, then breaking in those northern lands.

Schloss Karlstein, besides its numerous other remarkable

antiquities, contains treasures which will prove of incomparable value in illustrating the earliest history of painting. The venerable specimens of that art here existing link themselves on the one hand with the old German school, and on the other with the earliest symbolism of the Greek Christian style.

One of the two masters, chiefly employed in decorating the chapel, was of German extraction — Wurmser of Strasbourg; the other, Theodoric of Prague, had completely adopted the style prevalent in the first epoch of painting, and which we are accustomed to designate the Byzantine or modern Greek.

The paintings of Wurmser, on the walls of the chapel of St. Mary, are greatly injured and defaced. Those of Theodoric of Prague, in the church of the Holy Cross, in the great tower of the castle, are generally in excellent preservation; and in the vaulted ceilings of the windows I remarked a few by Wurmser, much less damaged than those in the chapel of St. Mary, — a picture of the "Annunciation," for instance, and one of the "Adoration of the Three Kings." Another painting, representing the Apocalyptic Lamb with seven horns, with the seven Electors kneeling round in pious adoration, is also ascribed to that artist.

The pictures of saints, by Theodoric of Prague, appear unquestionably the most fascinating to the eye, and they are besides of higher importance in the history of the art. They number about one hundred and twenty, all repeating the Byzantine type *, and are half-lengths rather larger than life. I was particularly struck with the latter circumstance, as most early pictures after that type which I have seen, either at Cologne, Paris, or in the Netherlands, have been rather at under the natural size of life.

Theodoric's pictures are painted in general on a flowered

* In the representations of Byzantine art, the particular knowledge of nature,—that is, of the human form,—is entirely wanting; this is apparent in the drawing of the naked figure, and in the folds of the drapery, which succeed each other in stiff lines, sharp and powerful, following no law of form. The heads do not want character; but the expression is not merely defective—they have in common something of a spectral rigidity, indicating, in its type-like sameness, a dull servile constraint. The figures are long and meagre; the execution generally distinguished by extreme finish though not by any particular harmony of colour. The grounds are entirely gilt.— *Kugler's Handbook*, pages 22, 23.

gold ground; the draperies sometimes of one colour only, in general either blue or red, and sometimes strewed with stars and golden flowers. The effect produced by the interior of the chapel, in other days when all the tints were fresh, must, from the external brilliancy of the colours employed, have been magnificent and almost dazzling. The panelled walls and the vaulted roof gleam on every side with gilding and gorgeous colouring, and are decorated, below the paintings, with gold, precious stones, and symbolical emblems and ornaments, among which the square German cross is constantly introduced.* Many of the heads in Theodoric's paintings are of great beauty: all highly expressive, and soft and delicate in colouring, as is well known to be generally the case with these earliest paintings: the features noble, and profoundly imagined, and the finishing touched with so happy and skilful a hand, that modern artists might well envy its success.

The artists of the Byzantine school often attain a peculiar excellence in these points, even when deficient in many others; as for instance, when any figures are introduced in artistic and difficult attitudes, their attempts at designing them are usually unsuccessful, and the figures are ill-proportioned and badly drawn. In Theodoric's pictures of saints, which are generally half-lengths only, and in simple attitudes, the skilful draughtsman will detect fewer faults of this nature; and, compared with other pictures of the same date, they deserve, in my opinion, to rank among the best of that style. I particularly noticed a head of St. Ludmilla, which was remarkably beautiful; she is represented with a handkerchief round her throat, and her hands folded in prayer. St. Sigmund (Sigismund) may be cited as an ex-

* The church of the Holy Cross in the great tower of the castle deserves especial notice. The lower part of the walls is inlaid with rough amethysts, chrysolites, onyxes, and other precious stones. The upper part is covered with panelling, divided into a number of square compartments, which contain half-figures of holy persons, 130 in number, painted by Theodoric of Prague. On the walls are several scenes from Scripture, ascribed to Wurmser and Kunze. The paintings in the lower church of the Assumption of the Virgin are also attributed to these artists. They represent the Emperor Charles IV. giving the cross to his son; Wenceslaus bestowing a ring on Sigismund, and again kneeling absorbed in his devotions. — *Kugler's Handbook*, pages 38, 39.

ample of a finely treated head of an old man, and St. Vitus of that of a young one; besides these, we may mention St. John the Evangelist; and below the apostle, Jacob; the latter, however, has been greatly injured. Above, near the *peep* window, we see St. Hieronymus, and also a holy hermit, bearing a pilgrim's staff. Many of the figures represented carry books in their hands. St. Elizabeth, St. Barbara, and, indeed, all of these saints, struck me as peculiarly beautiful. The picture of St. Thomas, in the university of Prague, may give the lover of art a partial notion at least of these paintings; but it is impossible to form a correct idea of their effect, without having seen a number of them together; and although, in so large a collection, the similarity of the treatment has something formal and monotonous, still the individual heads are almost invariably good, and lofty in conception and execution.

Above the altar is an "Ecce Homo," painted, if I am not mistaken, by Thomas of Mutina*, but greatly mutilated, and wanting the head. The decoration of the whole interior of the church, the numerous pictures of saints, all of uniform proportions, and all similarly treated, with which the walls are covered, seem to correspond in some measure with the ritual of the Greek Church. Its ceremonial observances, differing as they do from those of the Roman Catholic Church, probably exerted great influence on the application of painting to purposes of ornament. The mass being, in the Greek Church, celebrated in the privacy of the sanctuary, it became necessary that the screen, which concealed the ceremony, and from the centre door of which the priest appears at a certain moment, bearing the sacred elements [heiligthume], should be completely adorned and filled up with pictures; the eyes of the devout worshippers being constantly directed thither during the performance of the service. The screen concealing the Holy of Holies is, for this reason, made to resemble richly worked hangings of tapestry, and is covered with most beautiful symbols, such as might well attract the attention of the pious, and excite in their minds devout and holy thoughts. A single large fresco painting would have been much less appropriate, and not so well adapted for the pur-

* A Modenese, 1357.

pose of long and unbroken contemplation. The entire space is therefore filled with numerous small figures, all of which are invariably uniform.

In the Romish Church, however, in which the mysteries are not celebrated in secret, nor the high altar screened from the eyes of the congregation, it becomes of necessity the grand centre-point of attraction and reverence, and all the resources of art and architecture, as well as painting, are exhausted in its exaltation and adornment. Painting, of course, became an adjunct of high importance, and the lofty compositions designed for altar-pieces undoubtedly opened a wide field for the display of genius, and gave a new impulse and most ennobling tendency to Western art. Still it was long ere that art attained the high degree of vigour, boldness, and all-subduing grandeur, which subsequently characterised it; slowly and gradually it ventured to overstep the narrow bounds within which it had originally been confined, and to discard that prescribed formula of early Christian painting, which, though fraught with expression, spirituality, and beauty, was nevertheless monotonous and circumscribed. The venerable remains of early art still existing in the church at Schloss Karlstein, and for which we are indebted to the genius of the Bohemian Theodoric, belong to a period which preceded one of these remarkable starting points of modern art. Having merely passed through that place on my road from Prague, I was unable to devote more than one day to an examination of its antique treasures; but the little I can presume to say of them from recollection will perhaps arouse the attention of others, who may have better opportunities of examining them and appreciating their value.

The important place which ought to be assigned to that early period, in all investigations of the history of the art, has of late years been acknowledged, not in Germany only, but also in Italy; and the beautiful germ, the first budding promise from which all the glorious fruition of modern art subsequently developed itself, begins now to be better known and more justly esteemed. It is to be wished that Bohemian patriots and amateurs would concur in making Karlstein, which with such treasures surely well merits it, the theme of a grand artistic national work, on the plan of that recently

published on the Campo Santo at Pisa.* In this latter work the earliest struggles of unassisted genius are laid before us in the efforts of Buffalmacco†: we are tempted to compare the strange and daring creations of Orgagna‡ with the sublime conceptions of Dante; and in the compositions of Benozzo Gozzoli§ we recognise such an overflowing abundance of noble forms and grand conceptions, that we feel the editor of the work to be fully justified in styling him the Raphael of the early masters.

Would that the many complaints raised in Italy, of the neglect and disregard to which these old paintings are exposed, were not equally applicable to ourselves! The destroying hand of time, unassisted by such neglect, inflicts too many irreparable injuries on the productions of the arts. Would that its ravages were not too often aggravated either by intentional wantonness and folly on our part, by the all-pervading domination of ignorance and stupidity, or a thoughtless contempt for the glories of antiquity! One of the fresco paintings on the walls of the Campo Santo, at Pisa, a masterpiece of Giotto, has been partially destroyed in order to make way for a monument to the Signori Algarotti. Two other paintings by Gozzoli have in like manner been sacrificed, and are now completely defaced by busts and modern inscriptions. Every age appears to have a barbarism of its own, and the modern era is distinguished in every country alike by a contempt for its own national antiquities. Though wandering with eager curiosity into the remotest ages of the world, the period more closely preceding our own is held in utter scorn and unwisely calumniated by a false epithet, fabricated by its despisers, who, while they

* The cemetery of Pisa, an *enceinte* of about 400 feet in length and 118 in width, is said to have been filled with earth brought from the Holy Land in the thirteenth century; it was enclosed by high walls, and surrounded on the inside by an arcade, adorned with large paintings.

† Buonamico Buffalmacco. His existence appears to be doubtful, as his Life by Vasari is a mere collection of whimsical stories.

‡ Andrea, son of the Florentine sculptor Cione, died in 1389. The subjects of his pictures are the Triumph of Death, the Last Judgment, and the representation of Hell. — See *Kugler's Handbook*, page 70.

§ Of the Tuscan school, and a scholar of Fiesole; between the years 1469 and 1485, he embellished the north wall with pictures drawn from the history of the Old Testament.

talk of "the darkness of the middle ages," suffer the most glorious monuments of national art and history to fall neglected to decay and ruin.

I am far from desiring to compare Theodoric of Prague with either Giotto or Gozzoli; still his paintings are by no means unworthy of regard, both as curious specimens of antiquity and as belonging to a very important period in the advance of art. Should they ever become generally known, the opinion of connoisseurs will, I have no doubt, fully agree with mine on this point.

Schloss Karlstein, however, is not remarkable merely from the works of art already described; it is in itself a mighty national monument, a precious relic of mediæval history. If, therefore, my suggestion be destined ever to meet its accomplishment; if an artistic work, adequate in its plan to the importance of the theme, should ever be devoted to the description of Karlstein, it ought to comprise not only architectural drawings of the castle itself, but landscape views of the adjoining country and of the site of the building. As regards the paintings, even the frescos, though half effaced by the effect of explosion and the other evils attendant on such a calamity, it may still be possible to revive and restore a few at least among them, so that a skilful draughtsman might copy the outlines, if no more, and thus give a general idea of their character. It may, indeed, be sufficient to copy a few pictures only from among those of Theodoric, as a judicious selection might convey a very correct impression of the others; still this should only be permitted, if the limits of the work prove so narrow as to preclude the possibility of any other arrangement. Every lover of the art, who is unable in person to visit the spot and contemplate its wonders, will rejoice to see the whole placed vividly before him, and, since all, undoubtedly, well deserve to be preserved, it is surely better, in such a case, to be even too lavish than too niggardly in the information supplied.

THE ST. CECILIA OF LUDWIG SCHNORR.

1823.

This picture, which is intended for an altar-piece in a church, is eight feet nine inches in height, and five feet in width. It contains only two figures—those of the saint and her attendant angel, both hovering in the clouds. The height of the former figure is six feet, and that of the angel is of corresponding size. It is a composition of much merit, grandly conceived, and equal in point of execution to the most successful efforts of this master's genius.

A genuine critic, in giving an opinion on this picture, would probably either rest satisfied with generalities, or, on the other hand enter scrupulously into the minutest details. He would perhaps extol the correctness of the drawing, the noble contours, the animated expression; or discover that this arm was too plump, that hand too thin; here a light too glaring, and there a delicate shadow most successfully introduced; and thus go through a certain routine of conventional forms of expression, which would leave the hearer in total ignorance both of the theme itself, and the manner of its treatment.

But a vital, comprehensive, and truly artistic criticism passes over all minor details, seeking only to grasp the painter's idea in all its strength and fulness, and thus to understand the peculiar intention of the composition; for if this be once clearly apprehended, it then becomes easy to judge in how far it is successfully carried out, or, on the other hand, in what points it is inadequately rendered: isolated defects or peculiar features will then be more judiciously criticised, and when considered in connexion with the general theme and design, their meaning and intention will be more clearly understood.

I would however observe, that in the conception of the painting before us, there are two points in its design and execution, which demand especial notice. The first—is the

fact of an angel being represented as in attendance on the saint, a circumstance in strict accordance with legendary history, to which indeed the artist closely adheres throughout; the second, the expression of St. Cecilia's countenance, not merely radiant with bliss and adoration, but fraught with gentle sympathy, as if looking down with pitying tenderness, from the glorious light with which she is herself encircled, upon this lower earth, the abode of the suffering and the dying.

The angel, bearing a lily, hovers near the saint, and fixes on her a glance of ineffable love and purity; he is still her constant attendant in the sphere of heaven, as, once upon earth, where, according to the legend, he took so prominent a part in the trials and temptations of her mortal existence. "Cecilia," (thus says the legend*, which bears every stamp of historical accuracy,) "a Roman lady of high birth, had from her childhood been instructed in the principles of the Christian faith, and had early devoted herself, as a virgin, to the service of God. Having afterwards been espoused, contrary to her own desire, to a young Roman named Valerianus, she on the evening of her marriage addressed him in the following words: 'Valerianus! I am under the protection of an angel the guardian of my purity; beware, therefore, lest by any rash daring on your part, you excite the indignation of that heavenly spirit.' The young man, alarmed at her words, presumed not to approach her; he even declared himself willing to embrace the faith of Christ if he could be permitted to behold the angel. And when Cecilia made known to him that, until he had actually received baptism, his wish could not be granted; in his vehement desire to obtain a sight of the heavenly visitant, he professed himself ready and anxious to be enrolled at once among the followers of Christ. He went, therefore, by the maiden's advice, to Pope Urban, who, on account of the persecution then raging, dwelt in the catacombs, and was by him baptized. His brother Tiburtius afterwards followed his example, and both were permitted to behold the angel. The glorious crown of martyr-

* Breviar Roman, die xxii. November. St. Urban succeeded Pope Calixtus in the year 223, and reigned seven years; he had also the honour of martyrdom. — See *Lives of the Saints*, vol. i. p. 901.

dom became their portion, even before the death of the holy Roman maid to whom they owed their conversion; and legal inquiry having been made concerning the property of the two brothers, which she had inherited, it was found to have been already divided amongst the poor."

The martyrdom of Saint Cecilia took place about the year 230. Her festival has been observed in Rome from the earliest period; and, as early as the fourth century, a church was built and dedicated to her memory.* The high reverence with which she was regarded is evident from the fact, that her name is enrolled among those of the seven holy women and virgins named in the Canon of the Mass. We are besides informed, that so ardent was her love of God, and so deeply did she reverence his Word, that she constantly carried in her bosom the book of the Gospel, and was continually occupied in singing psalms of praise and thanksgiving; hence probably arose the tradition of her having been the inventor of the organ: that instrument being considered as peculiarly adapted to church music, and to celebrating the glory of God. History, however, assigns to its invention a much later date than the heroic age of the catacombs, and of the earliest Christian martyrs.

Our artist, therefore, true throughout to historical records, instead of making the organ a conspicuous feature in his composition, has merely introduced it in the left foreground, as a symbol or indication of the peculiar characteristic of the saint. St. Cecilia, in strict accordance with truth, is habited in the Roman costume, and, as a princess, crowned with a diadem. The palm branch in her hand, symbolic of victory and peace, is dripping with bright clear drops of blood, emblematic, as it were, of the dew-drops of a celestial dawn.

The costume and other minor details ought to be regarded, in a picture of this class, as expressive attributes, which can be understood only in their connexion with the leading idea of the composition. The chief peculiarity of this work, however, rests, as has been already remarked, in the expression of love and sympathy imparted to the countenance of the saint,

* See the "Life of Jesus and the Saints," vol. ii. p. 812. Vienna, 1822.

and shining forth from her clear blue eyes with a glow of deep feeling, exalted intelligence, and gentle love. If, as the church* teaches, we are permitted to implore the intercession of the saints, between ourselves and our Creator, and this intercession requires, on their part, as in truth it must, constant and unwearied exertion, it becomes impossible to imagine that those blessed beings exist in a state of perpetual inaction, absorbed in the contemplation of their own changeless bliss. We shall rather conceive them to be interpenetrated with holy love and heavenly sympathy, taking part with the most lively interest in all that they are permitted to know of the events of our earthly life, in every thing which may tend to exalt the glory of God and diffuse the gifts of divine grace among mankind. It is this affectionate sympathy with the human heart in its struggle for the attainment of holiness, which forms the motive or ruling feature of the present representation of St. Cecilia; and by bearing this fact constantly in mind, we shall be the better able to understand the artist's treatment of accessory details, and to explain them according to the spiritual symbolism of the Scriptures, and the allegorical mode of teaching adopted by our church.

The saint is clad in a green robe, falling round her in ample folds, and confined at the waist by a golden girdle; her right arm is encircled by two golden armlets. The robe is emblematical of the sphere, its colour of the earth. The girdle is an emblem of activity, — gold, of the most refined and exalted purity. The golden girdle therefore indicates that the saint desires to see the hearts of those who commend themselves to her intercession elevated to a state of the utmost purity and perfection, and as, in this anxious labour of love, her thoughts are constantly engaged by our low earthly sphere, her feet are seen below the drapery of her robe, and the narrow black fillet, by which the Roman sandals are attached to them, symbolises the darkness of that world of sorrow towards which they are supposed to be sinking. Her light brown hair is represented flowing in rich tresses, like delicate streamlets far over her shoulders, to indicate the living abundance of her spiritual strength and

* It must be remembered that F. von Schlegel belonged at this time to the Roman Catholic communion. — *Trans.*

loving sympathy. The right arm is the emblem of labour and exertion, the left of longing and desire. For this reason her left hand is seen resting on her bosom, the pure shrine of holy love, and in which the glorious name of the Eternal is indelibly impressed. Attributes such as these, soaring so far above the ordinary course of nature, like that mysterious name which sparkles in delicate radiance upon the bosom of the saint, immediately invest any picture with all the characteristics of a symbolic representation. Similar allegories, though treated upon contrary principles, may also be traced in the compositions of pagan art. The two golden armlets that encircle the right arm of the saint, one on the wrist, the other confining the drapery on the upper part of the arm, bear, in accordance with the explanation given above, a two-fold signification, indicating purity of heart and holiness of life. The stainless perfection of her own nature, and the victory it wrought for her, are typified by the golden diadem and the green myrtle crown on which it rests. Her brow is crowned with light, and indeed the entire figure is represented floating in a halo of glory, the quenchless flame of holy love; but beyond that bright circle we see another line of light, — not the pure colourless beam of heaven, but a broken fitful ray, emanating, as it were, from that earthly abode of sorrow to which she is bound by the powerful impulses of pity and affection—the changeful glory of the rainbow *, emblematic of reconciliation and pardoning love, of the mingled bliss and suffering of humanity. The entire centre of the picture is for the same reason surrounded by a similar but wider and more extended circle of rainbow light, descending even below the feet of the hovering figure. And as the seven eternal harmonic tones which form the fundamental harmony of music, in life as well as in science, are symbolised

* The Biblical symbol of the rainbow, as emblematic of those seven original spirits of God, in which the majesty of creative power unfolded itself, has, if I remember right, been three times adopted by Raphael: in the "Disputa," the "Madonna di' Foligno," and the "Vision of Ezekiel" — a small picture, in which Jehovah is represented enthroned upon a rainbow, and surrounded by the cherubim. In has been employed by many of the great German painters; by Van Eyck in "The Last Judgment," Memling in the "Vision of St. John," and also in a picture at Bruges, — not to notice other examples.

by the hues of that many-tinted bow, formed of the broken rays of original light, or rather of tears, drops shed by created nature in the ocean of infinity, and broken and divided in the play of the sunbeam; so the artist has represented the symbolic organ in the foreground of the picture, glimmering through the reflection of the rainbow. Thus striving, by the adoption of every artistic intimation in his power, to clothe the impalpable idea with reality, and, in working out his conception, to carry the tangible representation to the extremest verge of idealism.

If, while gazing on this composition, the spectator be induced to dismiss from his mind the ordinary picture of St. Cecilia seated at the harpsichord, which people are accustomed to anticipate, and perhaps desire to see in a picture bearing that name, and will allow himself to be interpenetrated with that idea of love, pity, and sympathy, on which the present conception is founded, — if he consider the saint herself, not merely as the patron of scientific harmony, but as holding under her especial guardianship the music of feeling, and the thrilling harmonies of human emotion, he will acknowledge that the artist's idea is most successfully carried out, both in the lofty ideality of the figure of the saint and in the general artistic treatment. The colouring and carnations are also worthy of all praise; and this painting is in those points superior to many other works of the same master: the entire picture is a burst of indivisible and lofty inspiration.

Having thus attempted to show the true principle on which artistic criticism should be founded, I leave to others of more acknowledged judgment and skill the task of investigating particular points of technical interest. The picture will find a fitting place above the altar of the church, for which it is destined; and there is little reason to fear that its beauty will there be either lost or disregarded.

ON THE LIMITS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

1794.*

THE intellect neither arbitrarily unites distinct elements, nor does it attempt, without just reason, the dismemberment of an entire system. The limits of all definition and argument are irrevocably determined by two opposing principles,—the eternal impulse of the struggling soul from within, and the unchangeable decrees of nature from without. Inclination vacillates doubtfully between the voice of freedom and the

* It is the intention of this little treatise to analyse the idea of Beauty as divided from the being of Art. After lamenting in the first place that the beautiful should be everywhere defective, incomplete, and partial, presented to us in disjointed fragments, both in artistic representations and in reality, I next attempt to exhibit the elements of beauty as they exist, not in the art only but also in nature and in love, and to prove that the proper combination of these three elements — the richness of nature, the purity of love, and the symmetry of art — will infallibly produce true, genuine, and majestic beauty. The idea of beauty, thus understood, cannot be regarded as distinct, either from truth, or from the abundance of living realities; it must not be severed from love, in the highest acceptation of that term, nor from the sentiment of goodness; and it is the object of the following pages to seize and present this idea of the beautiful in its highest richness and perfection. The terms Abundance (Fulle), and Unity (Einheit), will, however, be employed in a far higher sense than has been usually assigned them in German philosophy, where they are regarded simply as elements of thought, of conception, or of our own limited existence. By Abundance (Fülle), I must here be understood to mean, the exhaustless fund of life which is constantly developing itself in nature, in matchless but ever-growing beauty; while by Unity (Einheit), I would express not a mere external harmony, but the indivisible eternal harmony of the soul, or of love.

Thus too, the terms Regularity and Symmetry will not be confined merely to works of art, but refer rather to that all-disposing mind, which, whether recognised or disregarded, is the animating principle, the guide, the director of every scheme of civilisation.

decrees of fate; the intellect exhausts itself in the study of individualities, till at length all idea of perfection in unity is as completely lost as if the beautiful in nature and the just equipoise of human life were banished from the world.

To solve the enigma of Destiny, and Freedom of Will,—to unite those adverse ideas in harmonious combination,—correctly to define, and faithfully to observe, the delicate limits which separate the two,—would be to unravel the most complicated thread in the tangled web of human life. Is chance, then, more wise than science? Can it be that this intricate problem is to be left to work its own solution?

When the scheme of civilisation is grounded not on principle or science, but on the working of instinct, each separate element of the human character unfolds itself in distinct relative proportions. The organic development of antiquity is peculiarly characterised by independence and decision. Every individual point moves on in perpetual rotation. In ancient history the grand outlines of fate and freedom of will lie outspread before us. The varied relations still existing between nature and mankind arose originally out of the different gradations of ancient civilisation, and at its highest point they blend in more or less harmonious union, and attain a certain natural bloom and perfection.

When the perfect consistency of the ancients is contrasted with our own dismemberment, their broad masses with our interminable mixtures, their simple decision with our paltry embarrassment and confusion, we are indeed impressed with the conviction that they were men of the loftiest stamp. Still we ought not to regard them as the especial favourites of heaven, nor need we envy their unreasoning and instinctive happiness. The very deficiencies which perplex us are, in truth, messengers of hope; for they are natural consequences of the supreme dominion now exerted by the intellectual powers, and of the unfettered influence of the understanding—faculties, which, however tardy they may be in the attainment of excellence, are nevertheless endowed with a boundless capacity for improvement. Since the attempt to fix the mind of man on one immutable basis, and impel him onwards in one unchangeable direction, has been abandoned, it has ceased to be a matter of doubt whether

the history of the human race, like an unbroken circle, revolves constantly upon itself, or whether, progressively advancing into the infinite, it strives with unremitting ardour to attain the best and noblest objects. The majesty of antiquity is felt to be indissolubly linked with images of decline and ruin, for both arise from the same source,—the dominion of instinct, and the spontaneous development of nature. When the work of civilisation is under the immediate direction of reason, the more rapid progress of nature frequently outstrips her guide, and leads the latter either to mistake the means to be employed, or perhaps to confound the means with the end. Instinct, on the contrary, beginning and ending in nature, can only, in that single moment in which it attains the centre-point, unite nature with mankind. Grecian art itself, which rose to absolute perfection, ended also with itself, and it presents a remarkable instance of the perishable nature of merely instinctive greatness. The confusion and want of unity prevailing in the ideas of the moderns, have undoubtedly a powerful influence on their works of art and genius. One art strays into the province of another, one peculiar branch becomes intermingled with the family of another. Representation is confounded with perception—imagination with contemplation; while symbolism and reality, time and space, all change their relative position. The artist sacrifices unity in his struggle for actual nature; the connoisseur prizes nature only in proportion as she approximates to art; the visionary, absorbed in his own dreams, seeks but to trace their reflection in the world around him, and discover throughout creation only the all-pervading influence of love; while the loveless sensualist deems mankind and external nature created only to be the ministers of his enjoyment. One lives only for the beautiful, unheeding of the good and true; another recognises the beautiful in its utility alone; and such, from the absence of unity, and the want of a just equipoise, not content to have already plunged into error and confusion every element of society, still seem bent on employing their utmost efforts to dismember and subvert it. The man who luxuriates only in soft strains of music, will find his power of perception at last melt away into shadowy indistinctness; the

mind that dwells only on marble will in time find its softer properties harden into stone; whoever makes poetry the sole object of life, loses vigour, boldness, and decision, till to him existence itself becomes a dream. Even the union of poetry with reality leaves a vast chasm to be filled up; a void which can only be supplied by the power of intellect, and the exertion of those reasoning faculties which, being subject to more precise and definite laws than the poetic art, give to reality a more regular and decided form than it could obtain from the unassisted influence of nature. When men are left to the sole guidance of artificial laws, they become reduced to mere empty shadows and soulless forms; while the undivided sway of nature leaves them savage and loveless. How melancholy a thing it is to see a collection of the most interesting works of art heaped together merely as an assemblage of costly treasures! the void then stretches before us comfortless, hopeless, and unfathomable. Man is beggared, — art and life are rent asunder! Yet this skeleton once had life, beauty, animation! there was a time — yea, there were nations in which the heavenly fire of art, like the soft glow of life reflected in their inspired strains, once gleamed through each glorious attribute of pure humanity! Nor are the slaves of utility, those victims of asceticism, who by compulsory force succeed at length in annihilating the elasticity of instinct and the senses, less completely at variance with nature than the votaries of imagination or of a partial and too prejudiced view of the art. The passive automaton thus framed moves, at least mechanically, in thought and action like a man; but in his pleasures, the inclinations of the animal are too clearly discernible. His ruined nature blushes at the very name of beauty. The faintest allusion to art, nature, or love begets in him a sensation of dread and uneasiness, like the grave mention of a spectre.

The soul needs a certain amount of intellectual enjoyment to give it strength adequate for the daily struggle in which it is involved. The energies of the mind are as completely shattered and destroyed by constant restraint, as they are relaxed and enfeebled by perpetual enjoyments. To make pleasure the sole object of life is to defeat our own intention;

for man exists but in accordance with the decrees of nature, and her laws stand in constant opposition to his own desires. Life is a stern struggle between conflicting powers. Every inordinate indulgence involves a corresponding amount of suffering. Those who yield their souls captive to the brief intoxication of love, if no higher and holier feeling mingle with and consecrate their dream of bliss, will shrink trembling from the pangs that attend their waking. Others, on the contrary, who devote themselves to glorious deeds, and seek enjoyment only in the intervals of more serious exertion, will have their best reward in the pure, unchanging happiness purchased by such self-denial. Pleasure, indeed, has a higher zest when spontaneous and self-created; and it rises in value in proportion to its affinity with that perfection of beauty in which moral excellence is allied to external charms. It must be a free spontaneous burst of feeling: *not* the result of certain means applied for the attainment of any particular object; for pleasure thus pursued becomes occupation rather than enjoyment. We call it desecration and pollution to employ holy things in ordinary uses. But is not the beautiful also holy? Man can by representation inform the understanding; by beauty he can improve the manners; works of art may supply material for contemplation; but the mind will gain little or nothing thereby. As all energy demands for its development a free unrestrained power of action, so the sense of beauty and its creative faculty are kindled in the soul only by the free enjoyment and habitual contemplation of its creations. This inward perception of the soul for the beautiful is far different to the superficial artistic taste which refuses to acknowledge a susceptibility to comprehend represented and ideal forms as a creative and generative faculty for art. For beauty reigns supreme, not only in imitative works, but also in nature, in mankind, and in love. It is easy to decide on the proper limits to be prescribed for the soul's indulgence in spiritual enjoyment — to mark where it may commence and where it ought to terminate; but it is in truth a delicate task to avoid transgressing those boundaries. The same may be said of the limits of each separate element of beauty: of these there are three, which may be well regarded as the three original springs of spiritual

enjoyment—nature, mankind, and art,—which latter in its mingled representations blends and unites them all.

The most prominent characteristic of nature is an ever-flowing and exhaustless vital energy; that of art is spiritual unity, harmony, and symmetry. To attempt to deny the latter assertion, and define art as nothing more than a recollection or reproduction of the highest beauties of nature, strikes at the very root of its free and independent existence. Had not art a power distinct from that of nature, were it not governed by its own peculiar laws, we should be compelled to regard it as a feeble device of the ancients, a subtle contrivance by which to protract in faint reflection the declining vigour of their own natural life. Those who were not all-absorbed in the consciousness of youth and vigour would hasten eagerly in pursuit of truth, and leave the grey-headed to seek warmth from the *mummy* of life, and the feeble-minded to revel in unsubstantial shadows. There are mistaken men who traduce nature, and falsely give her the epithet of artistic; forgetting that while art is bounded on every side, nature, on the contrary, is everywhere vast, illimitable, and inexhaustible. Not only is she, as a body, of immeasurable extent, but every component element has in itself a two-fold principle of fecundity. The universal variety of created forms is no less infinite than the ever-increasing productiveness of natural life; and every point of space, countless in number and unbounded in duration, is filled with life. Yet art, not content to borrow all its variety from nature, would even rend her asunder and separate the inward vitality from the outward form. The drama and the stage alone actually unite art and nature; yet even here one isolated feature is forcibly severed from her overflowing abundance; and although nature is necessarily presented to our view under two aspects which in other arts are usually divided,—as, for instance, a certain fixed and regular form combined with the varying features of actual life,—still this union is highly defective, and we feel the elements of which it is composed to be incongruous and imperfect. The representative portion of this plastic music is peculiarly incomplete. The ancients, by their ideal masks, sacrificed the life and illusion of beauty and truth: the moderns, on the contrary, sacrifice all beauty and truth, both of life and of the illusion. Let us compare

with this a glance at the friendly rainbow with which the infinite, as it were, spans the heavens,—or a glimpse of spring, where the full variety of life penetrates through all our senses into our inmost being,—or, lastly, the spectacle of a fearful and yet glorious conflict, wherein the abundance of man's imprisoned strength foams up and overflows in resistless destruction. Under these several aspects the human mind seems to embrace and comprehend the entire wealth of existence and of eternity, which, in close connexion with the immensity of space, streams forth from the plenteous horn of undying nature. "The world itself is ever young"— thus sings the poet of nature — "but its transitory scenes pass swiftly by. Men come, men go, eager as in a race; each stretches forth his hand to seize the torch of life."* Fly— she seems in seductive accents to exclaim to mankind,—fly thy paltry legislations, thy miserable art, and reverently own thine allegiance to the generous and all-bounteous mother, whose full breast is the source of all genuine life. There is in the human breast a fearful unsatisfied desire to soar into infinity,—a feverish longing to break through the narrow bondage of individuality,—and man is often so utterly subdued by this wild longing, that his very thirst for freedom makes him a prey to the overwhelming force of nature. In savage disdain he spurns the restraint of laws, and with loveless soul pollutes the glorious excellence of his being. Never were there any people more distinguished by their keen enjoyment of natural pleasures, or their excess in every intellectual and mental indulgence, than the Romans; never were any people more mighty in strength, more lawless, intemperate, and cruel than that nation — from the time when Brutus first stained his noble name with the guilt of assassination, to the period of Nero's darker crimes. Their capacity for enjoyment and means of supplying it were so boundless, that the profusion and luxury of a Roman life surpass the limits of our imagination. Even the enormity of their crimes excites a feeling of wonder, and indignation is almost absorbed in astonishment at the indomitable will, the unfettered independence, which could dare their perpetration. The history and results of such moral excesses are, however, inscribed in characters of flame on every page of

* Lucretius, ii. 75.

their annals, and seem handed down as warnings for all coming generations. All that the earth could furnish was insufficient to appease their insatiable desires, till even Roman vigour proved unable to withstand the constant influence of revelry and tumult, and, enervated and debased, they sank at length into total extinction.

Love is the spiritual bliss of the unfettered soul, and man is its primary object; for as no interchange of feeling can take place in one heart alone, so love cannot exist without return. It is, indeed, no vain delusion to encircle the creation with love, and thus to make it one with nature. Human instinct desires an overflow of goodness, wisdom, and abundance, while reason is ever conscious of a blank, a void, extending beyond the limits of knowledge. It is by that overflowing goodness that the chasm is to be filled up; the image of a loftier Being is thus presented to the mind, and we feel attracted towards the Deity, as the highest symbol of unchanging and imperishable beauty.* Still, even in spiritual love, an excess of indulgence is injurious and enervating; faith or belief is the highest luxury of the soul; and the attainment of belief is a meet guerdon for the toil of investigation and inquiry; if enjoyed without previous labour and research,

* It is in that light alone, as the highest symbol of eternal beauty, that the inspired genius of the ancients could aspire to comprehend the being of the Divinity; and the predominating aspect under which it is presented to us in antiquity, is in accordance with their ideas of that supreme beauty, which they regarded as His proper essence. Here we see clearly the difference between ideal inspiration, the spontaneous effort of reason, and that knowledge of the Divine Being, and of His relation to mankind, which we owe to the more glorious light of Revelation. The adoration, kindled merely by the contemplation of ineffable beauty, is rather an artistic feeling of delight and wonder than pure genuine love. The perfection of the Divine Being may, indeed, if held as symbolic of the loftiest beauty, afford a criterion whereby to estimate the value of every inferior object of affection, yet without inspiring us with the hope or assurance of meeting any reciprocal love from the Deity. Indeed, the love of God, extended to his creatures, must, considered in this light, appear to be a vain delusion of the imagination. Reason, though it may fill the empty space of idle thought with the reflection of its own individuality, is dead to the living impulses of undying love, and no less so to the glorious idea of love divine embracing all humanity. That idea of quenchless immortality, the light of Revelation alone could impart, or give the human soul power to acknowledge.

it may almost be said, like every other ill-regulated indulgence, to bring its own punishment. To seek in every thing around us the reflection of our own peculiar temperament, the image of our own vain intellect and reason, is a paltry error, the vice of vulgar minds, which, though endowed with a certain flow of language, imagination, and ideas, have little acute susceptibility or creative depth of soul. Such natures will also, in othe rordinary relations of life, confound the attributes of art with those of love; yet that idea is desecration to the free spirit-feeling of the soul, which, as it admits not of being feigned, so its name cannot be justly applied to any premeditated art. Another form of spiritual lover, in the mistaken hope of some incalculable advantage, annihilates his individuality with unquestioning resignation; forgetting, poor man! that, with substantiality, he tears the very principle of love out of his bosom. Love is the interchanged bliss of noble natures, and possesses in itself a quenchless spring of perfect and unbounded happiness. All mere earthly enjoyments are poor and unsatisfactory: the highest and purest too quickly vanish and depart, leaving the thorn of regret and longing more deeply implanted in the breast! We are mocked for a moment with the delusive semblance of life, but the form we clasp soon stiffens into a corpse; in vain we stretch forth our longing arms into the immensity of nature, — she is ever mute, incomprehensible, unsympathising, and unconsoling. The highest bliss of the human soul is love, — the noblest love is the attachment to our fatherland. I speak not now of that powerful instinct which burned in the breasts of Roman heroes and patriots. Regulus, who, with eyes cast down, tore himself from his kindred, quitted Rome, and hurried, a noble fugitive, to the country of his enemies; — Decius, who, devoting himself to the infernal gods, invoked their vengeance upon his head, and rushed into the arms of death, seem to us rather demigods than men. But, compared with the heavenly, joyous simplicity of Bulis and Sperthias*, with the glowing cheerfulness of Leonidas, they are but barbarians; they fulfil the law, but it is without love. Patriotism was not the incitement of those who died at Thermopylæ, — they fell for the laws, or to fulfil their vows. To die thus was the summit of

* Herodot. Erat., cap. 132—137.

their ambition. In that pure system of government which aims at reaching perfection by binding all its free members in one general union, there is a communion of love, a mutual interchange of bliss for all. It was the loss of this which the unhappy Lacedemonian, who had forfeited his honour, and was condemned by the laws of his country to perpetual ignominy, could not survive. This divided the Dorians from the Romans, by a thousand glorious degrees; this gave to the life of Brasidas so bright a glow of equanimity and peace. The Romans, on the contrary, emulated the lofty independence of the Attic character, and in outward strength and self-command they far surpassed both Dorians and Athenians: the mighty struggle with themselves was carried on with fierce, relentless energy, and their inmost souls were raised to an unnatural and even bombastic degree of elevation; they seem the very athletæ of virtue. The inhabitants of Crete and Thebes luxuriated in the refined sentiments of patriotism and human friendship, and the indulgence of these fascinating emotions appeared to be the sole object of the state; till at length the people became so deeply degraded, that they devoted themselves to those external charms, which are in truth but the veil of the beautiful, and thus transgressed their duty towards nature. Sensitiveness of soul is, it must be confessed, the most glorious, yet dangerous gift of heaven. Imagine a character, in which the susceptibility* of the mind is very trifling, but the sensitiveness of soul so boundless that the slightest emotion thrills through every nerve of the spiritual being; united, besides, with a determination of the will so powerful, that it divides with the soul the entire guidance of the moral feelings. The life of any creature thus constituted would be a current of perpetual agitation, constantly fluctuating, like the storm-tost wave, between earth and heaven, — now rising as if to scale the eternal stars, then sinking into the most fearful abysses of the ocean. To such beings the urn of destiny assigns the loftiest or the most degrading fate; close as is their inward union, they are, nevertheless, entirely divided, and even in their overflow of harmony, shattered and broken into countless fragments. Such may have been the temperament of

* Reizbarkeit, Sensitiveness; Empfänglichkeit, Susceptibility. These terms are applied by Schlegel, the former to the soul, the latter to the mind.

Sappho; and this consideration would afford a clew to the numerous contradictory ideas entertained of that glorious genius, so essentially and intrinsically Greek. We also may say "Still burns the passion that inspired the Æolian muse, — still breathes the love her lyre's low chords betray." One of her songs, and some fragments of her verse, deserve to be numbered among the choicest treasures, flung by the shipwreck of a former world upon the stream of time, and borne down upon its bosom to the shores of the present. Their lofty tenderness seems, as it were, the offspring of a deep and cureless melancholy. Countless songs of a similar character have since won fame and applause, but all seem feeble and common-place compared with hers, and, like troubled earthly fires, grow pale in the stainless rays of the immortal sun.

Love is in itself poor and needy; all its wealth and fulness are derived from the rich gifts of nature. Nature, on the contrary, is in herself only the prolific source of animal life; all harmonies in her or pertaining to her — all her internal unity — she owes to love. Both these infinite faculties meet, and form a new and perfect system in the glorious sphere of art; combining, as in the crown and summit of existence, the fiat of destiny and the freedom of the human will; not piercing and rending asunder the hidden emotions of the soul, but tenderly soothing and appeasing every painful struggle. From nature the intellect derives richness, comprehensiveness, and living energy; love gives it an inward depth and harmonious unity, meet for the soul of that rich life, while art frames harmonious regulations, and points out the laws of the beautiful. The intellectual sense, and the soul's inner life, are combined in lofty perfection by the union of these three faculties. Singly they will produce only susceptibility *, sensitiveness †, or strength of judgment. The deep inspiration of love, and the lavish luxuriance of nature, mutually blended, and subjected to the immutable laws of art, are presented to us in the tragedies of Sophocles. Here the problem of human existence is solved, and the mind of man reposes in tranquil equanimity.

In fact, strictly to observe these delicate limits, and to preserve these contending faculties, in perfect equipoise, would

* Empfänglichkeit. † Reizbarkeit.

be to attain that just proportion which (according to the saying of the oracle*) is the summit of the art of life. But this can be attained only by completeness or perfection, and perfection is one of those holy things which man may never reach below. It is true that some struggle, even now, to obtain the glorious palm of victory; but we see too frequently that the most inflexible will, the most determined energy, the most subtle art, serve but to produce distortions more painful and convulsive. How, indeed, can an entire and perfect fabric be produced from so many varieties? Let him who is absorbed in the struggle for divine perfection pause not, but wage continual warfare with all obstacles that cross his path. By such means a return to original perfection is never impossible, even though unity is still unestablished in the human breast; and though a miserable and deluded world may have struggled on through centuries of darkness and of guilt. Then, when the abundance of knowledge and of love, like some new-found power, shall start suddenly and incomprehensibly into existence, and the first thrill of delight be passed, man will doubt to whom he should pay his debt of gratitude. He would not dare to appropriate to himself what his most passionate exertions have failed to effect, but of which the outward motives appear perhaps so clear; he cannot attribute to any extraneous influence that of which he is so intimately conscious as his own peculiar possession. He has gained a new portion of his unknown self: he thanks the unknown god! The new-found harmony is not gained by his deserts, but is his own act.

* The Delphic oracle — "Μηδὲν ἄγαν" — "ne quid nimis;" — "not too much of anything."

ON

THE INDIAN LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, AND PHILOSOPHY.

PREFACE.

THE anticipations of antiquaries in regard to Indian literature and monuments have become very highly raised, particularly since the prolific researches of Wilkins and Sir W. Jones disclosed so many important facts concerning the hitherto obscure history of the primitive world; while the appearance of the Sacontala gives all lovers of poetry just reason to hope that many similar and equally beautiful specimens of Asiatic genius, like that, the offspring of loveliness and love, will ere long be presented to us.

I venture, then, to look with confidence for the sympathy of the public in the subject of my present work, the fruit of studies which, since the year 1803, have been devoted to the Sanscrit language, and Indian literature and antiquity. For whatever information I possess, I am indebted to the friendship of Mr. Alexander Hamilton, a member of the British Society of Calcutta, and at present professor of the Persian and Indian dialects in London, who favoured me with personal instruction during the spring of 1803–1804. What further assistance I required in the prosecution of my labours, I obtained through the kindness of M. de Langlés, keeper of the Oriental MSS. of the Imperial Library, and whose numerous and valuable works have made his name familiar to the public. This gentleman gave me free access to all the treasures of the public library, besides placing his own at my disposal, which is equally valuable, on account of the richness of its contents, and the good taste and systematic order of its arrangement.

Besides the personal instructions referred to, I was greatly

assisted in acquiring the Indian language by a MS. in the Imperial Library, at Paris, (No. 183. of the printed Catalogue,) written by a Missionary, whose name is not mentioned. It contains, first, a short Grammar of the Sanscrit language, after the Mugdhabódha * of Vópadéva; secondly, the Amaracosha †, a practical vocabulary by Amarasinha, with a Latin interpretation; and, thirdly, a vocabulary of the Roots Kovikolpodruma, that is, the Poet-treasure-tree. All are very legibly written, the Indian in the Bengalese character, — and in some few instances, where the original cannot be rendered by any Latin words, the French and Portuguese languages have been employed. Judging from the vocabulary of roots, a copy of which Mr. Alexander Hamilton had the goodness to revise for me and point out the errors, there are very few mistakes or oversights, although in the first edition of so comprehensive a work it is scarcely possible to avoid them entirely.

It had been my intention to publish an Indian "Chrestomathie," in the original character and in Latin, which should contain, besides the elementary principles of the language, a selection of extracts from the most important Indian works, with a Latin translation, notes, and a glossary. Every thing was prepared for this publication; and besides the grammar and the two vocabularies, I had also copied in the original character and prepared for insertion, a more than sufficient number of such pieces. Besides the various extracts in the appendix, selected from the Bhágavatgita, Rámáyana, and Menù's Book of Laws, I also possess a copy of the first Act of the Sacontala of Calidás, transcribed in a very delicate Bengalese character, with notes, in which the Praerit of the text is translated into Sanscrit, and a portion of the Hitopadesa, or amicable instruction ‡, a work which is of high importance to the beginner. The Paris edition, however, is not very correct, and often varies considerably from that employed by Wilkins for his translation. The edition printed

* Mugdhabódha, or the "Beauty of Knowledge," written by Goswami, named Vópadéva, and comprehending in 200 short pages all that the learner of the language can have occasion to know. — *Sir William Jones's Works*, vol. i.

† Coshas or dictionaries.

‡ Lately translated by the Sanscrit professor at Haylebury College, Hertford. — *Trans.*

at Calcutta I have not seen. I endeavoured, by carefully copying the finest MSS. both in the Dévanágarí * and Bengalese character, to attain such perfection as would enable me to furnish in writing very good models for the use of the type-cutter. But I found, notwithstanding, that the preparation of the types would require far more efficient assistance than it was in my power to procure. The sacrifice of personal predilections for the sake of any particular scientific object brings its reward with it; but it is vexatious to be compelled to pause midway in attaining the desired goal, from the want of extraneous assistance.

I must, therefore, be content in my present experiments to restrict myself to the furnishing of an additional proof of the fertility of Indian literature, and the rich hidden treasures which will reward our diligent study of it; to kindle in Germany a love for, or at the least a prepossession in favour of that study; and to lay a firm foundation, on which our structure may at some future period be raised with greater security and certainty.

The study of Indian literature requires to be embraced by such students and patrons as in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries suddenly kindled in Italy and Germany an ardent appreciation of the beauty of classical learning, and in so short a time invested it with such prevailing importance, that the form of all wisdom and science, and almost of the world itself, was changed and renovated by the influence of that re-awakened knowledge. I venture to predict that the Indian study, if embraced with equal energy, will prove no less grand and universal in its operation, and have no less influence on the sphere of European intelligence. And wherefore should it be otherwise? The period of the Medici, so illustrious in science and the arts, was warlike, restless, and even destructive to the country of Italy; yet the efforts of a few individuals accomplished so much because their zeal was genuine, and in the immeasurable grandeur of the public institutions, and the noble ambition of certain sove-

* The polished and elegant Hindú character for writing; the Indian characters are called Nágari, from Nagará a city, with the word Déva sometimes prefixed, because they are believed to have been taught by the Divinity himself, who prescribed the artificial order of them in a voice from heaven.—*Sir William Jones's Works*, vol. i.

reigns, met with that support and encouragement which are requisite for the success of such a study in its earliest commencement.

I shall here enumerate those German writers who have devoted their talents to the cultivation of Indian literature.

The first with whom I am acquainted is Heinrich Noth, who in the year 1664 studied the Sanscrit, in order that "he might be capable of disputing with the Brahmins." The Jesuit Hanxleden, who visited India in the year 1699, and for more than thirty years (his death happened in 1793) laboured in the Malabar mission, gained great renown in that department; he produced many works in prose and verse in the old Indian (the Gronthon), and the common language (the Malabar), besides compiling dictionaries and grammars. The vestiges of many valuable works of his are still to be found in Rome. Paulinus St. Bartholomew, well known by many learned writings on Indian antiquity, frequently refers to the works and manuscript remains of Hanxleden.

Captain Wilford, in the English service, but a German by birth, is well known by his treatises, published in the collection of the British Society of Calcutta.

I may also remark that my elder brother, Charles Augustus von Schlegel, who died at Madras on the 9th of September, 1789, having in the latter years of his life made many journeys into the country, and had much intercourse with the natives, had commenced a study of the country, the literature and genius of the Indian people, which was prematurely terminated by his early death.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I. — ON THE INDIAN LANGUAGE GENERALLY.

THE old Indian language, *Sanscrit*, that is, the *formed* or perfect, and *Gronthon*, the dialect employed in writing and literature, has the greatest affinity with the Greek and

Latin, as well as the Persian and Gĕrman languages. This resemblance or affinity does not exist only in the numerous roots, which it has in common with both those nations, but extends also to the grammar and internal structure; nor is such resemblance a casual circumstance easily accounted for by the intermixture of the languages; it is an essential element clearly indicating community of origin. It is further proved by comparison, that the Indian is the most ancient, and the source from whence others of later origin are derived.

The affinity of the Indian language with the Armenian, the Sclavonian, and the Celtic, is, on the contrary, very unimportant, in comparison with the striking uniformity of other languages supposed to be derived from that stock. Still that connexion, trifling as it is, must not be completely overlooked, since in classifying these languages we discover many points of resemblance in the construction of some of the grammatical forms which cannot be numbered among the casualties to which every language is exposed, but rather appertain to its internal structure and organisation.

Indian roots may be found in the Coptic, and in many dialects belonging to the Hebrew language; still these may have been merely the result of intermixture, and do not prove any original connexion. The grammars of that language and of the Basque are fundamentally different from the Indian.

There is no relationship between the Indian branch and the great undefined variety of the northern and southern Asiatic and the American languages. The grammatical construction of those dialects differs essentially from the Indian; and although a similarity of construction is apparent in some particular points, the roots are throughout so entirely different, that it seems impossible to refer both to the same source.

The great importance of the comparative study of language, in elucidating the historical origin and progress of nations, and their early migration and wanderings, will afford a rich subject for investigation in the sequel. It must be our care, in this first book, to establish the truth of the opinions just asserted, by the simple but lucid results of scrupulous investigation.

Chap. II. — On the Affinity of the Roots.

A few examples will be sufficient to prove distinctly that the general resemblance of languages cannot always be founded upon etymological rules, many of which were invented before the true source had been discovered; but should rather be sought in such simple matters of fact as will become apparent upon the most cursory investigation.

No change or transposition of the letters in the orthography can be allowed, but an entire similarity in the primitive words will alone be admitted as the test of their origin. Certainly, if we are to be guided by reference to history alone, "giorno" (day) ought necessarily to be derived from "dies" (Latin); and since the F, in Latin, so frequently becomes H, in Spanish, while P, in the Latin, is changed into F, in the German, and C not unfrequently becomes H, we may venture, by means of this analogy, to trace other circumstances, not perhaps so strikingly apparent, still, as has been already observed, the general or particular analogy ought to be confirmed by historical facts. Nothing must be invented according to pre-conceived theoretical principles; but the uniformity of the whole should be so great and striking that all minor differences may easily be overlooked.

I shall next mention a few Indian words which are identical with the German. *Shrityoti, er schreitet* [he strides], *vindoti, er findet* [he finds], *schliszyoti, er umschlieszet* [he embraces], *onto, das ende* [the end], *monuschyo, der mensch* [the man], *shoosa, shoostri, die schwester* [the sister], *rotho, das rad* [the wheel], *bhruvo, die brauen der augen* [the brown of the eye], *torsho, der durst* [thirst], *tandovon, der tanz* [the dance], *ondani, die enten* [the ducks], *noko, der nagel* [the nail], *sthiro, stier* [immoveable], *oshonon, das essen* [eating], &c. &c.

Other roots correspond rather with the form of the word as seen in the congenial dialect: *yuyon*, in English, *you; shoopno, der schlaf*, Icelandic, *sveffn* [sleep]; *lōkote* [he stands], in the old German, *lugen; upo, auf* [up], agrees with the lower German; so also, *vetsi, vetti, du weiszt, er weisz* [thou knowest, he knows], allied also with the Latin *videt*, though in a somewhat different signification. The lower German is generally of importance in regard to the etymo-

logy, the old form being often exactly retained. *Roksho* and *rakshoso* may be the ancient *recke* [giant].

I have here mentioned only a few peculiar German roots, in order by those examples to meet any objections that may be raised; not such roots as the Latin language has, in common with other derived branches; as *nasa, die nase,* the nose; *mishroti, er mischt,* he mixes; *namo, der nahme,* the name; or particularly with the Persian, as *tvari, die thur* [the door], P. *dur; bondhon, das band,* [the band], P. *bund; ghormo* [warm], P. *gurm*; *gauh, die kuh* [the cow], P. *gâo*. I omit the epithets of *vater*, father; *mutter*, mother; *bruder*, brother; and *tochter*, daughter; in the Indian *pita, mata, bhrata, duhita*, of which I remark only that they all take an *r* in the accusative, and a few other cases, *pitoron*, the father, &c. &c. Other remarkable facts connected with these common words will be noticed hereafter.

I shall select from the Greek language such examples only as are either simple fundamental roots or parts, or will serve to demonstrate the resemblance between the two languages. *Osmi, osi, osti* [I am, thou art, he is], fully agrees with the Greek *esmi, essi, esti*, if in the first instance we take Gr. *eimi* and *eis* for the older form. The *o* is not emphatic; it is the short vowel, and, unless it be an initial letter, is never even written. In the grammatical system it is expressed by a short *a:* but in the existing language indicated by a short *o*, and in some few words pronounced as *e* short. One single example may suffice to produce the resemblance. *Dodami, dodasi, dodati* [I go, thou goest, he goes] exactly resembling Gr. *didōmi*, &c. The long *a* rather resembles that in the Latin das, dat. *Ma* is an Indian negation, answering to the Greek *mē*. The short vowel *o* is prefixed to words in the same signification as the Gr. *a*, privativum. *Dur* is prefixed in the same intention as the Greek *dus;* in the Persian *dush*, as *dushmŭn* [the evil-minded, the fiend], in the Indian *durmonoh*.

The Indian language resembles the Greek, Latin, and German, not only in its power of varying the original meaning of the verbs by particles prefixed; but in the particles employed with that intention, nearly all of which may be found again in the languages referred to. The following words are common both to the Greek and the Indian: *son*, sufficiently resembling the Greek *sun; poti* is

poti, the old Gr. for *pros*; *onu* signifies after, as Gr. *ana*. *Pro* is found with the same meaning both in Latin and Greek;—*ā* has the signification of the Latin *ad*, and the German *an*: the negative particle *no* agrees with the Latin and German; *upo* is the German *auf* [up], in the lower German dialect; *ut*, the German *aus* [out], in the same.

All those who have employed themselves in the study of languages must be aware of the numerous coincidences to be traced even in the most simple and fundamental parts of speech. I therefore pass over without hesitation many words in which the affinity is marked by a similarity in the primitive roots alone, without any other circumstance worthy of notice; as *osthi*, Gr. *osteŏn* [bone]; *prothomo*, Gr. *prōtŏs* [the first]; *etoron*, Gr. *hĕtĕrŏn* [another, a second]; *udokon* [water], Gr. *hudōr*; *druh* and *drumoh* [the tree], Gr. *drus*; *labho* [the taking, receiving], *lobhote* [he takes], synonymous with Gr. *labō*, *lambanō*; *piyote* [he drinks], Gr. *piēi*; *sevyote* [he honours and is honoured], Gr. *sebein*, &c.; *masoh* [the month], Gr. *meis*; *chonro* [the moon], called also *chondromah*, where the last syllable is indeed the root, derived from *masoh*, and also from the Persian *mâh*; as also the German *mond* [moon], in lower German, *mahn*.

From the Latin language, in which the number of Indian roots is perhaps greater than in either of the others, I shall cite but a few examples, those only in which the resemblance is most singular. *Vohoti*, L. *vehit*; *vomoti*, L. *vomit*; *vortute*, L. *vertitur*; *svonoh*, L. *sonus*; *nidhih*, L. *nidus*; *sorpoh*, L. *serpens*; *navyon*, L. *navis*; *danon*, L. *donum*; *dinon*, L. *dies* [the day]; *vidhova*, L. *vidua*; *podon*, L. *pes*, *pedis*; *asyon*, L. *os* [face]; *yauvonoh*, L. *juvenis*; *modhyoh*, L. *medius*; *yugon*, L. *jugum*, from *yunktc*, L. *jungit*, and *jungitur*, a widely extended root, which in its derived signification holds an important place in the philosophical terminology of the Indians. Further, I shall mention *rosoh* [the juice], L. *ros*; *viroh*, L. *vir* [the hero]; *dontah*, L. *dentes*, Persian *dundan* [the teeth]; *soroh*, L. *series*; *keshoh* [the hair], found again in *Cæsa-ries*, whence *Cæsar*, as well as *crinitus*, may be more correctly derived, than from the ordinary root; *ognih* [the fire], L. *ignis*; *potih* [the possessor, or something possessing, and therefore mighty], seems to be as much employed in the formation of compound words as the Latin *potens*. I pass over many words, the derivation of which may be traced by the sound

alone; as *shushvoti*, L. *sugit*; *mormoroh*, L. *murmur*; *tumuloh*, L. *tumultus*; as well as numerous others, the affinity of which would not probably appear doubtful if carefully investigated, but which are not so immediately striking as the preceding.

Indian words, found also in the Persian language, are, in conformity with the peculiar character of that language, most arbitrarily abbreviated, and very rarely retained without mutilation, as *rōjo* [brilliancy, shining], into P. *roshŭn*. The termination is frequently retrenched, and dissyllables become throughout monosyllables; as in *apoh* [water], P. *âb*; *ospoh* [the horse], P. *asp*; *bhishmoh*, or *bhimoh* [terror], P. *beem*; *shiroh* [the head], P. *sir*; *shakhoh* [a branch], P. *shâkh*; *kamoh* [desire], P. *kam*. Frequently even important syllables are curtailed, as, P. *pâ* [the foot], from *podo*, or *pado*; P. *pur* [full], from *purnon*; P. *tun* [the body], from *tonūh*, or *tonŭh*; P. *deh* [ten], from *doshoh*; P. *seeah* [black], from *shyamoh*. The monosyllable P. *pâk* [pure], comes from the trisyllable *pavokoh* [the purifier], also an epithet of fire. We should hardly recognise *mitroh* [the friend], also an epithet of the sun, in P. *mur*, unless the Mythras of the ancients, and the general analogy in many other similar cases, came to our assistance. If we compare other examples, it may yet further lead us to the conclusion, that from P. *dŭm* [the breath], comes the Indian *atmoh* [the spirit], &c., which is still preserved in Gr. *atmē* and German *athem* [breath]. It will greatly facilitate our inquiries into Persian derivation if we consider the new and frequently abbreviated form which the ancient Sanscrit takes in the Pracrit and Hindostanee dialect.

The Persian language itself presents a striking example of the result of so strong a propensity to abbreviations, extending even to the roots and primitive syllables. It approaches the onomatopoëtic*, and usually leads the genius of the language back to that point. Among all the languages which stand in an equal degree of affinity to the Indian, none clings so fondly to the derivation by sound, or has so many words sportively playing as it were with sound, as the Persian.

* Onomatopoëtic, from the Greek word onomatopoieiō, to invent words, more especially words *imitative* of the sense. Donnegan's Lexicon. Words imitative of the sense by the sound, as "crash," "crack," "hist," "hush," the booming of cannon, &c.—*Trans.*

The Indian words in the Latin, Greek, and German languages suffer far less change than the Persian. Yet here also a close comparison frequently proves the Indian form to be the oldest. The German *Roth* [red], is easily derived from *Rāktoh*, or *rohitoh*; G. *schleim* [slime], from *schleshmo*; and G. *viel* [much], from *vohulqn*; since in words, as well as in money, the stamp of the coinage may become obliterated by constant use and circulation, although it cannot easily be altered.

The distinct forms of the derived languages often appear to meet in the Indian words, as in their common root. From *putroh* (to which the Celtic *potr* is most clearly allied), L. *puer* may as easily be derived as P. *pisŭr*; *schweisz* [sweat], in the lower German dialect, may as easily be derived from *svedoh* as the Latin *sudor*; in *noroh*, the Persian *nur*, and the Greek *an¯r*, appear to meet; in *trasoh* [trembling and fear], the Greek *treō*, the Latin *tremo*, and the Persian *turseedăn*; *samudron* [the sea], unites the German *meer* [sea], and the Greek *hudōr* [water]. The German *Knie* [knee], would scarcely seem to be derived from *janu*, unless the Gr. *gonu* and L. *genu* marked the transition.

Still more importance may perhaps be attached to the circumstance, that some few words, which cannot be traced back to any root in the modern language, are easily derived from the Indian, and their compound form explained by reference to that language. *Prandium*, for example, may unquestionably be derived from the Indian *prahnoh* [the forenoon], which is compounded of the particle *pro* and *ohoh* [the day], in the fifth and sixth case *ohnoh*; *monile* in the same manner is derived from *moni* [diamond]; *sponte*, in the ablative, agrees in signification with *svante*, but *svanton* is compounded of the particle *svo* and *oton*, "*Quod finem suum in se habet.*"

The remarkable agreement frequently seen, even in a certain declension, is very striking. *Ayonton*, for example, and L. *euntem*, from *yati* [he goes], also *eti* [it]; or as it appears in the compound words, as *tvarsthito* [the doorkeeper], *ontortvdri* [the inner door].

It seems well worthy of notice, that many names of heathen divinities, both Latin and Greek, which cannot be referred to any root in their own language, may be traced back to an Indian origin; and although too much importance has been

attached to such general similarities, their existence is at least worth mentioning. This point, however, seems to belong to a different sphere of inquiry, and must be dismissed with cursory notice, as my observations are now confined to such striking points as are too palpably evident to require much research or comparison. It is a singular fact, that the name of the city of Rome even is of Indian extraction. The Greek *Rōmē*, it is true, presents itself; but it is an almost isolated example, and little doubt can be entertained as to the language to which the word originally belonged, when we reflect how widely the root *romo*, *romoti*, whence come *roti*, *ramo*, &c. &c., is diffused in the Indian language. These words all imply joy in the abstract, and especially the rejoicing of a conqueror or hero, and in the old poem "Ráma," are frequently repeated in beautiful accordance with, and allusion to, the name of the hero celebrated.

The same Indian word frequently assimilates in one inversion with one of the connected languages, and in another inversion with a different language. *Chindonti*, for example, is almost exactly the same as L. *scindunt*; but the infinitive *chettun* is more like the German *scheiden*; *tonu* resembles L. *tenuis* rather than G. *dünn* [thin, or rather transparent]; the verb *tonōti* (the meaning of which comprises both *tonu* and *dünn*), agrees better with the German *dehnte* [to extend], than with the Latin *extendit*. Separated members of both derived languages are found united in the Indian, as in their general root; *ut*, used for *aus* [out], in the lower German dialect has been already mentioned; thence come the regularly formed comparative *uttoron*, the German *äuszern* [outer], the regular superlative *uttomon*, the Latin *ultimum*, but in signification resembling *summum* [extreme]. All the Latin, Persian, and German of the family of *mors*, *mortalis*, *mŭrd*, *moordŭn*, *morden*, *mord*, [murder], find their general regular root in the Indian *mri*, whence come *mrityuh*, *morttyah*, *moronon*, &c. The same observation applies to another family of words, *stehen* and *stand* [to stand], widely extended throughout each of those four languages, the Latin, Greek, Persian, and German; *tisthoti*, *er steht* [he stands], agrees most completely with the Greek; *sthanon* [the place], with the Persian *sitân*; *sthiro* [immoveable] the German *stier*; has already been mentioned; *janami*, L. *gigno*,

Gr. *gennaō*, is also a very fertile root. They are, however, too numerous to be all mentioned.

I shall select a few of the most remarkable words signifying mind, thought, science, as affording particularly clear evidence of their common Indian descent. *Monoh monoson*, in the Latin *mens*, the verb *monyote* [he thinks] is found in the German *meinet*. *Motih* is the Greek *mētis*. Another form, closely connected with this and with the German *muth* [spirit, courage], is found in *amōdoh* [pleasure], *anmuth;* the *a* in the Indian *amōdo* (which probably is also allied with the Persian *omêd* [hope]) is used merely as a prefix; from the same root we shall then have *unmadoh;* *un* being the regular form adopted for the sake of euphony, instead of *ut; unmadoh* [desperate, furious], literally the same as *exmens*, may have been contracted into the English *mad*. *Atmoh*, which signifies *ipse* and *spiritus*, has already been noticed in the Greek and German, *atmē* and *athem* [breath]. So likewise the root *vedo*, whence comes *vetti*, the German *wissen* [to know]. The Latin *video* is somewhat different in signification, but more closely resembling the Indian in form. The prolific root *ina*, signifying knowledge, science, and understanding, gives us the Persian *shuneedun*, *shunoodŭn*, *shinakhtŭn*. The root *dhi* signifies deep thought and reflection, whence comes *dhīyote*, in the German *dichtet* [to compose], which in its original signification expresses to meditate, or also to write poetry; *dhyayo*, *dhyayoti*, &c., are allied with the German *dachte* [he thinks]. The Latin *Vox* may have been derived from *vocho*, or from *vakyon;* both forms are in use. The root *re* signifies speech or language, *rede* in German. *Ganon* becomes in Latin *cantus*, from the root *gŧ*, *giyote* [he sings]; in the Persian *khŏndan* [to sing and read].

The Indian pronouns generally coincide with the Latin. Certainly *tvon* [thou] is common to all the derived languages; *vḥon* [I] is, on the contrary, traced only in the Celtic *on;* the dative *moya* [to me] is nearest to the Greek *moi;* the *me*, which is used instead of *man* [me], and also in the fourth and sixth cases, is common to both Greek and Latin; but the root *svo* (whence L. *suus*, *-a*, *-um* [his] are derived, and is often prefixed as a particle in order to express self-reliance, or self-confidence, has in its declension cases which are precisely similar to the Latin, as *svon*, L. *suum*,

svan, L. *suam*, &c. &c. The pronoun *eschoh*, *eschah*, *etot* is, indeed, the common root of *is*, *ea*, *id* and *iste*, *ista*, *istud*, as in the derived cases of the two first families it generally takes a *t*; to the same root belongs *iti*, which sometimes corresponds with *id*, sometimes with *ita*. *Koh* (in construction generally *kos*) *ka*, *kon* corresponds with L. *qui*, *quæ*, *quod*, even in a few of the cases derived from them, as *kan*, L. *quam*, the interrogative *kim* and L. *quid:* the Persian *keh* is of the same family. The already-mentioned *yūyon*, on the contrary, corresponds with the German, in the English form *you;* the pronoun *soh* belongs to the Hebrew, Arabic, and also to the early German; the accusative *ton* is exactly the Greek *ton*, German *den;* the genitive *tosyo* the German *dessen;* the plural *te* the German *die; tot*, in which the short vowel may be an *a* as well as an *o*, corresponds with the German *das*, lower German *dat.* As *oyom*, in most of the cases, takes an *i*, which is often regularly changed into *y*, the Persian *een*, with which *jener* agrees, may be derived from it. Many others might also be cited, but to do so would lead us too deep into etymological inquiries.

The numerals also have the same affinity. *Eins*, *fünf*, *hundert*, and *tausend*, — 1, 5, 100, 1000, — *eko*, *poncho*, *shoto*, *sohosro*, — agree with the Persian *ek*, *punj*, *sŭd*, *hŭzar*. With the exception of the first, *chotur*, [four], in the Sclavonian *chetyr*, they are sufficiently similar to our own language, even to the numeral adjectives derived from them; *tvītiyoh*, *trītiyoh*, correspond most distinctly with the German *der zweite* [the second], and *der dritte* [the third]; *soptomoh* [seven], (the aspirated *h* at the end is frequently changed in the construction into *s*, and might thus form *soptomos*), *soptoma*, *soptomon*, most completely coincide with the Latin *septimus*, *septima*, *septimum;* so also *duadosho*, L. *duodecim.*

I have hitherto alluded only to single instances in which the agreement of the separate words is immediately apparent. Should we pursue our investigations further to the relationship of the roots themselves, we shall find that, although requiring to be more strictly analysed, the connexion is nevertheless sufficiently certain; as, for example, *moho* and *maho* may be traced in L. *magnus*, G. *mächtig* [mighty], P. *meh;* and *volo*, *valo*, which signifies strength, are seen in

L. *validus*; *tomo* [dark] in G. *dämmern*; *lōhitoh* [red and burning] agrees with the German *lohe* [fire, ardour]; *chestote* [he seeks, desires] with *quæsitus* and P. *khwaheedŭn*. Many others may be derived from the different declensions of a single root, as from *goccho*, *goto*, *gomo*, *gamino*; G. *gehen*, E. *going*; G. *kommen*; L. *caminus*; but these investigations would swell our Treatise into a comparative vocabulary, and render it necessary to investigate a great portion of each of the languages named.

I have, for the same reason, omitted to notice many similar examples in which, although the meaning is slightly altered, the word itself remains unchanged, as *vījon* [the seed], L. *vis*; *guno* [attribute, character, in a different kind and manner], P. *goon* [the colour]. How can it be doubted that G. *morden* [murder], and P. *murdan* are the same word, although the first has an active and the second a passive signification? P. *deo* is unquestionably *devo*, in the Latin *divus* and *deus*; although P. *déo* is always used in reference to evil, and *devo* is applied only to good spirits. In *modhuroh*, in construction *modhuros*, *modhura*, *modhuron*, we cannot fail to recognize L. *maturus-a-um*, although the Indian word signifies sweet; the substantive *modhu* [honey] is the German *meth* [mead]. So *lōkoh* [the world, space], L. *locus*; *vesthitoh* [clothed], L. *vestitus*; *mordjharo* [the cat], the German *marder* [martin]. Names of animals often refer to very distant branches, as L. *vulpis* and G. *wolf* [wolf]; we should scarcely think of associating P. *mūrgh* [the bird] with *mrigo*, wild animals generally, and especially the deer, except that the Indian root also indicates the chace or a swift flight and pursuit. *Topo* and *tapo* are, in Indian writings, so generally employed in the sense of penitence, that their original signification, heat, is almost forgotten, although it is preserved in the Indian root, and even in the derived form *tapoyittun*, L. *calefacere*, in the Greek *thalpein*. Very different words and meanings are often associated in this manner, and may be most easily traced, if we know the intermediate links, and consider the connected languages in their regular combination. Thus the Persian *boo* [fragrancy], especially the breath of flowers, must, judging from P. *bostan* [the garden], have been derived from the Indian *pushpo* [flower], with which the German *busch* also claims

affinity; not to particularise many other instances which might suggest the general mode and progress of such transformations, and the laws by which similar changes in the signification of words are usually effected.

CHAP. III. — ON THE GRAMMATICAL STRUCTURE.

ALTHOUGH the proofs adduced in the preceding chapter of the affinity between the languages are striking, and in many instances may be considered well founded, still a question may arise as to whether they necessarily establish the proposition that the Indian is the most ancient, and, consequently, the common root of all? Might not that language also have arisen out of the intermixture of the others, and thus have become stamped with the same marks of similarity?

Not to dwell upon many facts already adduced which seem clearly to contradict such a supposition, I shall cite one further proof in evidence which completely decides the question, and establishes the presumed antiquity of the Indian language, on a basis of the most unquestionable certainty. The theory which would trace the Greek roots existing in the Indian language to the influence of the Seleucidæ in Bactria is scarcely more happy than that hypothesis which would attribute the formation of the Egyptian pyramids to some natural process of crystallisation.

There is, however, one single point, the investigation of which ought to decide every doubt, and elucidate every difficulty; the structure or comparative grammar of the language furnishes as certain a key to their general analogy, as the study of comparative anatomy has done to the loftiest branch of natural science.

The Persian language must first be separated from the general circle, since the intercourse which so long subsisted between that people and the Arabians led to the adoption among the former of the personal *suffixa*, and their grammar has in consequence far less affinity with the Indian than that of the Germans even, to say nothing of the Latin and Greek. Still, if all these various points of resemblance are considered

together, they will not be without a certain degree of importance.

There is little or nothing to be said of the declensions: the comparative P. *tur* must here be considered analogous to the Greek and Indian *taro*, and the diminutive is formed through *k*, as in the German and Indian. *Manovokoh*, for example, from *manovoh* [thĕ man]; P. *duktŭrŭck*, G. *das Töchterchen* [the little daughter]. The conjugation of the verbs is far more important. The sign of the first person is *m*, which is lost in the Latin, but in Indian and Greek distinctly pronounced *mi*; *i* only remains of the *si* in the second person in the Indian and Greek languages; the sign of the third person is *t* or *d*, plural *nd*, as in Latin and German; in the Greek the ancient form is fully preserved, *ti* and *nti*. The Persian participle present and active in *ndeh* resembles the German in *nd*, formerly *nde*; the participle preterite and passive in *deh*, with a vowel preceding it, agrees with the Latin in *tus*, *a*, *um*, and with the old German form in the Teutonic; the same may be remarked of the Indian verbalibus, as *kritoh*.

I must not omit to mention that the Persian terminations *kar*, *war*, *dar*, which, in composition with adjectives, signify either one who does, or performs, any thing in a certain manner, or any object possessed, or constructed on a fixed model, correspond with the Indian *karo* and *koro*, *voro* and *dhoro*, in the same manner as the Persian termination *man* does with the Indian particle *mano*. The negative Persian particles *neh*, *ny*, and *ma*, are the Indian *no*, *ni*, and *ma*; the Persian particle *bé*, which is prefixed in a privative signification, is the same as the Indian *vi*; besides these, P. *andŭr*, and *anderoon* [within], like the Indian *ontor* and *ontoron*, and the Persian pronoun *keh*, already mentioned, in the Indian *koh*.

The Persian auxiliary verb *ăst*, Indian *osti*, [is]; P. *bood* [been], from *bhovoti* [he is], in the Pracrit *bhōdi*, in the preterite of the Sanscrit *obhut*; P. *kŭrdan*, G. *thun*, [to do], Indian *korttun*, are common in the Persian as well as in the modern Indian dialect; a few inflections of the Indian root *kri*, as *kriyan*, *kryote*, connect themselves rather with the Latin *creare*.

It is greatly to be desired that some individual, supplied

with all the necessary means for pursuing such investigations, would commence an inquiry into the first origin of the Persian language, discover what changes it may have undergone, and whether its affinity with the Greek and Indian was at any time greater than it is at present. The information thus obtained would be far more conclusive and satisfactory than any collection, however numerous, of according roots. It is, indeed, much to be regretted that the study of this beautiful language is not more popular in Germany; there is scarcely any, not even excepting the Greek, which is more rich in all the requirements of poetry*; besides which, the affinity between the Persian and German is so great, that we may not unreasonably hope to discover many facts and circumstances that may throw new light on the obscurer portions of the German history. The study of the Persian language should, however, be combined with that of the Sclavonian. A comparison between them, and examination into their chief points of resemblance or dissimilarity, will probably throw light on many unexplained circumstances recorded by ancient writers concerning the wars of the Persians and Scythians.

Besides those points in which the German grammar resembles the Persian, there are others marked by a more peculiar affinity with the Greek and Indian. *N* is the sign of the accusative both in the German and Indian, and *s* of the genitive. The termination *tvon* in the Indian forms a substantive expressive of creative power, answering to the German termination *thum*. The conjugation of the verbs is formed in part by the alteration of the vowel, as in most other languages which adopt the old grammatical construction. The formation of the imperfect, in one branch of the German verbs by the alteration of the vowel, is quite in agreement with other languages; in another branch, the imperfect is formed by the introduction of a *t*; this, like the *b* in the Latin imperfect, is, indeed, a distinctive peculiarity. The principle, however is the same, viz. that the variations of

* The Parisian library is not only very rich in Persian MSS., but possesses, in Monsieur Chézy, a man of great learning, who combines a perfect knowledge of the language generally, with a peculiarly fine and discriminating sense of the individual beauties and difficulties of the poetical structure and diction.

meaning in reference to time and other circumstances are not produced by particles annexed to distinct words, but by modifications of the root.

If we examine the grammar of the old dialects, considering the Gothic and Anglo-Saxon as examples of the German; and the Icelandic of the Sclavonian branch of our language,—we shall not only find a perfect with an augmentative, as in the Greek and Indian, but a dual, and also an exact definition of gender, and relation of participle, and declension, which are now lost; as well as many inflections, which are already somewhat modified, and less easy of recognition. The third persons singular and plural of the verb, for example, are in complete and perfect agreement. In short, the study of these old monuments of the German language will undeniably establish the fact, that their grammatical structure was originally the same as that of the Latin and Greek.

Many vestiges of the old form of speech are still to be found in the Teutonic languages, more perhaps in the proper German, than in either the English or Scandinavian; but although the general principles of modern grammar, conjugation by auxiliary verbs, and declension by prepositions, appear to govern all, this circumstance must not be suffered to lead us into error, the same modification having been undergone by every romantic language formed upon the basis of the Latin, and also by the Hindostanee dialect now spoken, which adheres as closely to the Sanscrit as the Italian does to the Latin. It is unnecessary to seek an explanation of this universal similarity in any extraneous influence. The artistic construction of the language becomes obliterated and worn off by common daily use, especially during a long period of rudeness and barbarity; and is at length completely lost sight of, either disappearing by slow degrees, or in some instances effaced, as it were, in a moment; a grammar, constructed by the aid of auxiliaries and prepositions, being in fact the shortest and most convenient, presenting an easy abridgment adapted for general use. It might almost be assumed as a general rule, that every language becomes the more easy of acquirement, in proportion as the structure is simplified and contracted into an abbreviated form.

The Indian grammar harmonizes so completely with the Greek and Latin, that it appears to be scarcely less closely connected with those languages than they themselves are with each other. The similarity of principle is a most decisive point; every degree of modification or comparison being expressed, not by the addition of separate words, whether particles or auxiliaries, but by inflexions, throughout which the peculiar form of the root is distinctly preserved. The future is formed, as in the Greek, by *s*; *korōmi* [I do], *korishyami* [I will do]; the imperfect by a short vowel prefixed, and the termination *on*; *bhovami* [I am], *obhovon* [I was]. The striking resemblance between the Indian declensions of the gender of adjectives and the Latin, that of the comparative, and the personal terminations of the verbs with the Greek, and the perfect tense marked by the affix augmentative, has been already noticed. It agrees with the Greek also in the formation of the first person of that tense, which is not terminated by *mi* or *on*, as in the other tenses, nor by *t* or *ti*, in the third person; but both persons terminate with a vowel. *Chokaro* [I have, and he has done]; *vobhuvo* [I have been, and he has been]. So decided an agreement in the most delicate peculiarities of structure must strike all who have studied the general formation of language as something more than a merely remarkable coincidence. The termination of the third person of the imperative is *otu*, in the plural *ontu*; the termination of the first participle in the masculine gender, *on*. It would, however, be superfluous to multiply examples, so many having been already found, whose striking similarity must enable us to form a decisive conclusion.

The Latin infinitive, with its termination in *re*, presents a remarkable deviation; this of course is a special peculiarity of the Latin, which thus deviates from other languages of the same family, in the formation of one of the most important parts of speech. Yet even here we discover a certain bond of similarity and point of union in the Indian infinitive ending in *tun*, which is as often and even more frequently employed in the signification of the supine, which it also resembles in form, than in the appropriate sense of the infinitive.

The declension of the fifth case, in *at*, corresponds with

the Latin ablative in *ate*; the seventh case of the plural in *eshu*, *ishu*, &c., with the Greek *essi*, and *oisi*; the fourth and fifth cases in *bhyoh*, which in construction often becomes *bhyos*, with the long vowel preceding, resemble the Latin dative and ablative in *bus*. The singular of the Indian dative in *ayo*, may be compared with the old Latin in *aï*; the termination of the dual, in *au* with the Greek, *ō*. The Indian declension agrees with the language above named in many peculiarities, and separate modifications of the fundamental rules; the neuter gender, for example, is universally the same, in the accusative as in the nominative; in the dual, many cases which in other numbers are distinct, have one and the same form.

I shall not here repeat what has been previously said of these points of agreement, and I must also pass over much which might be of importance in reference to others. Notwithstanding the harmony of grand essential points, there is, of course, considerable variety in the details, and many casual differences. The chief distinction, however, consists in this. The Indian grammar, though subject to the same laws of construction as the Greek and Latin, is, notwithstanding, more truly simple and artistic than either. The Greek and Latin languages are declined; that is, the varied proportion and value of the substantive is shown by inflection of the root, not by annexing or prefixing certain particles, as is generally the case with modern languages; still they are not sufficiently perfect in themselves to dispense with the employment of prepositions. In the Indian declensions prepositions are never required; and the differences indicated by *cum*, *ex*, *in*, which are so frequently used with the Latin ablative, are expressed in the Indian language by an appropriate case. I will not presume to assert that the Indian grammar has *no* irregular verbs; but certainly their irregularities in number and proportion are as nothing compared with those of the Greek and Latin. The conjugation of verbs is in itself far more regular. The imperative has a first person, and is thus in conformity with the series of regular and perfect languages; the second person of the imperative is less abbreviated and mutilated than is invariably found to be the case in the Persian, and very frequently in other languages. The manner in which a

simple verb becomes a frequentative or desiderative, or is formed into one signifying to cause an action, or to operate by the means of another, is generally uniform, and equally applicable to all primitive roots. The great number of words derived from the infinitive of the verb form a perfect series; nearly all the Indian adjectives are derived from verbs (*verbalia*). Of all existing languages there is none so perfect in itself, or in which the internal connexion of the roots may be so clearly traced as in the Indian.

It would, perhaps, be too much to assert without reservation that the Greek and Latin languages hold the same position in regard to the Indian as the Italian does to the Latin, although it is undeniably true that a certain irregularity of form, and the use of prepositions in those languages, already presage the transition to modern grammatical construction; and the regular simplicity of the Indian language in parallel cases is an incontrovertible evidence of greater antiquity. The following observation is also of importance. There is at least an appearance of probability that in the Greek, the annexed syllables, now blended inseparably with the primitive word, were originally distinct particles and auxiliaries; but this hypothesis cannot be carried out without the assistance of an etymological skill and subtlety which must be unhesitatingly rejected in every scientific investigation or historical contemplation of the origin of language; even then, indeed, the theory could hardly be maintained. Not the slightest appearance of any such amalgamation can be traced in the Indian language; it must be allowed that its structure is highly organised, formed by inflection, or the change and transposition of its primary radical sounds, carried through every ramification of meaning and expression, and not by the merely mechanical process of annexing words or particles to the same lifeless and unproductive root. The Indian grammar offers the best example of perfect simplicity, combined with the richest artistic construction. It is necessary, however, to pre-suppose one property of the mind, in order to explain, in a significant and intelligible manner, the origin of that language; a peculiarly fine feeling of the separate value and appropriate meaning, if I may thus speak, of the radical words or syllables; a perception of the whole activity and influence of which we can hardly be fully

sensible, the ear being now dulled and confused by a multiplicity of various impressions, and the original stamp of each word being obliterated by long use. Still it cannot be doubted that it once acted powerfully on the minds of men, as without its influence no language could have been framed, or at least none like the Indian.

This fine perception of the value of sounds and syllables would produce a system of writing almost simultaneously with the spoken language; not mere hieroglyphic paintings, images copied from the external forms of nature, but a system in which the intrinsic character of the letters, with the sound of which the ear was already familiar, might be indicated or presented to the mind by certain arbitrary signs or visible outlines.

CHAP. IV. — ON THE DIVISION OF LANGUAGES INTO TWO PRINCIPAL BRANCHES, FOUNDED ON ITS INTERNAL STRUCTURE.

THE peculiar principle predominating in the Indian language, and all others derived from it, will be most intelligibly illustrated by contrast and comparison. In very few languages is the grammar constructed with such astonishing simplicity as the Indian and Greek, the characteristics of which I attempted to elucidate in the preceding chapter. The features of most other languages are very different, and the laws by which they are governed of a completely opposite nature.

Modifications of meaning, or different degrees of signification, may be produced either by inflection or internal variations of the primitive word, or by annexing to it certain peculiar particles, which in themselves indicate the past, the future, or any other circumstance. On these two simple methods we found our distinction between the two principal branches of language. Every additional difference or variation appears, on closer inspection, to be nothing more than an inferior modification or secondary consequence of the two grand divisions. Every variety of the primitive roots existing in the illimitable and apparently inexhaustible province

of language is fully comprehended within those two broad contrasted features.

The Chinese presents a remarkable instance of a language almost without inflection, every necessary modification being expressed by separate monosyllabic words, each having an independent signification. The extraordinary monosyllabic form, and perfect simplicity of its construction, make the consideration of it important as facilitating the comprehension of other languages. The same may be said of the grammar of the Malay language. The singular and difficult dialects of America* illustrate the most important peculiarities of this entire branch. Notwithstanding the inexhaustible variety of the primitive roots of those languages, in which very frequently no sound of similarity can be heard, even among tribes who dwell in close juxtaposition, all, as far as they have hitherto been examined, appear to follow the same laws of construction, every modification of time or degree being expressed by the addition of words or particles which frequently become incorporated with the primitive word, and yet have in themselves a peculiar signification, which they communicate to the root to which they are annexed. The grammar of the American languages employs the affix, and, like all of that branch, is very rich in pronomal references used as *suffixes*, and in relative verbs and conjugations thence arising. The *Basque* language numbers no less than twenty-one of these pronouns, commonly inserted either before or after the auxiliary verb.† Whether in a language of this kind the particles be generally annexed to the verb, as is the case with the Basque, and with most of the American dialects, or prefixed as in the Coptic, or whether both methods be employed indifferently, as in the Peru-

* I gladly embrace this opportunity of thanking that distinguished author A. von Humboldt, for his kindness in procuring for me various vocabularies and dictionaries, on which the preceding and following observations are founded; besides two tolerably complete vocabularies and grammars of the American dialect, and the *Oquichua* dialect, prevailing in Peru and Quito, he also favoured me with several shorter hand-books of the Othomi, Cora, Huasteca, Mosca, Mixteca, and Totonaca dialects.

† According to Larramendi. We may perhaps anticipate from the elder Von Humboldt, a copious, and more especially, a distinct and intelligent analysis of that remarkable language.

vian, Mexican, and other American languages, is of little material importance; the general principle is the same in all, the grammar of the language being formed, not by inflection, but by the addition of particles. An appearance of inflection is sometimes produced by the incorporation of the annexed particles with the primitive word. In the Arabic language, and those related to it, the first and most important modifications, as, for example, the persons of the verbs, are formed by the introduction of single particles, each bearing its own appropriate signification, and in these the suffix not being easily distinguished from the original root, we may conclude a similar incorporation to have taken place in other instances, although the foreign particles inserted may be no longer traceable. We are at least justified in assigning the language to that peculiar branch, notwithstanding the higher character already apparent in certain isolated points, and deducible either from its own richer and more artistic development, or from an intermixture of foreign dialects.

The gradual progress of languages, in which this grammatical construction is adopted, may probably be traced as follows. In the Chinese, all particles indicating modification of time, person, &c., are monosyllables, perfect in themselves, and independent of the root. The language of this otherwise refined and civilized people stands consequently in the lowest grade; it seems possible that the highly artistic system of writing so early introduced may have contributed to the imperfection of the language, seizing it, as it were, in its infancy, and fixing its characteristics at too early a stage of their development. The grammar of the Basque, Coptic, and many American languages is formed entirely by prefixes, and affixes, which in general are easily distinguished from the root. and have their own independent signification. The particles thus inserted soon began to coalesce with the word itself, as may be particularly seen in the Arabic and the dialects connected with it, which, from the chief features in their grammatical construction, appear to belong to that branch, although many other peculiarities cannot so surely be traced to the same source, and some single points even manifest an affinity with the system of inflection. Some traces of the employment of suffixes may be discovered in the Celtic language, although the modern

system of conjugating by the aid of auxiliary verbs, and declining with prepositions, generally predominates.

There is little beauty in the American dialects, the great number of which has been lamented, as well as the diversity existing between them; the dialects of Brazil and Paraguay differing no less widely than those of Old and New Mexico, and even in the North they are uniform, monotonous, and the similarity of their character clearly indicates a similarity of principle. The source of this singular diversity of dialects may be found even in the principles of their grammatical construction. In the Indian and Greek languages each *root* is actually that which bears the signification, and thus seems like a living and productive germ, every modification of circumstance or degree being produced by internal changes; freer scope is thus given to its development, and its rich productiveness is in truth almost illimitable. Still, all words thus proceeding from the roots bear the stamp of affinity, all being connected in their simultaneous growth and development by community of origin. From this construction a language derives richness and fertility on the one hand, and on the other strength and durability. It may well be said, that highly organised even in its origin, it soon becomes woven into a fine artistic tissue, which may be unravelled even after the lapse of centuries, and afford a clue by which to trace the connexion of languages dependent on it, and although scattered throughout every part of the world, to follow them back to their simple primitive source. Those languages, on the contrary, in which the declensions are formed by supplementary particles, instead of inflections of the root, have no such bond of union: their roots present us with no living productive germ, but seem like an agglomeration of atoms, easily dispersed and scattered by every casual breath. They have no internal connexion beyond the purely mechanical adaptation of particles and affixes. These languages, in their earliest origin, are deficient in that living germ essential to a copious development; their derivations are poor and scanty, and an accumulation of affixes, instead of producing a more highly artistic construction, yields only an unwieldy superabundance of words, inimical to true simple beauty and perspicuity. Its apparent richness is in truth utter poverty, and languages belonging to that branch,

whether rude or carefully constructed, are invariably heavy, perplexed, and often singularly subjective and defective in character.

The study of the American dialects is also of importance, as proving the utter impossibility of deriving every language in its primitive roots and construction from one common stem. We must, however, admit that *every* language formed by inflexion rises from one original source; but the incalculable diversity of languages belonging to the other branch makes it impossible to trace *them* back to any point of union even at their source, as is sufficiently proved by examining many languages of Asia and Europe, not to mention the countless dialects of the American continent. Even the thinly populated Northern Asia contains four quite distinct families of language; the Tartar, Finnish, Mogul, and Mantcheou branch; there are, besides these, many less widely diffused, to which a student of philology would find it difficult to assign any fixed and appropriate place. We must enumerate also the *tangutische*, or Thibet dialect, the Singhalese, Japanese, and what little, after separating its intermixtures of Indian and Arabic, will yet remain of the Malay language peculiar to the dialects of the islands between India and America, and may again be traced back to two fundamentally distinct families of language in Malacca, and the negro-like Papua. Symes enumerates six distinct dialects in the eastern peninsula of India, many of which differ even in the numerals, those important characteristic parts of the language. The Burmese is divided into four dialects, the most important of which is that of Ava; it assimilates with the Chinese in its monosyllabic form. The dialects of Koloun, between Bengal, Aracan, and Burmah, and a few dialects of Pegu, belong to the same stock: the original language of Pegu is, according to Symes, very different, as well as that in the country of Meckley, south of Assam, and that of Assam itself, from which the Singhalese dialect is derived. Notwithstanding these trifling points of affinity, the diversities of dialect are very considerable in proportion to the scanty population If we consider the large number of completely isolated languages, vestiges of which are to be found in the west of central Asia, the region of the Caucasus; and in Europe, besides the Coptic, the

Basque, and that portion of the Wallachian which is not derived from the Latin and the Arnautic, it will be clearly seen, that any attempt to trace these languages to a common stock must prove futile and untenable. Another grand distinction exists between the two chief branches of language: many among those formed by affixes are completely distinct in themselves; but in those formed by inflection the internal affinity of the roots becomes more striking, the higher we ascend in tracing the history of their formation.

It must not, however, be supposed that I desire to exalt one chief branch of language exclusively, to the neglect or disparagement of the other. The sphere of language is too comprehensive, rich, and grand, and has been too highly developed and investigated for one sweeping decision to accomplish any such object. Who can deny the lofty power and energy of the Arabic and Hebraic languages? They, indeed, stand on the loftiest point of their peculiar branch, in respect of construction and development, although their adherence to it is not so exclusive as to prevent their assimilating in some few instances with the other family. Still the most erudite investigators of language have been of opinion that such points of resemblance may have been arbitrarily grafted on the rude original stem at a subsequent period.

It must undoubtedly be admitted, after adequate investigation and comparison, that languages in which the grammar is one of inflexion are usually preferable, as evincing higher art in their construction; but without adducing similar instances from the Greek and Roman, our own noble language, debased and ruined as it is, affords abundant proof of the degradation in which even the most beautiful language may be involved by the negligence of bad writers and the admission of numerous dialects.

The progress of mere grammatical development in the two chief divisions is entirely reversed. Languages formed by affixes were at their commencement rude and completely unformed, but grew more artistic as the subjoined particles became incorporated by degrees with the primitive words: in those formed by inflexion, on the contrary, the first beauty and symmetry of their construction was gradually defaced by an attempt to simplify and elucidate it, as may

be seen by comparing various dialects of the German, Romantic, and Indian languages, with the original type from which they were framed.

The dialects of America usually belong to an inferior class: this is evident by their deficiency in many indispensable letters, as of B, D, F, G, R, S, J, V, as consonants in the Mexican; B, D, E, F, K, and X, in the Oquichua language. in which the O, also, is scarcely to be found; of F, I, K, L, R, S, in the Othomides; D, F, G, I, L, F, in the Coxa; of B, D, F, R, in the Totonaca; B, P, F, R, in the Mixteca; and of F, R, S, K, in the Huasteca language. A few of the *hard* consonants may, indeed, be supplied by the soft, or there may appear to be a deficiency, as in the Spanish language, when none actually exists; but how can the want of such indispensable consonants as R, L, F, or the entire family, B, P, F, be supplied? We also observe a peculiar preference for certain compound consonants, as TL, in the Mexican. The unwieldly bulk produced by the accumulation of affixes, heaped one after another upon the radical word, rather establishes than controverts my theory; so great a multitude of particles being required, especially in the conjugation of the verbs, to express the changes of person, or to contrast the mere commencement of an action with a permanent habit, occupation, reciprocity, or continued repetition of the same action. How many peculiarities of grammatical construction are common in all the American dialects, notwithstanding the differences of the roots? Many among them have no gender, case, or number, and no infinitive mood; the latter being supplied in Mexican and Peruvian by the future, with the verb "I will;" or, perhaps, the verb "to be" is deficient, or the adjective (as is the case in the Oquichua dialect) is the same as the genitive case; so that *Runap*, from *Runa*, the man, signifies both of the man and manly.

Many of these languages are, notwithstanding, powerful and expressive, and no less artistic and well constructed. This is particularly the case with the Oquichua or Peruvian; probably, as we are informed by old traditions, the Incas were induced, by the peculiar excellence and comprehensiveness of this language, to enforce its general use. In the Peruvian vocabulary, I find occasionally a few Indian roots, as *veypul* [great], in Indian, *vipulo; acini* [to laugh],

Indian, *hosono*, &c.; the most remarkable is *inti* [the sun], in Indian, *indra*. If there be any grounds for the tradition, that the Incas used a peculiar language, spoken and understood by themselves alone, and now entirely lost, these stray roots may have wandered from that language into the popular dialect; as it is clearly proved, by referring to the earliest historical records of China, that the founders of the Peruvian kingdom and language must have migrated from the east of China and the Indian isles.*

CHAP. V. — ON THE ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE.

HYPOTHESES concerning the first origin of language would either have been discarded altogether, or have assumed an entirely different form, had they been founded on historical investigation, instead of being wrested into forced compliance with arbitrary theories. It is a most erroneous proposition to assert, that the origin of language and intelligence was everywhere similar. So many varieties, on the contrary, exist in that respect, that it would be easy to cite one language at least in corroboration of almost every theory that has ever been framed. If we take, for example, the vocabulary of the Mantcheou language, we shall be astonished at the completely disproportionate number of onomatopoëtic † or sense-imitative words which it contains, forming by far the greater portion of the language. In fact, had this dialect been more important and universal, we should have been compelled to adopt the opinion that that principle predominated in all languages. This example will also serve to illustrate the form naturally assumed by every language founded on similar principles, and the idea of referring to the same origin languages of an entirely different aspect must be im-

* It is very remarkable that the Peruvian Incas, who boasted of the same descent as the Hindoo Ráma, (viz., from Suryá, or the Sun), styled their great festival Ramasitoa; whence we may suppose that South America was peopled by the same race who imported into the farthest parts of Asia the rites and fabulous history of Ráma. — *Discourse on the Hindoos* — Sir W. Jones's Works, vol. i. p. 30.

† See note, *ante*, p. 433.

mediately discarded. Let us consider the entire family of each language which now claims our attention. The number of these onomatopoëtic words in the German is very inconsiderable, in comparison with the instance before noticed; still they are very important, and, perhaps, not much less so than in the Persian, which may be defined as an intermixture of the Tartar, Sclavonic, and some other dialects; in the Greek and Latin languages their number is still further diminished, and in the Indian they so completely disappear, that we cannot admit the possibility of community of origin.

Where, then, shall we seek the source of all those allied languages which are formed by inflection? How did the Indian originate? or, since that language, although admitted to be of far higher antiquity than others, is itself but a derived form, how did the common source and origin of that entire family first come into existence? A satisfactory answer may be given to a portion at least of this important question, that the earliest language was not the mere instinctive cry of physical nature, nor was it from an indiscriminate imitation of natural tones, nor from fancy indulging in a sportive experimental combination of sounds that it arose, gradually engrafting on its first rude commencement a more rational expression and reasonable form. The structure of language, on the contrary, is but one proof added in confirmation of so many others, that the primitive condition of mankind was not one of mere animal instinct, which by slow degrees, and with many a weary effort, at length attained some slight glimmering of reason and intelligence; it rather confirms the opposite belief, proving that, if not in every country, at least in that which is now the subject of our investigations, the most profound study and the clearest intelligence were early called into operation; for without much labour and reflection it would have been impossible to frame a language like the Indian, which, even in its simplest form, exemplifies the loftiest ideas of the pure world of thought, and displays the entire ground plan of the consciousness, not in figurative symbols, but in direct and immediate clearness and precision.

By what means the human mind at so early a period attained that wondrous gift of clear intelligence; whether it

was gradually developed or suddenly appeared in all its lofty perfection, or whether it can be accounted for by reference to the natural powers of the human intellect alone, presents a subject for investigation which, as touched upon in the following book, may at least stimulate to further inquiry; since I shall there lay before you the systems of religion and philosophy to which historical investigation assigns the highest antiquity, and examine whether any unequivocal traces of a first and earlier dialect are therein to be recognised. It would, however, be useless to attempt any analysis of the language, except in accordance with its natural principles and progress, as no traces of foreign admixture are to be found in it. It is not by any means my intention to dispute the spontaneous origin of language generally, but merely the theory that *all* were originally similar, and equally rude and irregular in their first construction — an opinion which the facts already cited abundantly disprove.

The manner in which mankind attained such lofty perfection of reason and intelligence is a question of a different kind; but the same spirit, the same deep feeling and intelligence undoubtedly communicated itself to their language, and it would be difficult to find any so skilfully and exquisitely framed as that of which we have been speaking. It combines the clear perception of the natural signification of things, — a delicate discrimination of the original sense and power of all those sounds which may be made the medium of communicating our ideas, — a fine imitative faculty for assorting and combining letters and significant syllables, those mysterious elements of language,—and a power to invent, discover, determine, and, by the use of varied declensions, transform the language into a living organisation, ever advancing, and developing itself by its own internal strength and energy. Such was the origin of language; simply beautiful in form and construction, yet capable of almost unbounded development; the union between the primitive roots, on which it is based, and the grammatical construction are most closely cemented, and both spring from the same original source—a deep feeling, and a clear discriminating intelligence. The oldest system of writing developed itself at the same time, and in the same manner, as the spoken language; not wearing at first the symbolic form, which it sub-

sequently assumed in compliance with the necessities of a less civilised people, but composed of certain signs, which, in accordance with the nature of the simplest elements of language, actually conveyed the sentiments of the race of men then existing.

To attempt to analyse the construction of languages which bear the traces of a rude and scanty original, by separating from them all they owe to foreign idioms, and the adaptation of other and more beautiful systems, would lead me too far from my present subject. Whether placed in a state of happiness and simplicity, endowed with the light of reason and intelligence, and in the fulness of a clear perception, man easily dispensed with a more artistic development of his powers, — or whether in his original condition he was but a few degrees removed from the irrational and brute creation, this at least is certain, that the distinctive character of speech must be greatly dependant on the physical condition of mankind. In many languages, indeed, instead of that highly organised and artistic construction which is produced by significant syllables and prolific roots, we discover merely varied imitations, and almost sportive combinations of sound — the cry, as it were, of instinctive feeling and impulse, to which the exclamatory, the interjectional, and distinctive terminations and additions in time became annexed, and invested by constant use with a certain conventional and arbitrary signification.

All the preceding proofs appear clearly to establish the fact that the Sanscrit or Indian language is of higher antiquity than the Greek or Latin, not to mention the German and Persian. We might, perhaps, decide more satisfactorily in what relation it stands, as the earliest derived language, to the general source; if it were in our power to consult the Veda in its genuine form, together with the vocabularies which were early required on account of the great difference between the language of the Veda and the Sanscrit. The Saga of Ráma, who is described as a conqueror of the wild tribes of the South, might seem to favour the opinion that the Indian language, even at a very early period, suffered considerable foreign intermixture from the various tribes incorporated with the body of the nation. The northern part of the country is peculiarly the seat of the Indian language and philosophy. In Ceylon we still trace the influence

of the foreign tribes of Singhalese, which in former times was probably of more extensive operation. Still the regular, simple structure of the Indian language proves that the influence of foreign intermixture was never so overpowering or heterogeneous as in other languages of the same family.

Changes of manners and habits were more slowly introduced among that Indian race than in other nations of the world; and it seems historicallyprobable that their language also observed a similar tardy progression; it was too intrinsically bound up with their temperament and philosophy to admit of such arbitrary innovations and extensive revolutions as are often allowed through negligence or indifference to creep into other languages. This assertion will be more strongly confirmed by investigating the structure of the language itself. It is true that the Indian is almost entirely a philosophical or rather a religious language, and perhaps none, not even excepting the Greek, is so philosophically clear and sharply defined: it has no variable or arbitrary combination of abstractions, but is formed on a permanent system, in which the deep symbolic signification of words and expressions reciprocally explain, elucidate, and support each other. This lofty spirituality is at the same time extremely simple, not originally conveyed through the medium of representations of merely sensual expressions, but primarily based upon the peculiar and appropriate signification of the fundamental elements as originally established. The distinct genus of many, which, though quite clear in meaning, yet admits only of a purely metaphysical interpretation, allows of our determining the high antiquity either historically from the employment of the terminology, or etymologically from the compounded words. It is a most unfounded idea that in the earliest epoch of each language a bold and irregular fancy alone predominated; it may have been the case with many, but certainly not in all, nor in the Indian especially, in which a profound philosophical signification and perspicuity of expression are even more striking than poetical inspiration or imagery, although it is quite susceptible of the former; and in the figurative and imaginative poem of Calidas the latter property also is most abundantly developed.

Poetry, however, belongs to a later epoch in the formation

of the Indian language, which as we proceed in tracing its source back to the earliest antiquity, becomes even more simple and prosaic, although far from being dry or abstractedly lifeless. Thus Menù's metrical collection of laws *, which bears the stamp of far higher antiquity than the Puranas, is remarkably different in its construction; perhaps scarcely so much as might be imagined from the comparison instituted by Sir William Jones between the style of Cicero, and the fragment of the Twelve Tables. Still, considering the slow progress and trifling nature of the alterations to which the Indian language has been subjected, the distinction is quite efficient to justify the supposition of at least many intervening centuries.

CHAP. VI. — ON THE DIFFERENCE EXISTING BETWEEN THE MOST CLOSELY CONNECTED LANGUAGES, AND ON A FEW REMARKABLE INTERMEDIATE DIALECTS.

IN considering the alterations sustained by the Indian language, and in a still greater measure by those derived from it, another question immediately arises. The affinity of those languages has been too clearly ascertained to admit the supposition of its being merely the result of accident; but it must, on the other hand, be received as a proof that all are derived from the same common source; and the question immediately forces itself upon the mind, — were these languages originally one? To what cause, then, may we attribute the differences existing between them? We must not judge of these varieties from the first impressions communicated by sound or form, but rather by their inner and essential character, which can be appreciated only by researches penetrating far beneath the mere external veil. What remarkable differences the Greek and Latin languages appear to

* The "Body of Law" called Smriti consists of eighteen books, each divided under three general heads, — the duties of religion, the administration of justice, and the punishment or expiation of crimes: they were delivered for the instruction of the human species by Menù and other sacred personages. — *Sir W. Jones's Works*, vol. i. — *Trans.*

present when either is examined for the first time by a student whose attention had till then been confined to one only! He imagines himself to be entering a world in which every thing is new and strange. After a longer acquaintance, however, his opinion becomes considerably modified, and he sees that the general harmony of construction of both languages invests them rather with the character of very remotely connected dialects than of distinct branches.

If the affinity of other languages be estimated in the same ratio, much greater varieties will be found to exist in the various dialects of this family than can be accounted for by their different local features, or attributed to a diversity of impulse in the development of the mind during any certain period of time. Another point must here be brought forward fully sufficient to explain the source of those varieties, and our argument will be supported partly by accurate grammatical analysis, partly by reference to historical records.

Each of these derived languages, as well as the character of the people or tribe, is remarkable from the varied and frequently incongruous intermixture of foreign influences, which necessarily led to a more complete estrangement between the allied language and people themselves. I do not allude merely to such intermixture as that of the Arabic in the Persian, or the French in the English language; the intrusive words in these instances, although completely incorporated into the body of the language, retain sufficient marks of their original form to be immediately recognised as foreign words: these examples strikingly illustrate the fact that every language of grand principles, that is to say, highly organised and skilfully framed, possesses in itself an original element of stability and individuality, which can scarcely be overpowered by the most violent and forcible extraneous intermixture. How completely Teutonic are the characteristics of the English language, and how striking the difference which still subsists in the Persian and Arabian! My observations refer also to such intermixtures as are of still greater antiquity, and thus are more completely blended with the primitive construction of the language, having been introduced at a period when from its greater flexibility, appropriative power, and productiveness, they were more

easily incorporated, and cannot be traced without careful analysis.

Such analogies and intermixtures are often important in reference to history, while that branch of science reciprocally affords a clue by which to trace language to its source. In the Greek, for instance, we find a far greater number of Arabic roots than would at first appear credible; the structure and character of the two languages being so entirely different, that this point of agreement between them is easily overlooked. Yet is it nothing more than the continual intercourse of the Greeks and Phœnicians might justify us in anticipating. An acquaintance with the history of the earliest settlers in Italy leads us to expect in the latter a greater intermixture of Celtic and Cantabrian roots. The close connexion of the German language with the Persian distinctly indicates the point at which that branch separated from their parent stem, and the numerous radical words, common both in the Teutonic and the Turkish languages, may afford indications of the migratory path which the former people pursued, and which is proved by other and historical evidence to have followed the direction of the river Gihon, along the north shore of the Caspian Sea, bearing constantly towards the north west.

Scarcely any language can be named, however remote in situation and character, in which some German roots are not to be found; as *das jahr* [the year], or *jarĕ*, in the Zend and Mantcheou dialects; *legen* [to lie], Span. *poner*, *laygan*, in the Tagala dialect of the Philippine Islands; *rangio* [evil seeking], in the Japanese, *ranzig*; also a few in the Peruvian dialect. This may easily be accounted for from the migrations of the Teutonic race, and their sojourn in the districts of northern and western Asia; a region which has since been the rendezvous of those tribes, and the scene of their most frequent wanderings.

I shall, in this book, confine my investigations to the language, and to whatever may be deduced from that alone, reserving for my third book any historical facts or hypotheses tending to elucidate the wonderful agreement between so many distant languages and people, divided by long tracts of sea and land, or to illustrate the earliest migrations of the human race. Much may, however, be found in the pro-

vince of language alone, contributing either to fill up that wide space or to contract its limits, or perhaps to mark the point of separation and transition. I am not now alluding to the few isolated remains of the German language, which may be found in the Crimea, the Caucasus, and the neighbourhood of the Caspian Sea, nor to the many more insignificant, yet still very remarkable vestiges, of other languages now lost; but to the principal branches of those still existing and flourishing, which, by their mixed construction and the situation of the people among whom they are in use, seem to fill up the space intervening between the Indian and Persian on the one hand, and the German, Latin, and Greek on the other.

The Armenian dialect is, unquestionably, entitled to hold the first rank, on account of the numerous Greek and Latin, Persian and German roots contained in it, which appertain, in fact, to the first and most essential parts of the language: as, for example, the numerals, pronouns, particles, and some of the most important verbs. To mention a few of the most remarkable: *kan*, the Latin conjunction *quam; mi* [one], related to the Greek *mia; hing*, L. *quinque*, [five]; *ciurch*, L. *circa* [around]; *ham*, the Greek *hama*, used as a prefix, in the same manner as Gr. *sum*, and L. *con;* the negative particle *mi*, Greek *mē; an* and *ab* are prefixed in the same sense as Gr. *a*, and *ab*, *a* in the Latin, and *un* in the German; *aminajim*, the Latin *omnis*. Also a few verbs: *lusauorim*, G. *ich leuchte* [I light], L. *luceo; luzzim*, G. *ich löse* [I redeem], Gr. *luō; uranam* [I deny], Gr. *arneomai; zairanam*, G. *ich zürne* [I am angry]; *arnum*, G. *ich nehme* [I take], Gr. *arnumi; tenim* [I sit], Gr. *theinai; adim* [I hate], L. *odium; udim* [I eat], L. *edo; garodim* [I have trouble], L. *careo; lnum* [I fill up], L *plenus; dam* [I give], L. *do; im*, in English *I am; pirim* [I bear], L. *fero*, and P. *burun; porim* [I dig], G. *bohre; ham*, G. *ich komme* [I come], G. *ich kam;* and many other Persian roots. Their identity is frequently unquestionable, except that the pronunciation is rather harsh, perhaps more so than can be accounted for, as the general peculiarity of all mountain dialects, and rather affording an indication of superior antiquity. Their agreement in structure is even more remarkable; as, for example, *luanam*, L. *lavo; luanas*, L. *lavas;*

luanan, L. *lavant;* the future is formed by *ziz*, *szis*, *sze*, the same general sound as in the Indian and Greek. A few participles in *al* agree, on the contrary, with the Sclavonic language, as well as the third person of the singular number, *luanay*, L. *lavat.* The conjugation is generally formed by inflection, and partly also by auxiliary verbs.

The Armenian is unquestionably a remarkable intermediate link, and may afford a clue to many facts in the origin and history of the Asiatic and European languages. I have no means of ascertaining whether the same observation applies to the Georgian language; we are also in want of the most efficient aid for drawing any certain conclusion with regard to the Zend and Pahlavi* dialects, no complete grammar of either having ever been compiled. The declensions in Zend closely resemble the Georgian; the Pahlavi employs the Persian oblique case in *ra*, many Persian terminations of substantives and adjectives in *man*, &c.; the infinitive in *atan* may also be compared with the Persian in *adŭn.* But these few particulars, all that have as yet been discovered, are meagre and unsatisfactory. We find nothing in Arabic, or Hebrew, agreeing with the Indian grammar, except the feminine termination in *a* and *i*, and the Hebrew pronoun [הִוא] P. *an*, Indian *soh*, Teutonic *sa*, whence comes the German *so.* The common roots of these languages retain many traces illustrating the progress of intermixture between people and language in ancient times. It would be of importance to decide accurately how far the number of roots belonging to the other chief branch in the Hebrew language exceeds those in the Arabic; the affinity was probably even stronger in the Phœnician.

The next place to the Armenian, as possessing a still evident, although almost more remote, affinity, is undoubtedly occupied by the great and widely diffused family of Sclavonian dialects. They agree with the allied languages in many inflections of their grammar, and in a few instances, even in the signs of the cases used in declension, as in the first and second person of the present tense, both in the singular and plural. Insufficient as are the materials collected for this branch of study, I have nevertheless been

* One of the sacred languages of Persia.

enabled to trace a few Indian roots in the Sclavonian language, and such indeed as are not to be found in either of the other allied languages; but without a comparative grammar and vocabulary it is impossible to ascertain the relative proportion of the various Sclavonian dialects, or to decide which of them deserves to be esteemed the oldest and purest, and may with justice be adopted as a sure basis for the investigation of the later dialects. It is impossible to trace the relationship and connexion between any separate branches of language, without first forming a similar systematic arrangement.

I cannot venture to decide whether the Celtic language stands in equally close connexion with the noble original stock as the Sclavonian. The community of certain roots indicates only an intermixture by which this language incorporated with itself other signs and symbols. Nor can the similarity of the numerals be considered decisive; in the Coptic language, Greek and other peculiar numerals, particularly the old Egyptian, are in use. The Bretagne dialect* is declined by prepositions; but the declensions of the pure Erse are very different, being formed, singularly enough, by varying the initial letters of the words, a change which is regulated according to certain particles prefixed, which indicate the inflection of person; for example, *mac* [the son], *wihic* (pronounced *wic*) [of the son], *pen* [the head]; *i ben* [his head], *i phen* [your head], *y 'm mhen* [my head]. A peculiarity somewhat resembling the manner in which the personal particles in the Coptic language become incorporated with the particles prefixed and the word itself; *Pos* [the lord], *paos* [my lord], *pekas* [thy lord], *pefos* [this lord], *pesos* [your lord], *penos* [our lord], *naos* [my

* According to Le Brigant, Pinkerton, Shaw's, Smith's, Vallancey's, and other works, which I have not been able to consult. I am also in want of adequate materials for investigating several other languages; and, besides the chief works already mentioned on the N. Asian languages, I have also been unable to obtain the latest and most complete dissertations on the Coptic and Armenian dialects. I hope, therefore, that the incompleteness of my researches will be treated with indulgence by learned men, as they best know the difficulty of procuring works on these subjects, many good libraries being entirely deficient in that particular province: on the other hand, a few particulars not hitherto known may probably be found even here.

lords], *nekos* [thy lords], &c. In the Bretagne dialect of the Celtic, an auxiliary is employed in conjugation, although in many instances it is completely lost by its blending with the suffixum as *comp* [we go], *ejomp* [we went], *efsomp* [we will go], from *omp* [we]. This analogy leads us to that other chief branch of language to which the Basque belongs, which however has nothing in common with the Celtic beyond what may easily be accounted for by the intermixture of dialects. The mixed character of the Celtic language is proved by the singular circumstance, that the Bretagne dialect employs no less than four distinct words for the pronoun *I*: *anon*, Coptic *anok*; *on*, Indian *qhon*, *in* and *me*. It is hardly necessary to furnish further examples in refutation of the erroneous opinions entertained by those who assert the language and people of the Celts and Germans to be at least closely connected, if not actually one, and cite the traces of intermixture in the Bretagne dialect in confirmation of their theory.

It is easy to discover trifling points of agreement even in such languages as are most widely removed from the Indian, Greek, and German; as, for example, the termination of adjectives in *ezco* in the Basque, which rather resembles the German *isch* and the Greek *ikos*,—but is rarely observable in the Spanish. Emigration, colonisation, war, and commerce so completely amalgamated the old nations of Europe, that traces of marked identity are rarely to be discovered.

To lay before the reader even a summary of every thing that has been collected and prepared in this province would only weary and perplex him. I shall be content if I have proved satisfactorily, in general terms, the fixed principles on which a comparative grammar and genuine historical foundation, — an authentic history, in short, of the origin of language,—instead of the theories hitherto invented, may be constructed. What has here been said will suffice to prove the importance of Indian study, in regard to the language at least: in the following books we shall contemplate it in reference to the history of Oriental genius.

I close with a retrospect of the works of Sir William Jones, who, by establishing the affinity between the Indian language and the Latin, Greek, German and Persian, first threw a light on this obscure study, and consequently on the earliest

popular history, which before his time was every where dark and confused. Yet he has extended the affinity to some other instances infinitely less important, tracing back the exhaustless abundance of language to three chief families — the Indian, Arabic, and Tartar; and, finally, after having himself so finely exhibited the total difference of the Arabic and Indian languages, seeking, from a love of unity, to derive all from one common source: I have, therefore, been unable to adhere closely in every particular to this excellent and learned man, since his arguments, being directed to support an opposite theory, would unquestionably militate against my own opinions.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I. — ON THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHY.

IT is an opinion very generally entertained, that the original condition of man was one of almost unreasoning stupidity, from which, impelled by necessity or other external incitements, he gradually attained, by successive efforts, to certain degrees of intelligence. Independently of the consideration that this idea is completely at variance with all known systems of philosophy, it must be acknowledged, that so far from being supported by the testimony of ancient historical records, it is, on the contrary, contradicted, and proved to have been adopted on arbitrary and insufficient grounds. Without mentioning the Mosaic records, which I shall reserve for examination in the third book of this treatise, the numerous ancient monuments existing in Asia, and the general progress of events, afford sufficient and incontrovertible evidence that, in the earliest steps of his mortal career, man was not left without God in the world. In India especially, many surprising discoveries have been made, which remarkably illustrate the progress of human intelligence in those ancient times; and the little we already know of Oriental literature has elucidated so many difficult points, that we may confidently anticipate that still more satisfactory results will attend the further prosecution of our researches.

Having in the first book considered the Indian language in the relation it bears to the most important languages of Asia and Europe, Indian Mythology, the parent of so many other systems, appears to offer an appropriate subject for consideration in the second. We must, however, be on our guard against an error, into which the British Society in Calcutta has too often been betrayed, and not lay too much stress upon isolated and often deceptive appearance, while attempting to prove that an internal uniformity of structure exists both in the language and mythology, and that the similarity of the ground tissue in each, notwithstanding slight subordinate alterations, sufficiently indicates congeniality of origin. It is true that there is no dearth of such surprising coincidences as cannot be merely casual; but, before being received as such, they require to be more strictly investigated than even the language, the peculiarities of mythology being more variable and uncertain; and their delicate and evanescent spirit more difficult to seize and retain. Mythology presents the most complicated structure ever devised by human intellect; inexhaustibly rich, but at the same time most variable in its signification; and that being a point of the highest moment, requires to be scrupulously examined; the slightest variation of meaning is of importance, and should be considered in its simple individuality, apart from any consideration of time or place. Greek and Roman mythology, for instance, we are accustomed to treat as one and the same, unless forbidden by distinct historical records; and yet, any one whose researches have been carried back to the earliest origin of those people, will be sufficiently alive to the difference existing between them to feel that Venus and Aphrodite, Mars (Mavors) and Ares, &c. cannot justly be regarded as one and the same divinity. How widely do the Hellenic cities differ among themselves! how great is the difference between Corinth and Athens, or between Doriern in Sparta and Sicily; the symbolic representation of certain peculiar features in the history, and even the name of the divinity, may be common to many distant nations, and long preserved among them; but it is the signification, the idea conveyed by these symbols, which is the really essential point, and this everywhere assumes a different aspect. A great number of facts must be adduced, and many different sources

explored. before it will be possible to adopt, with any degree of success, the only method which can in this instance be available; that is, to enter into a full analysis of the system, displaying all its peculiar features in their just proportions, whether of internal development or external admixture, noticing even each trace of gradual change or variation: the scarcity of our materials makes it impossible at present to accomplish this in the Indian Philosophy.

I must henceforth abandon the system pursued in my first book, and instead of a comparative analysis of the mythology, which it is as yet too early to attempt, fix a few certain principles, which may serve as a groundwork for future researches; a brief inquiry, in short, into the character of Oriental genius, its distinctive peculiarities, and the most important stages of its progress. Much information in regard to details is still required; but we already possess enough to gain a tolerably just idea of its general structure: the mind should, however, if possible, be transported into the sphere of antiquity, and primitive ideas, and the facts themselves, simply stated, will soon lead to perfect clearness and precision.

The separate portions of this description must not be regarded as a system of philosophy, but rather as illustrating distinct epochs of the Oriental mind; for these several theories are not all precisely similar, and many were systematically developed at a much later period than others, and their origin is to be sought in a principle that lies deeper than mere philosophy. I have treated these new systems or modes of thought separately, because all are actually distinct, divided both by their characteristic features, and by historical evidences. We shall remark in each separate division the gradual transition from one to another, or the particular points in which the later appear to grow out of earlier theories, or are most strikingly contrasted with them. I shall, in each epoch, confine my attention to such peculiar points of Indian mythology or philosophy as belong to it, merely alluding to that of other Asiatic nations, when by so doing the whole can be rendered more perfect and intelligible.

CHAP. II. — ON THE DOCTRINES OF THE METEMPSYCHOSIS, AND ON EMANATION.

AMONG all the numerous systems of philosophy which recognise Asia as their parent-land, none are so positively of Indian origin as the doctrines of the Metempsychosis and of Emanation; nor can any, with the exception of the Mosaic dispensation, lay claim to such great antiquity. The most essential doctrines of these systems are contained in the first book of the laws of Menù, which no critic of sound judgment will assert to be of slight antiquity: they are, at the least, more ancient than any existing records of European literature. The laws of Menù have been, for thousands of years, the basis and groundwork of the Indian constitution and legislature (of Indian *life*, in fact), and their influence is no less sensibly exerted in regard to philosophy and learning, in which they are clearly seen to be the ruling spirit. Information even more precise than that afforded by the laws of Menù may be drawn from the first part of the Vedas, containing that system of philosophy termed the Mimansà, which was founded by Jaimini, the author of the Sámaveda, and is, perhaps, the earliest Indian system now in existence.

It will be easily seen that the doctrine of Emanation, taken in its earliest original meaning, is closely and immediately connected with that of Transmigration; but the inquirer must first dismiss from his mind every idea of emanation borrowed from the Indian, and afterwards promulgated by Chaldee and Greek philosophers, who, instead of propounding any system of original purity and simplicity, rather amalgamated into one body all the various innovations and admixtures which had either sprung from or been engrafted upon the original doctrine, and applied to the whole the indefinite title of Oriental philosophy. We must be especially on our guard also against the too frequent error of confounding the doctrine of Emanation with Pantheism. The bold and fanciful character of that Oriental system is easily mistaken for a pantheistic tendency by those who are familiar only with the dialectic structure of modern European philosophy; and, viewed in that light, it of course appears connected in many points with later times. Still there is so

much actually at variance between them, that it would be impossible to deny or cancel the individuality of the ancient Indian doctrine. The re-incorporation of individuals into the unity of the Godhead is only possible, not of absolute necessity, and those who are incorrigibly evil will continue separate and divided throughout eternity; or, if we may employ a theological mode of expression, which, although apparently modern, completely embodies the ancient idea, "the eternal strife of hell" is by no means irreconcileable with the doctrine of Emanation, but, on the contrary, forms an essential element of that system. The difference between Emanation and Pantheism, in regard to the powers of good and evil, is very marked and important. Pantheism teaches that every thing is intrinsically good and pure; all originally *one* with divinity, and that every appearance of wrong or guilt exists but in idea, or depends on the conventional idea entertained of it. Hence its dangerous influence on the moral life and character; for by whatever subtlety of language the meaning may be disguised, and however men may cling to a belief in the all-regulating power of conscience, yet, if this destructive principle be admitted as a ruling fact, the conduct of individuals will be considered as of slight importance, and the eternal distinction between right and wrong, good and evil, set aside, and finally rejected. Far different, however, is the doctrine of Emanation: in that system the condition of all created existences is rather counted unhappy, and the world itself ruined and guilty in its very essence; all is in a state of mournful degradation, sinking deeper and deeper into the abyss which divides it from the perfect bliss and purity of its divine Creator.

It would be useless to enter into a dialectic argument concerning the philosophical incorrectness of this system, for it rests not on any logical basis; nor can it be supported by demonstration, but, like other merely poetical systems of cosmogony, rather wears the character of an arbitrary invention. Still a systematic connexion may be traced throughout, and to that it is probably indebted for its stability during so many thousand years, but still more to primæval tradition and the divine origin ascribed to it. The labour of investigating and comprehending this doctrine will indeed be amply repaid, even if we regard it merely as the earliest

authentic monument of the human intellect, and reflect on the inconceivable influence it exercised on its subsequent history and development. Still, before we can understand the superstructure, we must gain some insight into the feeling on which that system of philosophy is based. When Menù had sung of the creation of all natural elements, of all creatures endowed with life, animals, herbs, and plants, all of which were imagined to be the abode of various imprisoned souls, he concluded with this general reflection —

"By many-formed darkness encircled, the reward of their deeds,
"All are at length endowed with conscious existence, with susceptibility of joy and pain."

Thus in bondage and darkness, yet fraught with feeling, conscious of their own guilt, and the doom awaiting them, they wander on in the path which their Creator has appointed them from the beginning, still drawing nearer and nearer to their inevitable goal: —

"Towards this goal they now wander, proceeding from God, descending low to the plants,
"In this fearful world of existence, which sinks ever deeper in ruin and destruction."

In these words the predominant feeling, the ruling spirit of the entire system, is revealed. If all that has been sung by poets of antiquity concerning the misery of created existence be assembled into one image and under one comprehensive form; if we collect each melancholy gleam and fearful conception of the world around, which, born of that gloomy idea of irrevocable destiny, pervades the poetical legends and histories of their gods, and breaks forth in deep-souled tragedies, changing the play of poetical imagery and diction into an enduring and eternal sadness, we shall gain the most perfect conception of the peculiar characteristics of this ancient Indian doctrine.

We trace to the same source the doctrine of the four epochs, which represents each successive division of time as more wretched and degraded than the former, till the fourth and now existing period of utter ruin and misery arrives. The progress of decline in the four conditions of mankind is in the same manner illustrative of this constant degradation, ever sinking deeper and deeper into the abyss of earthly im-

perfection. Hence also arises the doctrine of the three worlds, *troilokyon;* of the three primary powers, *troigunyon;* of which the first is actually brilliant, *sotwo;* the second deceptively bright, *rojo;* and the third and last utterly dark and obscure, *tòmo.* This theory of constant degradation, both in spiritual and physical perfection, pervades the entire system of Emanation.

Menù supposes the divine spirit to be an immediate emanation of the self-existent (*selbst*), eternal divinity; from the spirit proceeds the consciousness; thus the spirit is the secondary creative power (*the agent in creation*); [illegible] Menù (almost the same with Monoh) created all individual beings, after Brahmá himself had produced the general primary powers of nature and spirit. In the succeeding explanation Bhrigú * supposes the elements to spring originally from the divine essence, and also successively from each other, according to the different ideas entertained of their respective delicacy and perfection. A belief in the law of constant ruin and deterioration, and an eternal sorrow, occasioned by the consciousness of guilt and death, constitute the vital elements of this doctrine. The degrees or primary powers of emanation are different in different representations, the imagination of the poet not being always arbitrarily confined within these narrow limits.

It is Brahmá, who among the divinities of Indian mythology belongs especially to this system and sphere of ideas. He is described in Menù's book of laws as the Eternal Spirit, the Supreme *One*, the Sovereign and Lord of Creation; he is the eternal and incomprehensible, the self-existing God, *the peculiar* HE, or God himself. In later works the same appellations are given to Siva and Vishnu by the particular adherents of those divinities. In Menù's book Brahmá holds the first rank; the narrower acceptation, in which this divinity is held, merely as the element of the earth, is of later date.

Notwithstanding the rude errors and arbitrary fictions with which this philosophy is everywhere overlaid, a fearful and horrible superstition having crept into the entire system, profaning and polluting every thing it touched, still it cannot be denied that the early Indians possessed a knowledge of

* Promulgator of the first code of sacred ordinances.

the true God: all their writings are replete with sentiments and expressions, noble, clear, and severely grand, as deeply conceived and reverentially expressed as in any human language in which men have spoken of their God. Yet it may well be asked, how is it possible to account for the existence of such lofty wisdom in combination with errors so great and numerous?

Our astonishment is, perhaps, still more excited, by discovering that a belief in the immortality of the soul is bound up with the idea of divinity in this most ancient system of superstition, than at the noble purity and simplicity of their conception of God. Immortality was not with them a mere probability, deduced gradually, the result of long study and reflection; not some vague imagining of an undefined and shadowy world, but a conviction so certain and decided, that the idea of a future life became the ruling motive and impulse of all actions in this; the grand aim and object of all laws and arrangements, carried out even in the most trifling details.

It would be utterly impossible to explain this fact, I will not say satisfactorily, but even in an intelligible manner, by any theory professing to trace the gradual development of the human intellect from a state of irrational stupidity, little superior to that of the brute creation, up to the highest development of soul and intelligence. This is not the place in which to lay bare the operation of those deeply hidden causes, by which a belief in the immortality of the soul is inseparably linked with the knowledge of the true God. I merely suggest the question, whether it can be correct to seek our proofs of the existence of a God in the usual manner, by syllogisms, probabilities based upon natural appearances, or the evidence of internal necessity; for the footsteps of the Deity cannot be recognised in external nature, or the inner consciousness, unless He be already known and acknowledged; and this consideration, by destroying the simplicity of the original idea, deprives it of all value. I do not here allude to those who assert that the idea of divinity is capable of being deduced from consciousness or internal evidence and the laws of reason; for another power should be evoked in their place, the very idea of which has long been lost. In a word, the Indian doctrine of Emanation, if treated as the offspring of natural reason, is totally inexpli-

cable; but, considered as a perverted conception of revealed truth, becomes at once intelligible. We have, then, ample reason to conclude, from historical evidence alone, as well as upon far higher grounds, that the same glorious Being by whom man was so majestically formed and highly gifted, vouchsafed to the newly created one glance into the mysterious depth of his own existence; thus for ever raising him above the bondage of his mortal condition, placing him in communion with the invisible world, and enriching him with the lofty, yet dangerous boon—the faculty of eternal happiness or misery.

We cannot suppose that original revelation to have been communicated by the immediate teaching of the Father, in symbolic and expressive language, although even that idea were far from utterly empty and futile; still it was probably rather an impulse of the inner feeling; and where the living principle of truth exists, appropriate words and symbols immediately suggest themselves, and these will be full and expressive in proportion to the grandeur of the feeling which inspires them. But again: how could truths so divinely imparted become involved in the mists of error? I would explain it in this manner. Man, if without the gifts of revelation, would occupy a place with other animals in the general plan of creation; perhaps holding the first and highest rank, perhaps, on the contrary, the most intrinsically wild and savage of them all. Without the free operation and comprehension of divine truth, he would soon become debased into a merely blind and senseless instrument. This primitive error, which sprang from an abuse of the divine gifts, and an eclipsing and misinterpretation of holy wisdom, is clearly to be traced in all the Indian records; and in proportion as our knowledge of this, the most highly cultivated nation of antiquity, becomes more perfect and complete, the influence of error and distorted views will be more clearly and palpably evident. The Indian mythology and philosophy is the first system which was substituted for the pure light of truth: notwithstanding some lingering traces of a holier origin, wild inventions and savage errors everywhere predominate, and an impression of anguish and sorrow, naturally resulting from the first rejection of, and estrangement from, revealed truth.

It will readily be acknowledged that the unfathomable

abyss which was supposed to intervene between the idea of infinite perfection in the creative essence and the visible imperfection of the world around, could hardly be more easily and naturally filled up than by the doctrine of Emanation: it is, indeed, not merely the root and basis of all primitive superstition, but an ever-welling spring of poetry and imagination. According to that doctrine, every thing is an emanation of divinity, each distinct existence being, as it were, but a more obscure and limited reflection of the supreme head; consequently the world, thus inspired and vivified, becomes an assemblage of Divine Beings, or Gods,—Hylozoismus, not merely Polytheism, but, if one may so speak "all-götterie,"—an universality of Gods or Pantheism, for the Indian divinities are indeed of countless numbers. Every mythology rising from the same fertile source is remarkable from the richness of its original inventions, and is thus sufficiently distinguished from all less perfect systems, or, to speak more properly, from those which lie yet more widely distant from the stream of old legendary tradition. Still no mythological system has as yet been discovered which can be entirely separated from all dependence on nobler ideas, and more cultivated nations; on those, in short, whose creations were drawn more immediately from the true and living spring of poetry and fancy. Even the Greek philosophy, different as it is in genius and character, partakes, in common with the Indian, of this overflowing abundance of indwelling living treasures.

It seems scarcely necessary to observe that the deification of great and holy men is by no means irreconcileable with the opinion that all were but various emanations from the same primal source; on the contrary, it rather harmonises with that doctrine; since the greater the affinity between the divided being and its pure and glorious original, the more appropriately will it claim a greater measure of reverence and regard.

The ten holy Avatars*, who hold so conspicuous a place in Indian philosophy, are numbered among the followers, or rather successors, of Brahmá, the seven great Rishis, priests

* Avatars or incarnations of the Deity. These ten avatarâs are by some arranged according to the thousands of divine years in each of the four ages, or in an arithmetical proportion from four to one; Buddha was the latest incarnation. — *Sir W. Jones's Works*, vol. i. — *Trans.*

and sages of a primitive world, Casyapá, and all the races descending through him from Diti and Aditi*, night and day, down to the two families of the children of the sun and of the offspring of the moon.

We are here discussing merely the possibility that the Indian Avatars were simply deified men, without wishing to dispute the opinion previously expressed of their symbolic signification. The testimony of history often coincides with the idea of emanation, and the genealogy of avatars and heroes with the cosmogony of nature. The seven Menùs, for example, represent many periods of infinite duration, subordinate world-creators and world-disposers; the periods marked by the development and apparition of the highest avatars. But should we, therefore, deny every historical inference that may be drawn from that saga?

To pursue this investigation further at the present moment would lead us too much into details, and it may, perhaps, at some future day, be more amply illustrated by far richer sources that may then be opened to us. The present disquisition on the most important epoch of Oriental genius must be restricted to the principal features of Indian mythology, the intention of which is so clearly and prominently marked that, even with the little information we yet possess, it is impossible to mistake its intrinsic signification.

The doctrine of Emanation is seen in the most beautiful and favourable light when considered as a system of reunion with the divine essence. The divine origin of man is continually inculcated to stimulate his efforts to return, to animate him in the struggle, and incite him to consider a reunion and re-incorporation with divinity as the one primary object of every action and exertion. To this we may attribute the holy tendency of so many Indian laws, customs, and manners, and the severe and serious simplicity of their entire life. Still the spirit of those institutions may have early vanished, leaving only dead forms and penitential exercises too quickly assailed and undermined by the growth of error and superstition.

From these ideas of various kinds of living and conscious beings, concealed under such a vast diversity of forms, and of their perpetual approach towards or departure from the common source, arose the belief in the Metempsychosis or

* Casyapá, the ancient god of the heavens, with Aditi his consort.

transmigration of souls. With the same principle was closely connected the doctrine of a former life, or the pre-existence of the soul, and ideas or lofty thoughts and dim remembrances of an earlier period, illumined by the immediate aspect of divinity, and which were ever kindled and reawakened in the soul by the presence of the beautiful.* Calidásá, in the "Sacontala" (a national drama), frequently alludes to this doctrine as to one generally known and admitted. The Metempsychosis, wherever it is not viewed in a merely physical light, but as closely connected with a belief in the moral ruin and abasement of all created beings, is unquestionably of Indian origin, springing from the belief in emanation, and inculcating the necessity of repentance and purification as the terms of reunion with the Supreme Being. Thus the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, with all its Oriental accompaniments embodied in the teaching of Pythagoras, proves his philosophy to have been no Hellenistic invention, although it was soon developed and adorned with all the riches of Hellenistic genius and ingenuity. We must, then, also be prepared completely to reject the oldest and proportionately best accounts of the Pythagorean philosophy.

The same doctrine was common among the Celtic Druids, though by what channel it was conveyed thither is less certainly known: it is probable that the Etruscans and other people of Italy had adopted it before the time of Pythagoras, and we find very ancient traces of its existence even in the extreme north of Europe. If borrowed by Pythagoras from any distant country, he may well have derived it either from Egypt or Western Asia. The Egyptian treatment of the dead body, which they strove to eternise as much as possible, proves the marked difference existing in their ideas of immortality, although the general features and construction of the Egyptian mythology and religion assimilate closely to the Indian. Osiris, a suffering and dying god, the leading idea of Egyptian mythology, is best explained by a reference to the Indian belief in the misery of the natural world, and the deep degradation in which its original light and purity had become involved.

"Dreams of a former, happier day,
When heaven was still the spirit's home,
And her wings had not yet fallen away!"

MOORE's *Epicurean. Trans.*

CHAP. III. — ON ASTROLOGY, AND THE WILD WORSHIP OF NATURE.

THE pure morality inculcated by the doctrine of Emanation, its positive richness and abundant development of animal life, give it the superiority over Pantheism, properly so called, which, from its irregular abstract and false conceptions of the infinite God, has long since been consigned to neglect and oblivion: still even emanation in its purest form cannot be wholly freed from the imputation of fatalism. The belief in predestination has already been noticed. It is most intelligibly indicated in the cosmogony of Menù, in a quotation which we extract from the tenth volume (the second of the poetry). The doctrine of the constant alternation of repose and activity, sleep and waking, of the Supreme Being, belongs to the same volume: —

"As he had created all things, which beyond the power of imagination to conceive, constantly developed themselves,
He sank back again into himself, time with time now alternating:
While God is waking, the world rises into motion and activity,
But if with calm mind he sleeps, then all decays and perishes."

He then describes more fully the manner in which all the earthly being is interwoven with the primitive power and energy: —

"As long as he sweetly sleeps, so of all his life he loses the strength."

And further:

"Thus alternating waking and sleep, every thing which moves or is at rest
He brings forth constantly into life, or exterminates it, himself unchangeable."

"Numerous world-developments there are, creation, and extermination;
Sportively he produces either, the highest Creator for ever and ever."

The idea of the absence of any specific design in the creation of the world, and of a merely capricious activity on the part of the Creator, is intimately connected with that of a ceaseless alternation and revolution. In later systems this

becomes a continual contraction and expansion of the ruling principle of strength, the pulsation of the soul of the world.

Fatalism unfolded among the ancients into a highly artistic and comprehensive system. Astrology too, with all its accompaniments of prediction, auguries, lucky and unlucky days, forms a most remarkable feature of ancient mythology, and even exerts an incalculable influence on modern times. The star-worship of the Egyptians, with which was combined an apparently rude adoration of nature, arose not so much from a wondering poetical veneration for the beautiful, but rather from the influence of astrology and divination. There exist in the human heart and brain so many impulses and principles likely to lead from the veneration of the divinity into a worship of rude natural strength, — the adoration of the Creator so easily sinks and degenerates into that of the thing created, that it would be superfluous to insist further on a point so well known and universally acknowledged; let it then suffice to observe, that in ancient Asia also, not mere indications, but absolute proofs, are everywhere to be found of a completely material train of thought. This materialism might, in contradistinction to that prevailing in Europe, be called the Oriental; and it is certainly, as far as it has hitherto been investigated, of a peculiar and very original character. In tracing the historical gradations and progress of Oriental philosophy, this doctrine appears immediately to succeed those of Emanation, Return, and Metempsychosis. The astrological belief might, perhaps, supply a clue for tracing the progress of degeneracy from the religious idea once entertained to one so entirely material; but this is not necessary; for in the cosmogony of Menù, the most ancient work yet known on Indian philosophy, many indications of materialism are to be found. The symbol of the world-egg * indeed, which is known also among the Egyptians, may be considered as a mere image of childlike antiquity; but the Matra, the seed particle of the world, must have had some reference to philosophy, whether the idea of separate atoms existed at this period also as well as subsequently; whether

* Brahmá is said to have been born in a golden egg, blazing like a thousand suns: after dwelling there for ages, meditating on himself, he divided the egg into two equal parts, and formed heaven and earth.— *Trans.*

those Greek philosophers were in the right who maintained that the atomic system was of Oriental origin, cannot be decided until we have a more perfect acquaintance with the sects of Paschandisten, Shoktisten, and the Atheistic systems, as Charval, &c., the principles of which may at least be clearly gathered from the refutations of their opponents, although their own writings are now almost entirely lost. The little we know of the philosophy of the Phœnicians is involved in too much uncertainty to afford any grounds for a decisive conclusion; the probability is, that its doctrines were solely and entirely of this kind.

The wild adoration of mere physical strength holds a far too important place in the various different elements out of which the religion of the Hindoos gradually developed itself. It is presented under two characters; sometimes as an inexhaustible creative power, and sometimes as an all-annihilating principle of destruction, and is thus embodied in the worship of Siva*, and of the terrific Durga.† Images of death and pleasure, intermingling in horrible combination Bacchantic licentiousness and bloody human sacrifices. The idea of eternity, interwoven with the general plan of this philosophy, and ever pointing backwards to a holier origin, invested the nature-worship and materialism of the Orientals with a peculiarly fearful character, far different from the mere sensuality which reigned in the religion of many wild and uncivilised nations; for the most frightful errors are too frequently produced by the perversion and demoralisation of the loftiest and noblest principles.

The worship of nature has extended so widely that our observations must be confined to a few of its most important peculiarities. All those gods whose wrath could be appeased, or their favour propitiated by human sacrifices, betray their affinity with the Indian Siva and Kali. To this class belong also the Baal and Moloch of the Syrians and Phœnicians: few people have ever been so completely under the dominion of materialism and the wild worship of nature as the Phœnicians. The Gallic Esus, too, was of the same family: in his worship the Gauls poured forth such streams

* Siva, Seeva; the same with Brahmá.

† Dusga, the wife of Brahmá; the same with Seraswatti.

of blood as were unparalleled in ancient times, and of which the modern era affords no example, except in the idol worship of the Mexicans. The adoration of the Lingam, and the all-creating Yoni, holds a more important place in the star and animal worship of the ancient Egyptians than is generally supposed. The use of the Phallus in festivals and symbols is said by Herodotus to have been borrowed from the Egyptians. The emblematic monuments erected by the victorious Sesostris, at every stage of his progress, may be far more naturally explained as general symbols of this superstition than according to the moral signification assigned them by Herodotus, who considers them to have typified the masculine courage or womanly cowardice of the conquered nations. The Phœnician Astarte, the Phrygian Cybele, the Ephesian Artemisia, and even the German Hertha, perhaps differ only in unessential points from the Indian Bhavani.* The fundamental idea of all-creating infinite physical vigour is evidently the characteristic of each divinity. The worship of the goddess Mylitta, called by the Armenians Anaitis, and by the ancient Arabs Alilath, appears to have been most predominant in Babylon, and the states dependent on the Babylonian empire. It is not improbable that the term Yavanern is employed in old Indian MSS. to designate all those western nations who adhered to that worship, indicating not any distinct race or people, but a religious sect. Certainly the Yavanern mentioned in Menù's Book of Laws, with the Pahlavi, and other uncivilised races of the warrior stem, could not have been the Greeks who accompanied Alexander, because they are afterwards comprehended under the general denomination of people of the West.

A similar veneration of the physical strength and vigour of nature, although more refined and softened among the polished Greeks and Romans, and not carried out in so full and connected a form, was nevertheless the vital spirit of classic mythology, as must be acknowledged by all whose researches have not been purely antiquarian. A severe sense of propriety checked and restrained among the Romans the licentiousness of this wild nature-worship; either because with them the idea still retained more of its original purity and excellence, or from the influence exercised by the ad-

* Bhavani or Parvati, the wife of Siva.

mirable legislators of their earlier times. The structure of the Greek mythology, however, probably on account of the greater versatility and lightness of their character, was loose and free; and the ancient superstitions were lost ere long, or wrapt in a glowing veil of mythological fictions; while many separate ideas and doctrines were probably borrowed from a far better and purer system, of which we shall subsequently have occasion to speak.

Oriental Materialism possesses, in common with the doctrine of Emanation, an inexhaustible fund of fancy and imagination; nay, the wild enthusiasm, which there replaces the earlier impression of weariness and pain, is the one remarkable source of every gigantic invention in history or mythology. Even the deification of heroes was founded on the principle of nature-worship; the creative or destructive power of nature being so peculiarly evidenced in warriors and heroes, that they readily become personifications of those attributes. The six-armed war-god Carticeyà or Scondoh, is represented in Indian fable as the son and constant attendant of Siva. Perhaps not heroes only, but even great inventors and discoverers, were also deified. The human intellect must have been flattered in no slight degree by the first steps towards unveiling the mysteries of nature, since those early discoveries appear marvellous even to the calm investigator of history. With the worship of the stars and other works of creation which formed the theme of these discoveries, it seemed natural to combine the adoration of that wisdom and science which had led to the discoveries; this will account for the widely diffused idea of Hermes or Thauts, and possibly of the earliest Indian Buddha also. Ganeschah*, another inventive god, was the constant companion of Siva. I must remark, in conclusion, that the great antiquity of this portion of Indian philosophy and tradition, is incontestably proved by the monuments existing at Ellora, and in the island of Elephanta; the symbolism of the Indians, Egyptians, and even of the Greeks, can have arisen only from that source. Human sacrifices are commanded in the Veda to be offered to the goddess Kali; but before positively asserting this, it would perhaps be desirable to consult the text, with the assistance of a mature

* Ganesa, son of Siva, god of wisdom.

critical work, by which the antiquity of the whole might be satisfactorily proved, and later additions distinguished and separated from the original work.

Chap. IV. — The Doctrine of the Two Principles.

The subject we are now approaching is one of the most beautiful in the whole sphere of ancient Heathenism — the worship of light, and the sun. The doctrine of Dualism, the Oriental philosophy of two contending principles, and the eternal strife between good and evil, are all members or adjuncts of this religion. Wherever any traces of it are recognised, it appears to have maintained a vigorous contest against the material disposition of mind already noticed, even as though it were a reappearance of that divine light of truth, which was too early lost and forgotten. The spirit of this philosophy is completely ideal: it is true that the idea of self-acting *oneness* (ichheit) is common to all Indian systems; and the derivation of all light and vigour from the spiritual essence of the *one* Supreme Being is found to be of more universal acceptation the higher we advance in tracing the history of Oriental philosophy: in this sense, therefore, the epithet Ideal may justly be applied to almost every Eastern system. The peculiar affinity of Oriental and European Idealism consists principally in the opinion that activity, life, and freedom can alone be recognised as actually effective in their operation; dead repose and motionless inactivity being condemned as utterly void and ineffective. It is true that great philosophical difficulties may be raised against this system, considered as such; if, for example, the principle of evil be described, as in eternal opposition to all holiness and virtue, we must recognise the existence of a separate power, distinct from, if not co-equal with, the Supreme Divinity, and consequently maintaining the position he occupies in the world by his own independent strength, and thus destroying all idea of unity. But if, as is usually the case, it be asserted that the opposing principle is finally overpowered and subdued, Ahriman being transformed, and once more united

with and reconciled to Ormuz, the principle of disunion is virtually abandoned; everything melts pantheistically into one single essence, and the eternal distinction between good and evil is completely set aside. Yet, notwithstanding these defects, the intellectual religion of the Persians deserves to rank next to the Christian faith and doctrine, as propounded in the Old Testament and developed and completed in the New: its severe truth and high moral tendency give it a decided superiority to all other Oriental systems.

The distinction between good and evil must unavoidably be neutralised by the doctrines of Pantheism. However it may seek in words to refute that imputation, a belief in emanation crushes all freedom of mind and spirit, by the infinite weight of conscious guilt, and the conviction that all created beings have been wretched from their eternal origin, down to the present time. The doctrine of the Two Principles, and of the strife between good and evil, forms a medium between those two extremes, and is in itself a mighty impulse, prompting to a similar struggle, an unquenchable source of pure morality and virtue. Whatever may have been the hidden origin of this doctrine and these systems, they must, undoubtedly, be referred to a period of very remote antiquity; for Zerdusht merely reproduced the doctrines, and can scarcely, indeed, have been the first even to revive them; their origin must unquestionably claim our veneration, even if it be not esteemed divine, for the free life of pure moral strength cannot be embodied in theory, unless it be first in active operation. This doctrine is, indeed, no subtle speculation of inventive fancy; and the strife between the principles of good and evil will be an empty and unmeaning phrase to all except those who, animated by a pure enthusiasm for virtue and holiness, have striven, with the whole energy and power of their nature, against the prevailing power and encroachments of the spirit of evil. Although from the simplicity of its structure and component parts, this philosophy may be reduced to a system, it does indeed deserve a far loftier name, — it is life and action. Whoever, by his own free operation, has gained a consciousness of his moral existence, may thence be enabled to comprehend the life of nature.

This religion does not make the wild vigour or destruc-

tive power of nature the objects of its adoration; not enjoyment nor death, but the purest and most beneficent elements, fire and light, therefore life, and indwelling spirit generally. The seven Amshaspands or genii of the elements, and primary powers of existence, stand, like so many kings of nature, around the throne of their sovereign ruler. Heaven is thronged by the sacred Feruers, the divine prototypes and ideas of all created things. Mythras, the star of day, and friend of man, stands as the mediator between him and the divinity; all bloody sacrifices are abolished, and the sacred union and enjoyment of the pure Hom and Miezd, consecrated by the priest at the altar, signifies an internal communion with God, through the noblest strength and luxuriant produce of his blooming productions.

The adoration of the elements, however, is not the only characteristic feature of this religion; heroes and warriors, also, became objects of worship; yet they were no longer adored merely as destroyers and conquerors, nor reverenced on account of their physical strength and vigour, but as heavenly conquerors of the giants, triumphant over the powers of darkness and the spirits of hell. The combat between Iran and Turan is but an earthly counterpart of the eternal struggle between the powers of good and evil, perpetually carried on in heaven. Feridun and Rustan, whose names have been so often celebrated in heroic song, subdue and fetter the savage strength of Zohak and Afrasiab; but Dschemschid appears, resplendent above them all, the ideal of a perfect king, shining forth in the gloom of an obscure antiquity. A realm of perfect happiness, where light at length reigns triumphant in joy and blessedness, becomes a necessary appendage of this system of philosophy, no less than the perfection of the original condition of the world, when Meshia and Meshianes wandered in the garden of innocence: a condition which the religion of Zerdusht seeks only to restore.

All the loveliest fables of Indian mythology owe their birth to this philosophy. We may trace back to this source the all-preserving, beneficent, and sagacious Vishnoo, with his followers and attendants. His feminine image and consort has, however, no resemblance to the wild spouse of Siva, the fearful Kali. She is the lily of heaven (Pedmah), the

blessed and ever blessing goddess Lacshmi, or Sri, the lovely daughter of the benignant sea-god Varuna. Cama, the god of love, is always found near to her, and the sun-god Indrá, the friend of man, surrounded by all blessed and beneficent spirits, genii, and celestial nymphs. Vishnoo frequently appeared upon earth, under the various forms of a king, a sage, a wonder-working warrior and hero, but always with the intention of checking the progress of crime, exterminating giants and unfriendly powers, and animating all good genii to support and protect their leader, the high-souled Indrá.

This noble idea has been greatly defaced by arbitrary fables and inventions; feigning that God, like another Proteus, assumed not only the human form, and appeared in the character of a philosopher or hero, but also took that of a turtle, a boar, a man-lion, and a fish. Still, the mere conception of so grand an idea as the incarnation of a God, is an abiding proof of the profound reflective character of the Indian mind, and of the high degree of intelligence with which that people was endowed. The same pure and beautiful idea of affording salvation to the pure in heart, and annihilating all evil and destructive powers, may be seen under every variety of form. We occasionally find in other systems of mythology, if based on high moral principles, such descriptions of heroes as almost answer to our ideas of god-like virtue; heroes, who, obedient to sublime laws, and in the performance of glorious duties, laboured only to subvert the wicked, and raise and protect the good. But in no Hercules or hero of the poet's song is the idea of deified humanity so vividly embodied as in that of the Indian Ramá, the generous conqueror, whose voluntary exile and loneliness, and sometimes fortunate, sometimes unhappy affection for Sita, has been so sweetly and deliciously sung.

This doctrine mounts to a still higher grade of perfection, if we consider the lofty morality in life and doctrine of the Indian hermits and munis, particularly as they are described in the Puranas. The austere self-denial of those old penitents and rishis, who by voluntary and self-inflicted torture thought to extort as it were a higher degree of virtue, happiness, and supernatural power, are thrown rather into the background, and we are struck occasionally by the sweetest

resignation and trust in God, a sentiment fraught with humility and pure heavenly love.

The worship of Vishnoo holds so important a place in the philosophy of the Vedas, that it becomes a question of surpassing interest, whether the doctrines and opinions there promulgated concerning him are precisely the same as those contained in the Puranas. This certainly is not the case in the book of Mcnù, but the question need not now be debated, as we already possess sufficient data to enable us to arrange in their proper order the various stages and strata of its general progress and development, but without attempting to determine the exact chronology of each, or to form them into a regular history.

This system is not purely poetical, although many and indeed the most beautiful among the Persian and Indian fables were founded on the doctrine of the two principles and the worship of the free spirit of nature. The full meaning and intention of many fictions of the Greek and Latin mythology also, as well as the Northern, is first seen when they are considered as forming part of that cycle of ideas. Still, notwithstanding their inherent poetic spirit, they will generally be found susceptible of a philosophical construction and interpretation. Even in the symbolism of the Persians we discover a certain regular proportion in the symbolic figures, a form symmetrically constructed, and the first germ of which is in Dualism, in the antagonism or alternate manifestation of the primary powers. It seems highly probable that a philosophical system of similar intent and spirit was also common among the Indians. Whether the principles of Dualism were contained in the Nyayà philosophy*, next to the Mimansà the oldest now extant, or whether the two systems of Madhwo and Ramanujo, into which the adherents of Vishnoo divided themselves, and which are noticed and contrasted in the writings of the

* The word Nyayà in the MS. copy of the *Amaracosha*, is explained by *certamen*, combat, unless the name of that philosophy should be differently derived through *niyolç*, he ordains (*constituit*), whence *niti*, the doctrine of morality. According to the first explanation, Nyayà may also be supposed to mean dialectic; but our ideas of Indian philosophy are as yet so undecided, that Nyayà is sometimes explained as referring to a branch of philosophic logic, and at others as a decided system, and belonging to a distinct sect.

Vedas, arose from the same source, may be seen by future researches, which may also decide the question as to whether Zerdusht adopted Indian doctrines exclusively, or the reverse. Since so much unquestionably proceeded from India, may not a little at least have flowed back thither? It should be constantly remembered that this is by no means impossible, and we ought therefore to be on our guard against mistaking circumstances, which are merely of frequent occurrence, for an universal law to the neglect of individual dissimilarities.

Some foreign admixtures may be discovered in almost every branch of Indian writings, but the Puranas are unquestionably the first in which the religion and fictions of Vishnoo predominate, partly, indeed, in the same philosophical sense which they bear in later systems. We also meet in the Puranas with personages and histories borrowed from the Holy Scriptures; not merely those which, like the history of Noah, were familiar to all nations and people, but others also which appear peculiar to the sacred writings; the history of Job, for example: still we must not too hastily conclude that they were borrowed immediately from the records of the Old Testament by Indian poets and sages, for it is probable that the Hebrews and Persians, and again the Persians and Indians, may have had more ideas in common than is usually supposed.

Although the system we have been describing appears in a most favourable light, in comparison with other ancient superstitions, still even here, as in every case in which the high manifestation of divine light was not preserved in unsullied purity in the soul, errors and superstitions early became annexed to the truth, and the false bias given in those ancient times was followed up with so much eagerness and unanimity, that the most beautiful and sublime ideas often gave rise to customs and ceremonies which cannot be contemplated without abhorrence. A feeling of the ineffable beauty, purity, and holiness of the primal elements, though in itself both poetically beautiful and at the same time a profound and unquestionable truth, gave birth to an anxious and fearful horror of polluting and corrupting that sacred spring of life, the etherial essence of nature, by contact with human corpses. To inter a dead body in the earth,

or even to consume it in the still holier element of fire, was therefore condemned by the Persian religion as almost the greatest crime of which any human being could be guilty, and hence arose the fearful practice, common among the ancient Magi, of giving the bodies of their dead to be torn to pieces by wild beasts; a custom which is still in force in Thibet, notwithstanding the change of religion: it has even extended into the northern corner of Asia, as far as Kamschatka, in the same manner in which customs and ceremonies often subsist, even when the government or legislation under which they were first appointed is no longer in being. This belief, however, is not generally insisted upon as a philosophical principle, or at least not as a severe and exclusive system; and it is therefore probable that many old astrological errors and superstitions may similarly have crept into the pure worship of nature and the elements, or may soon have found a path of return thither.

That divine light of which the present treatise more peculiarly treats, was constantly described as a principle and essence of gradual development; the morning dawn heralding a better time, but preceded by a far different period of darkness and obscurity: we are thus led back to the material idea of original gloom and chaos, and of Night, the mother of all created things.

I recall these facts merely in refutation of the belief that a mythology which, like the Greek, sprang from Chaos, or Night, as the mother of all things, must consequently be pure materialism, and be incompatible with the clear and glowing ideas which distinguished the Oriental systems, and whose influence is so widely different throughout the realms of fancy and imagination.

Yet the religion of light, originally so pure and beautiful, has been much corrupted in other respects. This system of philosophy has had more influence than any other, except the astrological superstition, on the establishment and formation of secret societies and mysteries. A loftier degree of illumination ought indeed to bring with it an increase of humility and love; but the slightest estrangement from the pure source of truth, even in the most highly gifted, leads to pride rather than to more gentle and gracious sentiments; and those who believed themselves endowed with

clearer revelations of hidden wisdom, separating in disdainful and mysterious selfishness from their fellow-men, presumed in their seclusion to assume the place of that Providence which governs all, considering other men but as blind tools for the working out of their peculiar aim and object, and holding themselves justified in thus employing them.

This was probably the case in the earliest antiquity, as well as in our own time, and perhaps far more frequently than is usually imagined.

CHAP. V. — PANTHEISM.

AMONG the various Oriental systems of philosophy, which, on account of their great historic weight and widely extended influence, claim our consideration, one only, Pantheism, now remains to be noticed. The spirit of this system may be recognised in the religion of the Buddhists, which at the commencement of the Christian era, 1000 years after its first origin, was common to the natives of Thibet, China, Ceylon, and the whole eastern peninsula of India, besides the people of Tartary and the North. The doctrine of the nothingness of all matter, to which the belief in its unity or oneness so naturally leads, has at least been attributed to Fo, the Chinese philosopher, as his peculiar, most essential, and esoteric doctrine, founded on the clearest and most distinct science; but a doctrine which supposes every object in creation to be thus nullified and absorbed into an abstract and negative conception of the Eternal, is too thoroughly visionary and untenable to subsist for more than a very brief period.

It must not be forgotten that the Pantheistic philosophy is considered the latest of the Oriental systems; the historical evidence on which this is asserted will be cited below; and I shall merely remark in this place, that the profound and vital idea originally entertained of the Eternal and his almighty power, must have been greatly vitiated and enfeebled before it could descend to lose itself in the false and visionary notion of the oneness or unity of all things, so distant too

from the doctrine of their nullity. All other Oriental doctrines, however disguised by error and fiction, are founded in, and dependent on, divine and marvellous revelations; but Pantheism is the offspring of unassisted reason, and therefore marks the transition from the Oriental to the European philosophy. It is no less flattering to the self-conceit of man, than to his indolence. When once men have arrived at the conclusion that all is unity, an opinion at once so comprehensive and all-annihilating, further research or investigation is deemed superfluous; every thing that is divine, drawn from other sources, or believed in by other men, appears, to their superficial reasoning, to be merely the delusive folly of superstition, and even life itself, with its mutations, is, in their eyes, but a fallacious and unsubstantial semblance of reality.

If any energy of mind or depth of feeling still survive, and the doctrine be carried out in its fullest scope and intensity, it certainly assumes a very different, and at the same time a most fearful, character. In India more especially, it has frequently prompted a system of voluntary and self-inflicted torture, which to the calm contemplator seems almost incredible: like the spirit-crushing martyrdom of the Yogis and Sonnyasis, who aimed at a total annihilation of self as the highest perfection. In colder and feebler natures, however, the doctrine of Pantheism engendered a belief that guilt itself was but an empty delusion, and the conviction that all, being one, must be equally perfect, brought with it a false and glittering semblance of internal peace.

In China, however, where Pantheism prevailed long before the time when the religion of Buddha was introduced, this latter may perhaps have borrowed a little from the former. In other countries, generally, Buddhism assumes a very mingled form, and we find in it many doctrines drawn from the worship of Siva especially. In Tartar Buddhism we discover a more than usually hideous and distorted image of the fearful and destructive power of divinity. Turner found in Thibet festivals of Kalí, the restoration of Carticeya and Ganesa, and the entire suite of Siva.

The Chinese Number-philosophy, as set forth in the old Y-king*, the Book of Unity, comprises another and very

* I-king, sometimes called the Book of Changes.

pure system of Pantheism. This is one of the most remarkable records existing of Oriental philosophy. Although Fo-hi, who is named as its author, is a merely fictitious character, still the circumstance that the true meaning of the work had long been a subject of dispute even in the time of Kon-fu-tse* (in the year 550 B.C.), who was the last of its classical expounders, proves it at once to have been of great antiquity. It is not written in the ordinary character, but in peculiarly simple forms and symbols, and is therefore the less likely to have been changed or falsified. The great Supreme Being, of whom this hieroglyphic book treats, is also called Tao, or divine reason, through which all things are created; or Tai-ki, the great supreme point, through whom all things are produced, and in whom all distinction and separation terminates.† This great one is divided into two primary equations, or beings of contrasting powers and attributes, from whose various connexions and combinations every thing comes into existence according to a certain fixed mechanism and blind necessity, the laws of which are imposed by Tao. The Yn and Yang—the perfect, masculine and active; and the imperfect, feminine and passive; are symbolised, the first by entire and unbroken, the second by a broken line; these again produce four other combinations, signs, or symbols, as they are called; the greater and lesser Yang, and the greater and lesser Yn, respectively expressed by two broken or unbroken lines placed parallel, and the two lesser by a broken line placed above or below the unbroken. The eight koua, or symbols, in the threefold combination of the Yang and Yn, are the eight elementary powers.‡ Moral ideas might once have been conveyed by the six-fold combination and reduplication of

* Confucius.

† The great first principle has engendered or produced two equations and differences, or primary rules of existence, but these two primary rules or oppositions, namely, Yn and Yang, or repose and motion, — the affirmative and negative, as we might otherwise call them,—have produced four signs or symbols, and these four symbols have produced the eight koua, or further combinations. See *Philosophy of History*, p. 130.

‡ 1. Kien, or ether. 2. Kni, or pure water. 3. Li, or pure fire. 4. Tchin, or thunder. 5. Tiun, the wind. 6. Kan, common water. 7. Keu, a mountain, and 8. Kuen, the earth. — *Schlegel's Philosophy of History*, p. 131.

that triple form. But all are soon lost in a mere play of numbers, — or, to speak philosophically, all that apparent individuality is merely a difference in degree and combination. In the Number-philosophy of Kon-fu-tse, the five, as the perfect middle number, ranks highest, and not the four or the six, as in other systems of Number-philosophy; and the five first even numbers, up to ten, belong, according to him, to the heavenly, the five uneven, on the contrary, to the earthly powers.

If Pantheism is not a mere theory and sentiment, as would appear from the description of the Indian Yogis and Sonnyasis, contained in the Bhagavatgita, but is considered in the light of a scientific system, it will prove to be nothing more than a combination-play of the positive and negative, framed according to the mere mechanism of reason, which is far better expressed by a number-symbolism of the kind above described, than it could be in words. Finding a place as it does in the earliest form of Pantheism, it appears probable that it originated in the later alterations and debasement of Dualism. When the doctrine of the Two Principles ceased to be a religious belief, and was degraded into a merely philosophical system, the idea of the two primal powers being united and absorbed into one higher being could hardly fail to be admitted.

The original signification of the Yang is, according to De Guignes, *light* and movement; of the Yn, *darkness* and repose. Many Chinese doctrines and traditions, before the time of Kon-fu-tse, bear an undeniable resemblance to the Persian ideas, similar to that which we have already noticed between the Chinese and Scriptural records. Those countries had, indeed, more intercourse than would appear at the first glance. The principal seat of the old religion of China was in the north-west province of Shen-see, and the Persian faith ruled in Bactria. The philosopher Laokiun had journeyed far into the west.

Is it not possible, then, that a similar connexion may have subsisted between the Indian Sanchyà, or Number-philosophy of Kopilo, and the Chinese? The philosophy of Fo did, undoubtedly, at a later period, travel from India into China, and may not the same have happened with other systems? In the commentary on Menù's book of laws,

Mahat and Avyakto, the mighty, the incomprehensible and indivisible, are cited as the two principles of the philosophy of Kopilo. But perhaps this apparent Dualism had a similar meaning in the Y-king. The Bhagavatgita removes every doubt as to the Pantheistic tendency of the Sanchyà philosophy, and we must therefore conclude that the author either completely misunderstood it, or violently wrested the meaning to support his own system. In the Bhagavatgita, and all other works ascribed to Vyasa, we remark the prevalence of the Vedantà philosophy, of which he was the founder, and this system is consequently better known to us than any other Indian theory.

It is clearly seen, even from the translation, to be pure Pantheism; and the philosophical precision of the original record would probably make some passages even more forcible. Certainly, however, it was, as its name, Vedanta, indicates, merely a remodelling of that ancient Indian system hallowed by the tradition of the Vedas.

The ancient Saga, as well as the ancient construction, are preserved throughout; but, wherever it is possible, the new meaning is interpolated, and all referred to that one great supreme being — the highest Brahmà; also Ghuinyon, the object of knowledge, is here expressively defined as the medium between being and not being, — Sot and Osot (chap. 13.). Yet there are numerous passages directed against the Veda itself; and the unqualified praise bestowed upon the Sanchyic philosophy, in preference to every other, seems to indicate an actual agreement with that system.

It has, nevertheless, been maintained by some few writers, that these three systems are three branches of philosophy, the Sanchyà being physics, the Mimansà ethics, and the Nyayà dialectics; while others, on the contrary, consider them to be so many systems of philosophy; among which, the Nyayà would deserve peculiar attention, as one of the most ancient, and, with the exception of the Mimansà, the only one mentioned in the book of Menù, and numbered with it among the Upangas.* The moral spirit of the Mimansà, and the speculative creativeness of the Sanchyà, agree with the rank which we have assigned them in our

* There are four Upangas, called Puraná, Vyáya, Mimansà, and Dhermasástra. — *Sir Wm. Jones.*

systematic arrangement of Indian philosophy. A further acquaintance with Indian works may render a more distinct division possible; it is enough for the present that Menù's book of laws enables us to judge with tolerable accuracy of those very ancient Indian doctrines, which form the basis of their legislature, — the essential characteristics of the Vedantà philosophy (which, as the latest, closes the entire series of Indian literature,) are plainly set forth in the Bhagavat-gita.

Indian literature may, for the greater facility of investigation, be provisionally divided into four epochs. The first will comprise the Vedas, and other writings closely connected with them, as Menù's book of laws: the Vedas, though perhaps corrupted by single interpolations, cannot have been entirely remodelled; and the fact that, in so short a space of time, vocabularies were already required for the correct understanding of the text, argues much in favour of its genuineness. The intention ascribed to the Rigvéda and Yajurvéda, compiled in prose, was different, being that of a magical and liturgical cosmogony; while the Sámavéd, in verse, is moral, but probably with many mythical and historical circumstances interwoven, as is the case with the Manovondhormoshastron.

Another grand epoch is formed by the works ascribed to Vyasá, the eighteen Puranas, the Mahábhárata, and the Vedantá philosophy. Although the books attributed to him are so numerous that they cannot possibly have been the production of one single individual, still it is probable that a similarity of doctrine and opinion prevails in all, with but little dissimilarity in the general style, from which, however, that of Menù's Book of Laws differs in a remarkable degree.

As the Vedas appear to give the earliest intelligible indications of the gradual and mysterious operation of a false tendency, the writings which intervene between it and the Puranas will probably prove equally instructive and important. Nearly all the philosophical writings of earlier date than the Vedanta may be classed with them, some being simply in accordance with it, as the Sanchyá, and others again disputing and opposing the doctrines inculcated in it; besides these, the Rámáyana, and probably also many other poems, which are afterwards more fully worked up in the

Puranas. The great antiquity of the Mahabharatá and Rámáyana, in the internal structure at least, if not in outward form, is incontestably proved by the monuments existing at Ellora and elsewhere.

This, then, I should term the second epoch. The Puranas and other works of Vyasá form the third; finally the fourth and latest epoch is formed by Calidás and other poets, who clothed the old sagas and legends which till then had been considered the exclusive property of the priesthood, in more popular forms as dramas or poems, and thus fitted them for universal admiration and appreciation.

But the most important periods of Indian, and indeed of Oriental philosophy and religion generally, are the following: first, the diffusion of the pure doctrine of Emanation, which at length degenerated into astrological superstition and fanatic materialism; and the doctrine of the Two Principles, which subsequently was transformed from Dualism into Pantheism.

Oriental philosophy and its influence on the human mind has never been more deeply debased than in its alliance with Pantheism, which is as destructive to morality as even Materialism, while its influence on fancy and imagination is equally fatal. It is quite probable that in India, where, notwithstanding a great apparent uniformity, there existed such a diversity of intellectual and spiritual development, many single instances of ordinary scepticism or even of an empiric tendency may be found. But whether these indications were ever developed into a regular system, or arranged in a more scientific form, has not yet been decided.

I have merely attempted at present to direct your attention to the most important of these systems — those which form epochs and illustrate the general progress of Oriental literature and philosophy. I have intentionally omitted many which might nevertheless have illustrated the contrast and affinity between the different systems, the gradual transition from one to another, or the entire development and formation of each separate scheme and its different modifications, as the great diversity of these contemplations would probably have interfered too much with our consideration of the peculiar theme of this treatise.

BOOK III.

HISTORICAL IDEAS.

CHAP. I. — ON THE ORIGIN OF POETRY.

THE ancient forms of speech, which I have attempted in the first book to trace from the root to their loftiest and widest ramifications, constitute a record, far more valuable and instructive than all those monuments of stone, the half ruined, giant grandeur of which, at Persepolis, Ellora, or in Egyptian Thebes, are still contemplated, after the lapse of ages, with wonder and reverence. The question of religion, however, — the one idea ever predominant in all ages of the world, — cannot with any propriety be omitted in the history of mankind, either of ancient or modern times. I have therefore laid before you in the preceding book an analysis of the successive development of the Oriental mind, in its four most remarkable systems, or rather according to the four most important periods of Oriental genius. The present book will be devoted to the consideration of certain historical results, which appear to be the natural consequence of the immutable principles of faith already noticed; and which, though merely hinted at, at present, may at a future period be enlarged upon in some more elaborate work on the History of Antiquity.

Instead of bewildering myself and my readers with isolated comparisons between the Indian and different other systems of mythology, I shall rather attempt to give a general outline of the earliest Oriental modes of thought, according to the evidence supplied by authentic records. The darkness and confusion of that period can only be satisfactorily elucidated by a thoroughly comprehensive review of the entire scheme of mythology; and such a review, if properly combined at the same time with an inquiry into the historical genealogy of the language, will

afford a clue to assist our progress through that ancient labyrinth, and to point out to us the way of return to holiness and light. The inexhaustible and peculiar development remarkable in these ancient systems must also be passed over; but although it is quite impossible to trace back to any one definite source the entire abundance of imitative fancy displayed in them, it cannot be denied that many general resemblances exist even in the most varied and discursive systems, and nothing in all that arbitrary play of poetic diction is completely without intention; much will be found which leads back to one and the same general signification, not only in what is usually termed allegoric, but still more in the spirit, the tenor, and the general impulse manifest throughout the whole series. The one general idea which lies at the root of every system of polytheism will partially explain the origin of mythology, or at least indicate the point from whence it first arose, and the manner in which in its further development it followed the progress of the human mind.

The first germ of polytheism is contained in the doctrine of Emanation,—that is to say, of the eternal and progressive development of the Divinity, and of universal spiritual animation. The belief in astrology, and the sensual adoration of nature, called forth the abounding riches of ancient mythological fables, which were subsequently softened, beautified, and enriched by the doctrine of the two principles—the religion of light, and the pious and divinely inspired hero-worship; but as soon as pantheistic ideas were introduced, at whatever period that may have been, mythology, ere long, became regarded merely in the light of allegory, or as an esoteric veil of poetic fancy and diction. The Greek mythology is perhaps the richest in symmetrical development, but the Indian is far more comprehensive in its mystical ideality; which, indeed, appears to have been transfused from thence into every other system. It would be difficult to point out any idea or doctrine, common in either of the different intellectual systems, which was not also known among the Indians; nor any fable holding a distinguished place in merely poetical mythologies, the counterpart of which does not exist also in the Indian.

In the preceding book we have shown the rank which

ought to be assigned in the series to Egyptian and Syriac mythology; European traditions, and the poems of the Celtic, Roman, Greek, German, and Sclavonian mythologies may be viewed in the same light, and though still involved in considerable obscurity, their genius and general progress will thus be rendered intelligible. We have arranged the different systems of the above-named mythologies in such order as will correspond with the regular succession of the different doctrines introduced. As most decided traces of the ancient system of metempsychosis are found in the Celtic religion, we might expect that the Latin mythology would contain more vestiges of it than that of the Greeks. Dualism, or the strife between the two principles of good and evil, was a predominant feature in Sclavonian mythology*; that doctrine, together with the worship of the elements, which we have been accustomed to combine with the former, was not unknown in Germany. The Greek appears to stand in the exact medium between both. It is less confined to any strict philosophical intention than any other, and is, on the contrary, more entirely poetical.

An unexpected light is thrown by the Indian system upon the source and peculiar character of Greek poetry. It has,

* The Sclavonians of the Baltic acknowledged two principles, one of good, the other of evil; they called the former Biel Bog (Bog in Sclavonian signifies God) or the White God, from whom all that was good proceeded; and the second Chefni Bog, or Black God, who was the cause of all evil; this latter was represented in the form of a lion. The most celebrated idol, whose temple was at Arcina, was Sviatovid, that is "holy sight:" he had two chests and four heads. There were other divinities, such as Porenut, with four faces (probably the god of seasons, from the word *pora*, season,) and a fifth face on his breast; Porevit, with five hands; Bughevit, supposed god of war, with seven faces, seven swords at his side, and an eighth in his hand; &c. The Sclavonian deities usually have more than one head; many have in some part of their body a human face, signifying the good principle, or a lion's head, denoting the evil principle. Many have also the figure of a beetle on them, which might denote an Egyptian origin.

The Eastern Sclavonians worshipped Perun, or the god of thunder; Volos, the god of the flocks; Kolada, the god of festivals; Kupala, the god of the fruits of the earth. Dittman, a German writer, pretends that the Pagan Sclavonians did not believe in the immortality of the soul; but that statement is sufficiently refuted by several customs and ceremonies which they observed for the repose of the dead.— *Extracted from the Penny Cyclopædia.*

indeed, a two-fold origin; the one is natural, that feeling which, alike in uncultivated or highly civilised nations, has every where breathed itself forth in song; the other, the mystical element of ancient poetry, which cannot be so simply explained: we may not say of this last-mentioned as of that which is the natural offspring of feeling, that it exists every where, the growth of a spontaneous impulse, common in the new world as well as in the old; it is a poetry, the spring of which lies deeply interwoven with the ancient tissue of fancy and religion.

The copiousness of the earliest poetry, and its wild and gigantic creations, arose from a superstitious worship of the divinely productive power in nature, and the idea of infinity attached to it; and when the beautiful light of a softer, holier inspiration beamed upon those rude fables, their very wildness gave them the stamp of poetry and imagination. This is precisely the character of Greek poetry, and of that especially in which, as is most generally the case, the richness and vigour of ancient superstitions are still in vital operation, and the belief in the gods has not yet evaporated into the mere imagery of poetic diction.

Let us not, like ordinary letter-learned critics, study the form alone without the spirit, but rather contemplate the inner life of that mythology, and we shall find that all their poems are of one description, mythic or heroic. If we reject all immaterial differences of outward form, we shall see that in Homer as well as in Æschylus, in Pindar as in Sophocles, the blending of that originally wild and gigantic power with softer and sweeter impulses, gives a peculiar fascination to their writings; though all may vary much in proportion to their different degree of deviation from, or approximation to, the primary idea, or in individual traits of loveliness or harshness.

This, and this alone, is true poetry; all to which that name has been given in later times, when art had annexed so much to the original germ, becomes so only when it breathes a kindred spirit with those old heathen fictions, or because it springs from them. If it were not too bold to hazard a conjecture from the few fragments now in our possession, I should imagine that Indian poetry, in this its peculiar essence, was not so very different to the ancient

Greek, except that the former, if I may so speak, is designed on far grander proportions, the original ground work of the fables being generally more strange and wild, but softened down in later times into a spiritual loveliness, which is in form even more morally and intellectually beautiful than the grace of Pindar and Sophocles.

The first source and origin of the imitative arts also, among the Indians, Egyptians, and ancient Greeks, is identical in character with that of their heroic poetry. The same combination of gigantic boldness and softness, which constitutes the very essence of classic poetry, gave its peculiar expression to the plastic beauty of Grecian art; at least, as long as the minds of their sculptors were still imbued with their first lofty impulses, before old traditions became extinct, and the genius of the art was entirely lost.

CHAP. II. — OF THE EARLIEST EMIGRATION OF NATIONS.

POETRY was intrinsically bound up with the religion of antiquity, and so completely *one* with it, that many ideas which, at the first glance, appear to us strange and inexplicable, arose naturally from the manner of thought then prevailing, and undoubtedly exerted a potent influence on the earliest adventures and migrations of nations or tribes; although, as has frequently been the case in later periods, the force of necessity, and the allurement of interest, stimulated and co-operated with those ideas

Wherever fields and towns, the primitive arts of war and peace had been called into existence, trade and commerce began to flourish in equal proportion with building and agriculture; and the same influences which in modern history appear to reign supreme, were not without some weight, even in the first ages of antiquity. Before, however, we enter into an inquiry concerning the influence exercised by religion on the establishment of the first Indian colonies, it will be necessary to make a few preliminary observations on the proper light in which to contemplate these earliest emigrations, and their general origin and variety.

If the entire diversity of these people and nations is to be made the theme of our investigation, it will be expedient first to set aside the arbitrary supposition of their common origin, and of their separation having been occasioned by subsequent causes; and to divide the various races of people according to their greater or less antiquity, even as the skilled geologist, attentively observing the position of the various strata of the earth, in mountains or on the level surface of the plain, calculates the period of formation of each. Here also language presents the first characteristic to be observed; but it should be studied rather in its intellectual structure than from the roots merely, which may be called the natural parts, and in which the points of resemblance usually discovered are frequently over-strained and far-fetched. The point next in importance to that of language, is the use of metals, as well copper and iron in war or agriculture, as the employment of gold and silver for arbitrary, universal signs of the outward value of things; to these points may be added the domestication of useful animals, and especially of those which are indispensable in the two arts before mentioned. Still the fact, that none of the beasts of burden which had so long been generally in use throughout the old world were known in America at its first discovery, cannot be taken as a decisive proof that the American race is totally distinct from the Asiatic; the numerous American dialects and their general dissimilarity, and the many singular customs which are nevertheless common to all those tribes, together with their universal ignorance of the use of metals, might lead to the same conclusion. Nevertheless the eastern islands, which are clearly proved, by speech and other indications, to be of Asiatic descent, are equally destitute of the larger animals; and as the strangers who founded the kingdoms of Peru and Mexico, and who came originally from Asia or Europe, (as is historically proved by Chinese records, and partly by the authentic sagas of the Mexicans,) either did not bring those animals with them, or knew not how to preserve them when brought, we may reasonably conclude the same to have occurred with the primitive settlers in America. In eastern Asia, much may be found that coincides generally with America. The extensive employment of metals and beasts of burden in the

interior of Africa, is far from sufficient to prove that those nations are of Asiatic origin; no evidence exists in corroboration of this opinion, and there is no ground for disputing the numerous facts which militate against its adoption.

The physical varieties remarked in different races of mankind are not, as far as has hitherto been ascertained, of material importance. The greatest and most remarkable discrepancy is apparent in the natives of America, who, towards the south of that country, have so much of the negro character; but in the north, the white skin and other peculiarities of Europeans, as well as the inhabitants of the west part of central Asia, partake, in the same degree as those people, of the characteristics of the Asiatics. This would also presuppose a greater physical flexibility and suppleness in the Asiatic race, tending perhaps no less to the deterioration than to the ennobling of the original stock, since the language, historical records, and many other circumstances, sufficiently prove the Asiatic descent of the white European family, as well as of the black inhabitants of southern India and the Indian Islands.

Thus the distribution of races of men, like the internal formation of mountains to the geologist, supplies a portion of our lost historical records, laying before us, as it were, a ground-plan of history, which affords in some parts the most irresistible and conclusive proofs, and in others, is as equally unintelligible; for although it may assist us in tracing the general connexion, it cannot undertake to embrace the whole exuberance of individual detail.

Another point, no less important to the historical investigator, is the intermixture of people which so frequently took place in the Persian empire, especially along the Gihon and Euphrates, towards the Caucasus and Asia Minor, and in the central western division of that anciently inhabited portion of the globe. If to set these facts distinctly before the reader lay within the sphere of our present inquiry, I should now endeavour to illustrate the manner in which a new people may be formed through the effects of continual migration alone; that is to say, in what way sudden changes of climate and of the ordinary habits of life would naturally lead to a great revolution in language and manners, so that a very trifling intermixture with branches of another

stock would suffice to produce an entirely new nation, stamped with a complete individuality of character; which, when the moment of separation and fermentation had subsided, would afterwards continue unaltered through thousands of succeeding years. It might then be possible to decide with what degree of justice central Asia has been usually represented in history as the general parent, the inexhaustible spring of all people thence emigrating; and how far, and in what measure, it is actually clear that the twofold stream of emigration, the course of which was more usually and naturally directed towards the north-west, in this instance led from the east and south together; and how this district, in which the intermixture of nations was most various and fruitful, became actually, from the earliest antiquity, the scene of their origin and development.

While the emigration of nations is regarded merely as an advancing impulse, which may be accounted for by physical causes alone, it will be impossible to gain any clear ideas of ancient history: we should, at the same time, consider the manner in which a greater branch is sometimes seen to divide itself into several lesser parts, while those again are continually separated and subdivided into greater individual varieties; or, on the other hand, the constant intermixture whence, in process of time, an entirely new race may probably arise, different and strikingly degenerate in language and character. Clear views and opinions, deduced from a thorough investigation of facts, can alone throw light upon the chaos of facts and traditions, and well or ill grounded theories, which form what is usually termed ancient history.

We must not expect to recognise in antiquity the counterpart of every nation now existing in Asia, and still less should we think to find in our modern geographical works traces of all which have existed in early times. Many nations which arose in the manner above described were in the same manner swallowed up and completely overwhelmed by others; even as in the Basque language and in that of the Arnauts* and Wallachians, we still discover faint and

* Arnauts, the name given to the inhabitants of Albania. The Albanians rank, under the name of Arnauts, among the flower of the Ottoman

feeble tokens of a nation preceding them, and probably greater and more extensive than theirs. Many other people, probably of even later origin, became amalgamated with each other, at a comparatively recent period.

CHAP. III. — ON INDIAN COLONISATION AND LEGISLATURE.

THIS question has been hitherto left undisturbed, and I merely allude to it, as it appears indispensable to the connexion of the subject, and belongs properly to the third and present part of our inquiry. I must particularly call attention to the connexion that existed between the oldest and most civilised nations of antiquity, a theme well deserving the patient study of every investigator of ancient history. Religion and mythology are most significant features in this connexion, which may also be further evidenced by language and architecture: the latter, as it is seen in the old Egyptian, Persian, and Indian monuments, presents some very general features, and bears corroborative testimony to the unity of all Asiatic inventions. This latter point it is the peculiar aim of history either to confirm or disprove. If the uncivilised countries of America and Southern Africa had remained in their original necessitous and barbarous condition, without receiving any new impulse

army. The Illyrians were probably the original stock from which the Albanians sprung, but this hypothesis cannot receive confirmation from comparing it with the old Illyrian tongue, because we know nothing about the latter; still the Albanian language, whatever may be its basis, has received accessions from the Greeks, Romans, Goths, Sclavonians, Franks, and Italians: some writers have supposed them to be descendants of the Albani of Asia, and who may, it is conjectured, have retired before the advance of the Sclavonian nations, that for some time followed the track marked out by the Huns when they broke into Europe. Mr. Hobhouse, who adopts the above hypothesis, supposes the basis of their language to be the Sclavonian. Ponqueville asserts the existence of a belief among the Albanians themselves, that they are descended from the French (? Franks); and Miletius, a geographer of the last century, says they are descended from Celts, who crossed over from Iapygia, now the Terra di Otranto, in the kingdom of Naples. — *Extracted from article Albania, in Penny Cyclopædia.*

from Europe or Asia, implanting in them the germs of higher intellectual activity, cultivation and movements, scarcely any history could have existed of those countries.

If we attribute the earliest emigration of the Asiatic people to some impulse higher than the mere spur of necessity; if the unity and similarity of a deeply studied legislation and system of thought be discovered among them, we ought also to remember the gigantic grandeur and durability of Egyptian and Indian architecture in contradistinction to the fragile littleness of modern buildings. This consideration will enable us, by analogy, the better to grasp the idea (which to modern habits of thought certainly appear singularly vast) that all these famous nations sprang from one stock, and that their colonies were all one people either directly or indirectly of Indian origin. The colonies planted by Greece and Rome appear to be of but little importance compared with the ancient grandeur of those migrations, and yet what important revolutions were effected even by those trifling changes!

It is true that the connexion between them is not always immediately perceived. Through how many now forgotten intermediate gradations must the doctrine of the Metempsychosis have passed in its course from India to the Druids of ancient Gaul! In Peru, too, we find an ancient kingdom, in which the adoration of the Sun-god is established, and a royal branch of the children of the Sun, with many other vestiges of Oriental ideas*; and were it not for the information afforded us by Chinese historical records, we might build conjecture upon conjecture as to the manner in which these peculiar doctrines became prevalent in a country so remote.

The mighty population of the nations thence derived, the Teutons and Persians more especially, might give birth to some difficulties. The number of the Sclavonian people taken collectively (according to geographical statements, which indeed generally have other points in view than the distinction of races), and including all those dispersed throughout Turkey and Germany, amounts to at least 50,000,000. The Teutonic race may also be computed at about 40,000,000, without reckoning those inhabitants of England, not speak-

* See note *anté*, p. 337.

ing the Celtic, and the English in North America. It seems, therefore, unnecessary to add, that in this as in many other instances authentically recorded in history, the preponderating mass of a great wandering horde entirely overwhelmed the original stock, and that, besides the gradual increase of population which may have been promoted by the dispersion and extension of the people, many lesser families or tribes were, in their very commencement, incorporated with the ruling power.

Let us consider only the progress of the Latin tongue, which was at first confined to the centre of Italy, the north being inhabited by Celts, and the south by Greeks. How wonderfully has it extended from that little spot of ground through the whole universe! still reigning, by its daughters, the Romance languages, in almost every portion of the world. Italian is the commercial language of the East, and Portuguese of the coasts of India and Africa; Spanish is spoken by the greater part of the New World, and to these we might add the social influence of the French language, and the constant adoption of the dead Latin tongue in learning, science, and, in many countries, even in conversation and religious worship,—just as the Sanscrit, or at least certain forms of that dialect, are used in the liturgy of Siam and Thibet, not to mention the numerous Latin roots existing in the English, German, and Wallachian languages. The influence and language of a people not originally numerous have been thus widely extended in the space of two thousand years, although the population of their peculiar dominions, even when the empire was most extensive, can rarely have exceeded that of India alone. It must not be forgotten that India has always been one of the most populous countries in the world, and is so even at present, notwithstanding the numerous destructive revolutions of the last century, and the prevalence of universal misery and oppression. How natural, then, is the inference that the overflowing population may have rendered emigration a measure of absolute necessity at the period of its ancient prosperity?

The influence of the Arabians, extended more widely and far more rapidly than even that of the Romans, their language having been diffused by conquests, trade, and colonisation through the greatest part of Asia, and even into the

interior of Africa: it has extended also to the Indian isles adjoining, and our historical records are insufficient to explain in what manner Arabian influence can have reached such distant localities. Although the Indians were not universal conquerors, still is it not possible that some similar influence existed even among them in much earlier times? We have undoubtedly sufficient reason to entertain the supposition, and could easily show, in general terms at least, how it may originally have occurred.

We have already, in the first book, pointed out a few single languages and people which stand in trifling though direct affinity with the parent-land, like intermediate links connecting the widely estranged ramification of the Romans, Greeks, and numerous Teutonic tribes. The western peninsula of India, lying on the borders of Persia and Turkind, has, from the earliest period, been the seat of the highest Indian civilisation, and also its most potent dynasty.

The colonies were not always founded by emigration: a very trifling number of people sufficed to form a colony, not perhaps consisting merely of conquerors and warriors, but comprising the most intelligent men of their time, priests or philosophers: the former would always find an inducement to quit their native country and settle among wilder tribes, in the hope of civilising and converting them. The zeal for proselytism is often as strong in the disciples of error as of truth, and in the former, indeed, it may more easily be combined with selfish ambition and worldly views. Priestly and religious colonies such as I am now describing are known to have been common among the Egyptians, while in Persian emigration, on the contrary, warriors and nobles generally took the lead. The partially Indian character of the Coptic languages tends to confirm this supposition: whether it be asserted that the priestly founders of those colonies settled there immediately on quitting their native country, which is by no means improbable, or that a more ancient and civilised Ethiopia lay to the south of Egypt, from whence Egyptian civilisation was first drawn.

It has been already shown that other motives and causes, besides the mere impulse of an overflowing population, may have contributed to produce emigration. One only need here be noticed. How inconceivable must have been the

ruin and desolation produced in the human conscience by its first decided departure from God, by the guilt of the first crime, the commencement of strife and murder! Terror and confusion were the immediate results, and the still calm of feeling, of soothing reflection and intimate communion with Divinity, gave place to wild and shuddering imaginations, falsehood, horror, and restless despair. How much of all this must have been endured ere the divinely favoured being could resolve to seek a nourishment full of horror from the lifeless body of a slaughtered animal! The abomination in which animal nourishment is held by the Brahmins bears the stamp of such high antiquity, that it seems almost like the only remaining heritage of our earliest condition. Was it not the same inward antipathy which prompted man's fallen race to seek in the entrails of their bleeding sacrificial victims dark tokens of coming danger and distress, and to draw from the depths of the earth those metals in which (almost at the very same period when he first saw and conceived in the natural elements an immediate emanation from the Deity), he quickly recognised the stars and arbiters of his earthly destiny, making them the means of procuring a peaceful subsistence, and at the same time instruments of new crimes, wars, and destruction. May not the unrest of the flying murderer, the first bloodstained criminal, have been communicated even to the farthest extremity of the earth? Still I will not attempt to make these facts the groundwork of my argument, since our belief in them, though equally sure, rests not on the actual basis of history, which is, indeed, of far less ancient date. History could not be written until that awe-struck horror of imagination which has left traces of its influence in all the oldest monuments of the human mind had become soothed and softened down into calm reflection, remembrance, and regret.

We possess one monument of the earliest Indian history, older and more authentic than any set forth in words or recorded in written characters—the Indian mode of government. No legislation so severe in all its enactments, in regard to the lower orders, could have been framed, except in a period of strife and dissension, when the numberless sources of tumult and division to which changes and fluctuations had given birth, required to be crushed and subdued

by the strong hand of legislative power and authority. The intermingling of tribes who, in fleeing from their mother-land, became blended with the wilder races of mankind, may account for the affinity between the Sclavonian dialect and some of the nobler forms of speech. Still those who fled may not necessarily have been the guilty or oppressed alone; many others, doubtless, who had continued separate and unpolluted amidst the ruin and destruction which must have preceded such a system of legislature, fled to distant climes, where they might rear their unpolluted dwelling, and live and die in the exercise of their pure faith and religion.

But it is not the first origin of Indian legislature alone that is so clearly impressed with tokens of war and tumult; it bore even within itself germs of ceaseless dissension and internal warfare. The history of India since the time of Alexander the Great certainly presents little more than a series of foreign conquests and internal revolutions, which however would seem rather to intimate a constant interchange of rulers and dynasties than any actual alteration in the laws and constitution. Buddhism alone forms an exception, which indeed was pursued and overwhelmed, less on account of its doctrines than of its legislation, which broke the unity of the state, and strove to remove its hereditary distinctions; and yet the doctrines of Buddha were promulgated in the great countries adjacent in one single mission rather than by any regular course of emigration. In earlier times, before the constitution was firmly established and had become almost a part of Indian life and nature, this new doctrine must have occasioned great changes and confusion; but when once the indomitable power of the hereditary priesthood was fixed on a sure basis, greater scope was left for feuds and dissensions among the warriors over whom the legislature exerted but little influence. Indeed, one of the oldest Indian poems in the Mahabharatá relates chiefly to the great civil wars between two kindred heroes, ancestors of the godlike race of kings and warriors; but before the Cshatriyas, who were originally of the same family, were severed from the hereditary priesthood, and the rank of each caste became so decidedly marked as it has ever since remained, many severe struggles and convulsions must have taken place. It was not without reason that

Pocosrama was declared to have exterminated wicked kings, chastised their savage nobles, and restrained the power of all within narrower limits.'

It is not unfrequently observed, among other characteristics of Indian tribes, that some one race occasionally degenerated into barbarism, — became Mlecchas, as they were termed, — or appear to have gone over and united themselves with some other people generally held to be barbarous and uncivilised. In Menù's book of Laws*, a whole series of degenerate and uncivilised families of the Cshatriya race are enumerated, among which we recognise the names of many famous nations: the Sakas, the Chinas, and the Pahlavas, the latter probably the ancient Pahlvani or Medes, and the Pahlavi may be a debased remnant of their language. The Paphlagonians appear, from their name, to have belonged to the same race. Besides these, we have the Yavanern; unless, as has been asserted†, they are only one of the sects mentioned in the Puranas as practising a sensual idolatry of nature, and propagating their faith by wars and conquests. This supposition is by no means disproved by the circumstance of their being enumerated among the degenerate Cshatriyas, as both are perfectibly compatible.

We have not sufficient data to enable us to decide clearly what portion of the religious wars of the Indians should be assigned to the primitive period of their history. It is not improbable, however, that, as was the case in regard to the doctrine of Buddhism, introduced at a later epoch, even the earliest attempts at innovation may have been too intimately connected with the legislature and constitution to be defeated without a war. The great diversity of sects and systems formerly prevailing in India must have afforded abundant ground for dissension and disunion; the system at present existing, which seems to have aimed only at bringing them into an endurable union, retains traces of them all. The reciprocal religious hatred of the Persians and Egyptians will alone suffice to disprove the often-repeated

* x. 43—45.

† According to extracts quoted by Wilford, who in his own theories and conjectures is often very feeble, but when he merely quotes or translates, overpowering in strength from his great knowledge of the language.

assertion, that the polytheism of antiquity was tolerant in its nature. The low estimation in which polytheistic superstition was held by the professors of a more intellectual religion like the Persian, often led to an attempt at proselytism by violence, as was the case with Cambyses; and in the same manner the believers in popular mythology often indulged in the most bitter, persecuting hatred of all who believed themselves more highly enlightened, as with the Syrian Greeks and the Jews. Both these contending elements existed in India; the struggle between them has given birth to many great religious wars, from that period down to the present time: although they now coexist in comparative harmony, many points which were entirely incompatible having been worn down or enfeebled, while others have been excluded.

If it be admitted that, by the Yavanern of the Indian writings, many nations of the West, devoted to the sensual idolatry of nature are to be understood, we shall find that the course by which the Asiatic race, carrying with them Oriental ideas and customs, extended into Greece and central and southern Italy, lay along the Euphrates and Tigris, through Phœnicia and Asia Minor. Supposing also, what has never been clearly proved, that Babylon and the surrounding countries were, in the earliest times, possessed by a people speaking the Syrian language, it is nevertheless certain that as soon as any great kingdom was founded, an influx of various nations took place, precisely as has been seen to happen in later times. Phrygia, a tributary state dependent on Babylon, presents another intermediate link; for certainly no historian of the present day will agree with the ancients (who referred all races of disputed or doubtful origin to the autochthones*), when they trace the numerous Hellenists of Asia Minor to an European origin. In after-times many unquestionably returned by that route into India, and so probably in grand emigrations of armies, single heroes, or peaceful settlers, numbers retraced the same familiar path by which they had first quitted their native land. Besides, as these great emigrations were almost always gradual in their progress, some intercourse and acquaintance with those they

* Autochthones, peculiar races of men, supposed to have been formed from the slime of the earth.

had left was constantly kept up, till the remoteness of their settlements, and still more the lapse of time, gradually estranged and at length entirely divided them; so that, on afterwards meeting, both were frequently astonished at the undeniable evidence existing of their common descent.

How many royal and heroic races in Hellas and Italy proceeded first from Asia Minor! The Babylonian empire, if that name be assigned to the grand, old kingdom which, extending along the Euphrates and Tigris long before the time of the Persians carried its dominion into the very heart of Asia Minor, naturally became, from its situation, a maritime power*, and even the Hellenists were, from the earliest period, a naval people. The position of the different people in Italy proves that the Italian race of the interior, who were of the same descent, arrived there first by sea; for if they had taken their route across the Alps in Carniola through Venice, some signs of their progress would certainly be yet remaining in the northern part of Italy. Closer investigation may perhaps reveal more traces of the old Indian constitution in the legislature of the Romans, than would at first be thought possible. The patricians, on whom the duties of augurs exclusively devolved, were originally nothing more than a line of hereditary priests, and as they alone made war, and exercised other rights of the warrior race, they formed also the only real nobility (the equites); at length, however, the sole government of this absolute warlike sacerdotal aristocracy excited the animosity of the people, and a struggle began of which the ancient history of that nation gives so animated an account. The singular republic which Alexander of Macedon imagined himself to have discovered in the Indies must be understood in a very different sense from the Hellenic, Phœnician or Italian free states. The Greeks had no idea of a permanent system of legislation such as had been established among the Indians from the most remote antiquity; nor could they imagine a free and legislative monarchy: they probably mistook the incorporated but self-existent members of the great legislative body for separate republics. Notwithstanding the

* In Heeren's "Ideen über den Handel der alten Welt," &c., all that is known of the ship-building of the Babylonians and other ancient people will be found.

obscurity and confusion of the earliest Indian histories, it is clear that even then some great monarchies existed which, although permanent, were extremely limited by the hereditary rights asserted by the nobility and priesthood. In small nations and colonies of Indian descent the republican constitution appeared at a subsequent period; but the monarchical form was that first adopted, particularly in countries where, as in Persia, the warriors and nobles had the chief share in the disposition and arrangement of affairs. It is worthy of remark that both the historical records of Asia and the poetical legends of the south-east of Europe, bordering upon Asia, commence with descriptions of a royal city of inconceivable magnificence, which being subsequently ruined through the effects of arrogance and luxury, became the primary cause of the dispersion of mankind, and gave rise to numerous migrations and the establishment of many lesser states. If the legend of the Trojan war have an historical meaning, as from the stamp of antiquity impressed upon it we are led to believe, we shall certainly be justified in removing it from the narrow sphere of Hellenic tradition, and carrying it back to the grand circle of Asiatic legendary history. Names of places, towns, or mountains holding a conspicuous place in tradition have so frequently been changed in the course of time, and moved more towards the West, with the nearer advance of the legend and the people themselves, that it cannot now be necessary to cite any peculiar example in proof of it.

It should be remembered that these remarks tend no further than to exhibit incidentally the great promise afforded by Indian study, in clearing up historical questions of doubtful import. Many separate details in the earliest history of the people of Asia will, when more abundant materials have been discovered, be distinctly traced in perfect outline, and the general tenour of the whole be clearly comprehended. We require, especially, a critical work drawn from the peculiar Indian records yet existing of the primitive history of the world, which will probably be found to contain much valuable information on other points also, and a correct translation of the Scandapurana, which, as an historical record, should be held in higher estimation than any other book of the Puranas. The little we already have will in the

mean time suffice to explain many difficult points, and very frequently just those which appear most intricate and puzzling. Though, for example, many doubts cannot now be entertained as to whether any race of men ever quitted the fertile and luxuriant regions of Asia to migrate into the extremest Scandinavian North: the theory of their having been driven onwards by succeeding hordes can hardly be adopted by any historian, particularly when the numerous population of the Teutonic race is considered. The traditions of Indian mythology, however, throw a light upon the northern impulse. One of those legends describes the wonderful mountain of Meru* (or the North Pole), in which Kuvera, the god of wealth, is enthroned. Whether this idea may have arisen from a false traditionary interpretation, or dark views and superstitious ideas of natural truth, a high veneration for the North certainly prevailed in that country, not as a secondary circumstance in the Indian system, but a favourite idea constantly recurring, and indelibly impressed upon its poetical creations. Nor would this be the first or only instance in which poetical legends and old songs, intertwined with the doctrines of superstition and religious observances, have had more influence on the character and enterprises of heroes than those who study history in its political aspect alone could easily believe.

Admitting, then, that these tribes were driven northwards, not from the mere impulse of necessity, but by an almost supernatural idea of the majesty and glory of those regions, and everywhere diffused throughout the Indian sagas, the path of the Teutonic race may clearly be traced from Turkind along the Gihon to the north shore of the Caspian Sea and the Caucasus; but it is doubtful whether they afterwards directed their route towards the mountains, and there settled, or followed the course of the mighty streams, like those ancient Asiatic nations, who everywhere sought to make settlements on the banks of majestic rivers; as, for example, on the Ganges, the Nile, and the Euphrates. This, however, is not the place in which to discuss the question, although it is one of high importance in reference to the history of our own native land.

* For a gorgeous description of this mountain see Southey's *Kehama*. —*Trans.*

CHAP. IV. — ON THE GENERAL IMPORTANCE OF THE STUDY OF THE ORIENTAL AND INDIAN LITERATURE, AND ITS TRUE AIM AND OBJECT.

THE copious richness of Indian literature, and the great and valuable assistance that may be afforded by Eastern study in philosophy, ancient history, and philology having been now fully proved, nothing remains except to determine the relative value of Oriental literature generally, as contrasted with European, and to mark the influence which the former has already had, or may hereafter exert, upon the latter. It has, indeed, been the chief object of the present treatise to display the advantages of Oriental study in this respect particularly.

The Holy Scriptures present the only bond remaining by which European habits and thoughts are linked with those of the East; and, consequently, the present occasion appears most appropriate for examining into the connexion between Indian antiquity and the Mosaic records and revelation generally,—a subject which I intentionally avoided in my examination of the historical evidence, fearing to plunge the reader into an ocean of disputed interpretations and unfounded hypotheses. Theories concerning the race of the Noachidæ, and the true situation of Paradise, do indeed revolve in rapid succession and countless numbers, and to sift so many varied opinions would demand a critical and circumstantial inquiry, which I willingly leave to be prosecuted by others.

One fact, however, the most important, if not the only one absolutely essential as a point of religious belief, is recorded in the Mosaic history with so much distinctness that even subsequent interpretations have failed in obscuring it: it tells us that man was created in the image of God, but that by his own sin he voluntarily debased that divine image, and fell from the pure light of happiness in which he had at first rejoiced. The Mosaic history does not give an ample and detailed account of every event afterwards occurring; for it must be remembered that it was not intended for the gratification of curiosity alone, nor as a source of historical information, but rather for a beacon light to indicate the path from which mankind had wandered, and while the night of

sin and superstition wrapt the world around, to guide the chosen few into the divinely appointed way of light and salvation. Thus the Indian records reveal the first growth of error and superstition, which, when the simplicity of divine faith and knowledge had once been abandoned, became continually more false and exaggerated, yet ever retained, even in its darkest gloom, some feeble gleams of celestial and glorious light.

The contrast of truth with error ever places the former in a more majestic and transcendent light, and the history of ancient philosophy, that is, of the Oriental system in general, will therefore furnish a most instructive comment on the Holy Scriptures. It does not appear surprising, to any one who is conversant with the religion of the earliest Asiatic nations, that the doctrines of the Trinity and the immortality of the soul should have been but slightly touched upon in the Old Testament, instead of being distinctly explained, or insisted upon, as forming the groundwork of the teaching of Moses. It can hardly, indeed, be considered probable that Moses, who had been instructed in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, could have been ignorant of a doctrine so commonly received among all the civilised nations of Asia; but we see that, as with the Indians, so in many other nations, the grossest errors and superstitions had become almost inseparably annexed to the lofty truth of the immortality of the soul; and thus the conduct of the Divine Lawgiver of the Hebrew people appears neither unaccountable nor difficult to be explained.

The divinely appointed prophet of the Hebrews has frequently been reproached with intolerance in so severely rejecting other families or people, and keeping the Hebrew nation and doctrines so completely separate from every other nation in the world. But the injustice of such unworthy reproaches would long since have been seen, had it been possible for men of the present day to realise in idea the condition of the East at that period. Let them remember, that although the wisest and most civilised nations of antiquity inherited some few lingering gleams of sacred light, yet all were distorted and confused, and frequently, among both Persians and Indians, the noblest and purest truths had become polluted springs of fatal error and grovelling super-

stition. The necessity of a severe uncompromising isolation of the Hebrews is therefore seen at a glance; and how entirely must the zeal of that man, rejecting all minor considerations, have been absorbed in the sole object of so guarding the costly jewel of divine truth committed to his trust, as not only to save it from destruction, but to keep it ever pure and unpolluted. It may be true that Jehovah was considered by many individual Israelites only in the light of a national God; but we nowhere discover any indications of his having been thus esteemed by the prophets or other inspired teachers. The doctrine of the close and special union with God, into which men are permitted by faith to enter, and into which they are actually received in the Christian church, — the grand doctrine of Christianity, — will be strangely misunderstood, if confounded with those errors on which the reproach of intolerance, alleged against the Jews of the Old Testament, has been founded.

Many passages in the philosophy, and, indeed, of the religious observances of Fo, bear a striking but false affinity with Christianity; single doctrines also are often wonderfully in accordance, but defaced and distorted; every thing is out of proportion, and made to bear a different signification; the resemblance, in fact, that apes bear to men. The affinity of the Oriental system (as has been shown by the review of that philosophy given in the second book of this treatise) is far more true and lofty, particularly in the Persian religion, in which the adoration of light, and the doctrine of the contending principles of good and evil, have a remarkable affinity with the teaching of the Old, as well as of the New Covenant. The too exclusive adoption of these vestiges of higher truths, taking their resemblance, whether spurious or genuine, for perfect similarity, gave rise to various errors in the early Christian church, as, for example, to the heresy of Manes and others. None of the erroneous principles of the Persian mythology are found in the Holy Scriptures; what they teach is not based on a philosophical system, but on Holy Revelation, and when seized and comprehended by the light of inward illumination, will lead to the knowledge of pure and eternal truth.

Still the comparison between these systems, whether the apparent connexion between them be real or imaginary, may afford historical and external evidence that one idea go-

verns and pervades the Old Testament as well as the New, differing only in this, that in one it is merely indicated or prefigured, in the other it shines forth in full lustre: the Christian interpretation of the Old Testament must consequently be the true one; and a more perfect knowledge of the history of Oriental genius will give it fuller confirmation, even from extraneous circumstances. This is important, considered merely in a critical point of view, and would be so, even supposing the Scriptures to be of no higher authority than any other system of Oriental formation, though even in that case, they must be regarded as the most profound and severely grand of all. How, indeed, can any work be understood or explained, except by reference to the system on which it is based? And where can that system be best grappled with, except where it is most clearly developed and vividly expressed? This must be allowed to be the case with the New Testament, and will be admitted by every unprejudiced critic, who compares it with the incomplete signification of the Old Testament, or the partly erroneous system of Persian belief. The sense of the Old Testament can never be unfolded by merely exigetical criticism, even though superior in learning and erudition to all those doctors of the Talmud *, on whom the light of the Gospel, brightening and dispersing the heavy darkness, had not yet dawned. The vestiges of divine truth are every where discovered, in the most ancient Oriental systems in particular, though, perhaps, but in isolated fragments; but the just connexion of the whole, freed from intermingling errors and superstitions, can only be traced by the aid of Christianity, which affords a clue to all such principles of truth and wisdom, as are too lofty in their truth to have been elicited by the efforts of the reason or the imagination.

I proceed to notice, in a few words, the general influence of Oriental philosophy (an important, and certainly by no means the most inferior branch of which is of Indian origin,) on the European mind. Great as that influence has been, it

* An excellent example of this ancient style of exposition, is given in the History of the Religion of Jesus, by Count Stolberg, — a work distinguished by that calm energy, unvarying earnestness, and beautiful clearness, which is seen only when lofty science and knowledge are made the ruling spring and principle of life.

is doubtful whether any simple Oriental system ever reached Europe in a pure, unmixed form: whatever was borrowed from thence, either by the Greeks or more modern nations, appears to have spontaneously incorporated itself with the existing doctrines, and thus to have become in various ways changed and altered.

Before attempting to show the influence exerted by Oriental ideas on European philosophy, we must attempt to give an introductory sketch of its progress and peculiar character. European philosophy, at its first upsoaring in all the as yet unenfeebled vigour of the human mind, was purely ideal. I do not understand by this expression merely the doctrine of the unity of all created existences, nor the nothingness of external appearances; but that philosophy which originates in the idea of self-operating strength and vital activity, — the philosophy of the stoics of Aristotle, and of many ancient Greeks. If, though the knowledge of Revelation had been too early lost, the idea of infinity still existed, what could be more natural than that men should be disposed to refer everything to their own strength and wisdom? All those lofty ideas, engendered by a spiritual religion, and which had from infancy been familiar to their minds, they held to be of their own creation, and peculiarly their own property; for few and feeble were the traces of divinity therein recognised, and their connexion was too easily overlooked and lost. It is true that no system of philosophy ever framed by any people was actually self-created, or existed completely distinct from the fountains and streams of universal tradition. Had human wisdom, indeed, been endowed with such wonderful unassisted power, it would have been more successful in avoiding the numerous and unspeakable errors which attended its development in every period, from that time down to the present. But, on the contrary, errors accumulated so rapidly, that philosophy soon degenerated into mere scepticism, and the vigour of the human understanding, becoming at length enfeebled by continued doubt and unbelief, philosophy next declined into an empiric theory; the idea of a Supreme Divinity, if admitted in words, was denied in principle, till it became almost annihilated; and man, under the specious plea of confining himself within the sphere of utility and

and rationalism, cast aside, as an erring and romantic impulse, that lofty spirit, intellect and sentiment, which alone distinguished him from the brute creation. Some few reflecting minds were occasionally roused by the misery of this lost condition of the soul; and finding it impossible to persevere therein, sought a path of return to the older and better philosophy; and according to the earnestness of their search, were they sure of corresponding success.

Such has been the simple progress of European philosophy from the earliest Greek sages up to the present time.

This revolution of a philosophy which certainly had not lost the idea of infinity and self-creative power, to scepticism and finally to empiricism, has been more than once repeated, and each recurrence differed from the preceding, inasmuch as men were acquainted with and employed it, to link the new in some measure with the old, either by contrast or remodelling.

The continual adoption of various portions of Oriental philosophy, as a foreign and stimulating material, has produced even more irregularity and vacillation in the progress of the European mind in modern times. Without the constant recurrence of this animating principle, European genius would never have soared so high, nor would its decline have been so sudden. Even the loftiest philosophy of the Europeans, the idealism of reason, as it is set forth by Greek philosophers, appears, in comparison with the abundant light and vigour of Oriental idealism, like a feeble Promethean spark in the full flood and heavenly glory of the noon-day sun, faltering and feeble, and ever ready to be extinguished: still the more trifling the dimensions, the greater was the artistic skill employed in pourtraying its form and arrangement.

It is true, indeed, that Oriental wisdom among the Greeks, as well as the moderns, frequently flowed from a turbid spring. How greatly, even in the time of the modern Platonists and Gnostics, the whole circle of European knowledge had already arrived at the lowest state of degeneracy and mingling of systems, is too well known to require further elucidation. In what is usually termed Oriental philosophy, the old system of emanation is always more or less mixed up with Dualism and Pantheism, the ancient philosophy of

numbers, and the doctrine of the two principles already mentioned.

This has not happened in later times only, it was probably the case in the era of Pythagoras, if we may rely on what are usually considered the most ancient and authentic records of his philosophy. It is difficult to decide whether the Number philosophy of Pythagoras was of his own invention, or of Eastern origin; but certainly neither that doctrine nor the opposition of the twofold primary powers and existences belong to the system whence he drew the doctrine of the Metempsychosis. Still we have seen that in Asia, even at an earlier period, the more recent doctrines annexed themselves to the old, either by transformation or intermixture; but if each separate system could be distinctly arranged in its proper order, the task of analysing and tracing out their various compound forms and modifications would be comparatively easy.

A general knowledge of philosophy is indispensable for the investigation of Oriental literature, and particularly for the Indian branch of it. This general knowledge must be understood to mean something more than a merely dialectic skill, enabling us to construct, according to an almost fixed and precise revolving system, whatever appears new to us, and to which ancient philosophers were strangers; but rather an intimate acquaintance with the spirit of those grand old systems which had such mighty influence on the outward destiny of mankind. It is certain, however, that no one will be able to seize this spirit who has not fathomed the depths of those speculative ideas by his own personal investigation.

The important place occupied by philosophy in Indian literature will be clearly understood if we recall to mind the general review of the system, and the four most important epochs, given in the second book. In the first epoch, that of the Vedas and all the ancient works which are most closely connected with them; and in the third epoch, that of the Puranas and the Vyasá; philosophy is so inseparably interwoven with each that it were vain to attempt to comprehend them without her aid. Poetry, in the second period, the medium point, as it were, between both, may appear to have a more distinct existence, separate from philosophy, but still far

less so than has always been the case among the Greeks and other Europeans; while in the fourth epoch, in the time of Câlidâs, and the other poets under Vikramaditya, when Indian poetry bloomed in still more decided independence, it was based upon certain ancient philosophical ideas, from which it cannot with any propriety be divided.

Indian study and research in general should be pursued with the grander views and opinions of those able men of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, who first revived the study of Greek and Eastern literature; for it must not be imagined that a bare knowledge of the language is sufficient to entitle its possessor to the reputation of a learned man; and, indeed, there were few among the classical scholars of that period who did not unite with their knowledge of language an earnest study of philosophy, and the whole abundance of historical science.

Every distinct branch of science being thus united into one indivisible body, would operate with so much greater energy, and the majesty of antiquity, thus seized and embodied, might, even in our time, become a fertile source of new productions. In fact, nothing that exists can actually be called *new*; all must be kindled and inspired by ancient memories, instructed by departed genius, and formed and developed by antique power and energy. While, on the other hand, all those subtle reasoners, who live only in the present, and own no influence save that of the spirit of the day, have almost, without exception, embraced the ruinous and destructive opinion that all should be created anew, and produced, as it were, from nothing. All knowledge of ancient philosophy is, therefore, fallen into contempt, and the taste for it almost annihilated; philology is degraded into an empty fruitless study of letters and words, and, notwithstanding some slight progress in particular points, is, on the whole, completely impaired, and has no vital strength or spirit remaining in it.

Great injury has been done to this science by the prevailing prejudice, which keeps the study of Indian mythology entirely distinct from the Greek; the idea of such a separation being expedient, is an arbitrary assumption, without any foundation in truth. The dwellers in Asia and the people of Europe ought to be treated in popular works as members of one vast family, and their history will never be separated

by any student, anxious fully to comprehend the bearing of the whole; but the idea of Oriental genius and literature generally entertained in the present day is founded on that of a few Asiatic writers only, the Persians and Arabians in particular, and a few books of the Old Testament, in as far as we may be permitted to view the latter as poetry; but there are many other Asiatic nations to whom this ordinary opinion is by no means applicable. The chief peculiarities of Oriental literature are supposed to consist in a bold and lavish pomp of imagery, and in the tendency to allegory usually combined with those qualities. The influence of a southern climate may be a co-operating cause, but it certainly is not the chief source of that richness of fancy, since in many other nations, equally poetical in their character, and lying in the same latitude, it is far less predominant than in the Indian. Their highly intellectual religion should rather be cited as the operating cause. Wherever such a religion prevails — whether it be profoundly philosophical, an immediate emanation from the divine spirit of love, or rude and wild, like the haughty enthusiam kindled by the doctrines of Mahomet, — everywhere, while poetry and the poetical temperament exists, fancy, debarred from the wide field of mythology, will find scope for its richness and luxuriance in bold poetical imagery. For this reason the so-called Oriental character is as strikingly seen in many poets of the Middle Ages, not in Spain alone, but in Italy and Germany, as in the Romantic poems of the Persians and Arabians. We need not attribute this singular circumstance to the influence of the Crusades, as the same result would naturally follow from the same causes in Europe as in Asia. But how does this pomp of colouring and imagery harmonise with the dry, prosaic style of the Chinese, or the beautiful simplicity of Indian writings? It is true that there is no lack of flowery imagery and ornament in the Socuntalâ of Câlidâs*, yet it is free from any tinge of exaggeration. The more ancient

* Calidâsâ was one of the most admired of Indian poets. A tradition, very generally believed in India, makes him one of the nine gems or distinguished poets who lived at the court of king Vicramâditya. If by this name the same sovereign is to be understood from whose reign (B. C. 56) the years of the Samvat æra are counted, Calidâsâ must have flourished about the middle of the century preceding the commencement of our æra. Another king of the name Vicramâditya, ascended the

Indian poems are even less imaginative than the most simple and severe of the Greek writings; the soul-felt intensity of emotion, vivifying and inspiring all; — the bright clearness and decision of the conception, has no affinity with the wild-fire, the restless gleamings of a glowing and capricious fancy. Another feature, which has been declared to be characteristic of Oriental writings, is traced chiefly in the progress of the ideas, in the arrangement and construction of the theme, which, from its greater obscurity, often differs widely from that of the Greeks: This, however, can hardly be considered applicable to Indian works, but rather to those of the other nations already named. It coincides in some measure indeed, with their descriptive luxuriance of fancy, and their

throne A. D. 191, and a third in A. D. 441; and several considerations, especially the highly polished style in which the works attributed to Calidâsâ are written, favour the assumption that the poet lived under Vicramâditya II.[a] At all events, this author must be distinguished from a poet of the same name, who lived in the twelfth century at the court of Râja Bhôja, the sovereign of Dhârâ. However imperfect our information about Calidâsâ may be, we possess in his works abundant evidence of the power of his genius. We do not hesitate to pronounce him the most universal, the least constrained by national peculiarities, not merely of all Indian, but of all Asiatic poets with whose works we are acquainted, and to this elevated tone of mind, which, while seeming to breathe the purely human air of Greece, yet retains all the quickness and glow of feeling, all the vividness and description of imagery of the Hindoos, must, in our opinion, be mainly attributed the undivided admiration with which the translation of his drama, Sacontalâ, by Sir William Jones, (the first work that made known the name of Calidâsâ to Europeans) has been every where received. This translation appeared for the first time at Calcutta in 1789, but was soon reprinted in England, and was from the English, at an early period, re-translated into several other languages of Europe. We may particularly notice the German translation by George Foster, who appended to it a glossary explanatory of the allusions to Hindian mythology, natural history, &c. The popularity which the play has acquired on the Continent, is attested by the fact that several attempts have been made to adapt it to the stage. In 1830, the Sanscrit text of Sacontalâ was published at Paris, from a manuscript belonging to the Bibliothèque du Roi, with an original French translation by the late professor A. Chéry. The Mêgha Dûta, or "Cloud-messenger," a lyrical poem of only 116 stanzas, by the same poet, contains the complaints of a demi-god banished to earth, who entreats a passing cloud to convey an affectionate message to his wife. It was edited, with a translation into English verse, with notes by H. H. Wilson, Calcutta, 1813, 4to. There are four other poems by Calidâsâ extant, one of which is unfinished.—*Extracted and abridged from Knight's Penny Cyclopædia.*

inclination to allegory: when these tendencies predominate in details, the same daring symbolism frequently pervades the entire composition, giving to the arrangement a certain degree of obscurity. This want of clearness may also be in part attributed to the fundamental differences in grammar, noticed in the first book. It is my opinion, therefore, that all works on philosophy (unless some higher influence order it otherwise) should trace the language from its first natural origin down to the point at which it first became enfeebled, and thence sunk deeper and deeper in the abyss of degradation. The construction of languages, which form their grammar by suffixa and affixa, is so different in details, that the chain of thought easily becomes perplexed and difficult to follow. Those which, instead of being declined by inflections of the primitive root, preserve their original form, and supply the place of those annexed syllables by the use of distinct auxiliary verbs and prepositions, are more convenient for general use, and easy and perspicuous in composition; but too soon become negligent and formless. Such languages as the Greek and Indian, on the contrary, in which every modification of the original meaning is produced by inflection of the roots, are naturally simple and beautiful, both in minor grammatical details and in the general composition and arrangements.

In this latter particular the term Oriental, in the sense which it is usually supposed to convey, will be found applicable to very few nations. The exceptions are, indeed, sufficiently numerous. Thus the obscurity of Æschylus, especially in the Choruses, appears highly Oriental, although clothed in an Hellenic form; but that obscurity springs rather from an impassioned tumultuous excitement, and the hurrying events of the tragedy, than from a general actual want of capacity for clearness in isolated features. To the lyric boldness of the similes and allusions of Pindar, the incoherence of his transitions gives his poetry a tinge of Orientalism; and the heroic grandeur of the conception, the mingling wildness and tenderness of the theme, assimilate greatly to all that we have yet seen of Indian poetry. The deep-thinking philosophers of Europe have almost always shown a decided preference for ancient Oriental literature. Many great poets among the Greeks are distinguished by the same peculiar feeling; and Dante,

among the moderns, approximates, though in a manner less universally recognised, to Oriental grandeur of style and diction.

As in popular history, the Europeans and Asiatics form only one great family, and Asia and Europe one indivisible body, we ought to contemplate the literature of all civilised people as the progressive development of one entire system, or as a single perfect structure. All prejudiced and narrow ideas will thus unconsciously disappear, many points will first become intelligible in their general connexion, and every feature thus viewed will appear in a new light.

It is most natural that the deep-souled genius of the Middle Ages, the influence of which still pervades both our legislature and daily life, and which in history, poetry, and general habits, stands most closely connected with our own, should claim from us peculiar regard and investigation: and the study of the classics forms not only the best groundwork, but is, indeed, an almost necessary school and preparation for all other learning. The science of criticism has never been so completely and perfectly developed in any other literature; and, in short, Grecian art, philosophy, and poetry, if not regarded merely in their outward form, as better learned critics, connoisseurs, and æsthetic philosophers are too prone to consider them, are not only of high intrinsic value, but form an indispensable connecting link between European imagination and Oriental tradition, even as the literature of the Romans marks the transition from the Greek to that of the Middle Ages. The hitherto unknown themes of early antiquity can be disclosed to us only by exploring the rich mine of Indian literature, and laying bare its treasures of poetical beauty and philosophical research.

The too partial, almost wilful devotion to classical learning, which prevailed during the last century, drew men's minds too widely astray—too far from the sole source of lofty truth; but the study of Oriental literature, to us so completely novel in structure and ideas, will, as we penetrate more deeply into it, bring back a new idea of the Divinity, and restore that vigour to the intellect, that truth and intensity of feeling to the soul, which invests all art, science, and literature with new and glorious life.

INDEX.

ADITI, consort of Casyapá, 475.
Æsthetics, term ill understood, 197. 216. Derived from *αἰσθάνομαι*, "to perceive by the senses," and is applicable to a feeling for art generally, in., Trans. Preface
Affinity of languages generally, 428. Of the roots of the Indian, Persian, Greek, and Latin, 430.
Africans, their origin, 502.
Ahriman, principle of good, 482.
Aix-la-Chapelle, cathedral, tomb of Charlemagne, 164.
Allegri, Antonio. See Correggio.
Allegory, as treated by Dante, 215.
Allegorical paintings, by Mantegna, 7. Style of Correggio, 17, 18, 19.
Allori, Alessándro (of the eclectic school of the 16th and 17th centuries), Venus by, 59.
Allori, Cristoforo, Judith, 80.
Altdorfer, (school of Albert Dürer, 16th century,) Victory of Alexander the Great, 113, 114.
Amaracosha, Indian dictionary, compiled by Amarasinha, 426.
America, colonised from Asia, 506. Great variety of dialects, 501 Physical varieties of race, 502. Languages of, 447, 448, 449.
Amerighi. See Caravaggio.
Amshaspands, seven. Genii of the elements, 484.
Anaëtis, Ahlath, or Mylitta, 480.
Angelico, Fra da Fiesole, (14th and 15th century,) Day of Judgment, 20. Paintings to be studied, 293.
Apollo and the Shepherds, Schiek. 290.
Architecture, the base of all other arts, 154. Egyptian and Indian, 504, 505. Christian ecclesiastical, 165. Not copied from the Moors, 167. Its gradual development, 177, 178. Work on Gothic architecture, 193, 194 Boisserée's work, 305. Gothic, 149—200.
Ariosto, his nationality, 220.
Arnauts, ancient people of Albania, 503.
Artemisia, Ephesian goddess, 480.
Art, of painting, not to be analysed and subdivided into branches, 69. Its true poetical tendency, 69, 70. Its present state, 294, 295. Revival in Germany, 289, &c. Not for ever extinct, 304. Reached its summit with Raphael, &c., 304. Poetic origin among the Indians, Egyptians, and Greeks, 500.
Art, unites the riches of nature and the spirituality of love, or the soul, 413. Dramatic, 418.
Artistic feeling extinct in social life, 198.
Aslauga, Der Held des Nordens, 264.
Astarte, Phenician goddess, 480.
Astrology, Oriental doctrine, 477.
Attila, Der Held des Nordens, 264.
Augustins, Les Petits, antique collection, 99
Avatars, ten Indian, 474.

Baal, Syrian god, 479.
Baggesen, German poet, 262.
Balder, son of Odin, 260. Poem by Ewald, 261.
Bandinelli, (Florentine, 16th century,) portrait of himself, 78.
Bartolomeo, Fra, Saint Mark, 7. Head of Christ, 7.
Basle, collection of Holbein's pictures, 189. Dance of Death, 190.
Beautiful, Treatise on the Limits of, 413.
Bellini (Venetian school, 15th century,) Christ Teaching, 7. Holy Family, 62.
Berne, description of 190.
Bhágavatgita, Indian work, 426. 492.
Bhrigu, Indian lawgiver, 471.
Bibliothèque Royale, 225. 237.
Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, 238.
Boccaccio, poetical works, 200., &c. Not usually appreciated, 201, 202. 206. Personal history, 203. Teseide, 204. 207. 226. Filostrato, ib. Filopono, 207, 208, 209. Ameto, 208. 211. Amorosa Visione, 213. Decameron, 213. 217. Ninfale Fiesolano, 214 Laberinto d'Amore, 214. Fiammetta, 216, 217. Observations on his style, 218, 219.
Bodmer, 246
Bordone (Venetian school, 16th century,) Ring of St Mark. 77.
Brahmá, the eternal spirit, worshipped by the Hindûs, 471. 478.
Bramante, Deposition from the Cross, 78.
Bretagne dialect, 463.
Brun le, French painter, portraits of the Jabach family, 98.
Brussels, exhibition of paintings, 119, &c. Very old pictures there, 125. General aspect of the vicinity, 158. Town House, 159. St. Gudule, 159
Brynhilda and Sigurd, 265.
Buddhism, its spirit and tendency, 490.
Buffalmacco, fresco painting, 405.
Buonarotti See Michelangelo.
Büri, modern German artist, extolled by Goëthe, 290.

Calderon, Spanish dramatist, 229. 282.
Calidasá, Indian poet, 426. 523
Camá, or Camádéva, Indian God of Love, 485.
Cambray, spire of the ruined cathedral, 154, 155.
Camoens, Portuguese poet, 234. The Lusiad, 235, 236.
Camuccini, paintings by, 288.
Cançioneros, collection of Spanish songs, 238, 239.
Canova, his encouragement of the modern German school at Rome, 291.
Captivity of Boëthius, 221.
Caravaggio, (one of the Naturalisti, 17th century,) portrait, 79.
Carracci, brothers, last vestiges of the true Christian style lost even in their time, 5. Their eclectic style, 50.
Carticeyá, Indian god of war, 481.
Carun, 250.
Castilian poetry, 241. Romances, 228.
Castle, Carlstein, near Prague, 400.
Casyapá, Indian god of the Heavens, 475.
Catalogues of Paintings in the Louvre, 3.
Catel, modern German painter, 304.
Cecilia, Saint, picture by Ludwig Schnorr, 407 to 412.
Celestina, a Castilian romance, 229.
Cervantes, his romances, 228. 230.
Charlemagne, his life and exploits, 255. Tomb of, 164.
Charles IV., emperor of Germany, 400. 402.
Chinese, number philosophy, 490 Records of the colonisation of Peru, 501. 505. Language, 447.
Chivalry of the Middle Ages, preface, 309. Lother and Maller, a tale of, 310.
Christomathie, of the Indian language, 426.
Church pictures, Correggio, 24.
Cid, the, Castilian romance, 241.
Cologne, paintings in, 130. Grand altar piece, 134. Ancient buildings, 170. Cathedral, 172. St. Gereon, St. Apostoln, 176. 180, 181. St. Kunibert, St. Severin, 177. 181.
Colouring, . Titian. Correggio, 12, 13. Raphael, 36. 46. Holbein, Dürer, 36, 37.
Coningsloo, modern Flemish painter, (17th century,) 119. 121.
Coplas, d'arte Mayor, Spanish versification, 239.
Correggio, (16th century,) Antiope, 3. 21. Paintings in Dresden Gallery, 4. 14. 16. Musical style of painting, 11. 50. Peculiarities of colouring, 15. Similarity of his countenances, 16. Martyrdom of St. Placidio, 16. La Notte, (Il Riposo,) 16, 17. 22. St. Sebastian, St Jerome, 19, 20, 21. St. George, 19. Marriage of St. Katherine, 21. Deposition from the Cross, 21, 22. Triumph of Virtue, 23. Resemblance to Leonardo, 25 To Raphael, 34. In painting holds the same rank as Tasso in poetry, 51. "Ecce Homo," attributed to, 127.
Cornelius, fresco paintings, (modern German,) 291. Famous cartoon, 296.
Cosha, India Dictionary, 426.
Coxcei, one of the masters of the Netherlands (16th century), 119.
Cybele, Phrygian goddess, 480.
Cyril and Methodius, legend, 20.

Dannecker, sculptor, statue of Christ, 303.
Dante, allegorical descriptions of Hell, 10. Peculiar sublimity of style, 219, 220. Influence on Boccaccio, 213. 215.
Deification of heroes, common in the earliest ages, 474. 480
Denis, St., cathedral, 151, 152.
Dévanágari, Indian writing characters, 427.
Devotional feeling, necessary for the painter, 306.
Dialects, Indian, Sanscrit, Praerit, Gronthon, 428. Great variety of American, 505. General varieties, 458.
Diti, Indian deity, 475.
Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, 276.
Domenichino, Zampieri, a Bolognese, (17th century,) Rinaldo and Armida, 3. Æneas and Anchises, 3. Martyrdom of St. Agnes, 81. Susanna, 129.
Druids, their tenets, 253.
Dschemschid, Persian king, 484
Dualism, doctrine of the two principles, 482. 486. Of the Sclavonian religion, 498. Latent principle in many others, 498.
Dürer, Albert, (German master, 16th century,) 54. Crucifixion, 40, 41. Shakspeare of painting, 54. Designs for Christian subjects, 88, 89. Woodcuts and engravings, 88, 89, 90, 91. Immaculate Conception, 88 Paintings on Glass, 100, 101. Old picture in his style, 120. Martyrdom of early Christians in Persia, 127. Pictures of saints, 132.
Durgá, wife of Sivá, 479.
Dusseldorf Gallery, 127. 168.

Early German manner in painting, 284, 285
Eberhard, modern German artist, 303. Sketches, 296.
Ecclesiastical paintings, Fra Bartolomeo, 10
Echard, 246.
Eclectic style of the Carracci, &c., 50.
Edda, versification of, 242. 258. Mythology of, 247. Common to all Scandinavian people, 247. Similar in diction to the Zendavesta, 258. Contrasted with Greek mythology, 259. Of Sæmunda, 263.
Eggers, modern German painter, 292. Two Heads by, 296.
Emanation, Oriental doctrine of, 468, 469. 476
Emigration of nations, 500. Not dependent on physical causes alone, 503. 514. Course pursued by the Asiatics, 511. Northern tendency of, 514.

Engelbrechtsen, (Dutch master, 16th century,) 119. 121.
Engravings, English, spirit of, 289. From early German paintings, published by S. Boisserée, 305. Albert Dürer's, 88,—91.
Esus, a Gallic divinity, 479.
Eyck, Van, brothers, (painters of the old Flemish school, 15th century). School founded by Hubert, 37. 119 124, 125. Picture attributed to, 111. Greatly contributed to the progress of the art, 299. John Van, Marriage of Cana, 37. Lamb of the Apocalypse, 38. Three Church pictures, 38. Peculiarly expressive style, 39.

Fatalism of Indian philosophy, 478.
Fereira, Portuguese dramatist, Inez de Castro, 231.
Ferdousi, Persian poet, 255.
Feruers, Divine prototypes of created things, 484.
Fezele, Martin, Siege of a town, painting by, 115.
Fiesole. See Fra Angelico, 20. 293.
Filopono, meaning of the name, 209
Fingal, Ossian's, 250, 251. 253. Intercourse with Scandinavia, 254. First poem in the Ossianic series, 257.
Fouqué, Held des Nordens, poem, 263.
France, early history of, 152 — 154
French, style of painting, 288. Le Brun, 97, 98.
Fresco painting encouraged in Germany, 292. Of Cornelius, 291. Overbeck, 291. Veit, Julius Schnorr, 300. Of Giotto, Orgagna, Gozzoli, and Buffalmacco, 405
Furst, Schildburg, king of the Shield, 250.

Ganesa, Indian god of wisdom, 481. 490.
Garofalo, or Garofolo, (school of Raphael, 15th century,) portrait of himself, 39. Holy Families, 53 Portrait of his wife, 119.
Geneva, description of, 191.
Genre du, paintings, 288.
Ghirlandajo, (Florentine, 15th century,) nationality of his figures, 58.
Giorgione (Venetian school, 16th century,) Entombment by, 103. Holy Family, 196.
Giotto, (Florentine, 15th century,) in painting, compared with Dante in poetry, 51. Well merits study, 293. Fresco paintings at Pisa, 405.
Giustiniani, Villa, fresco paintings, 300
Glass, paintings on, by Dürer, 100. in St Gudule, Brussels, 101 161 in St. Sulpice, Paris, 101. in St. Kumbert's Cologne, 181
Glyptotheka, fresco paintings by Cornelius, 291.
Gothic architecture, 149. 155, 156. Statues, 152, 153. Propriety of the term, 156, 157, 158.
Grammar of the Oriental languages, 459.
Granet, painting "du genre," 288.
Greek church, ceremonies of, 403
Gronthon, Indian dialect, 428.
Grundtwig, mythology of the North, 261. "Freys und Gerda's Liebe," 263.
Guarini, classic grace of his poetry, 219,

Hadrian, revival of art in his time, 285.
Hamilton, Indian literature, 425.
Hanxleden, Indian literature, 428.
Harold Harfagre, king of Norway, 252.
Held des Nordens, poem by Fouqué, 263.
Hellenists, of Asiatic descent, 512.
Hemling. See also Memling, 39. 117. 124.
Hertha. German divinity, 480.
Holbein, 16th century, portraits, 29, 30. In the Upper German style, 124.
Homer, compared with Shakspeare, 272.

Iconographic, Chrétienne, Didron, 99.
Idea of beauty analysed, 413.
Ideal grace of the early German schools, 147.
Ideality, how liable to abuse, 295. Of Correggio's conceptions, 26. Of Bellini's, 62.
Idealism, affinity between Oriental and European 482
Imitation, its deteriorating influence on the arts, 292, 293. Losing its influence, 305.
Immortality of the soul, believed by the Indians,, 472. 475
Incarnations of Vishnû, 484.
Indian language, origin and peculiar features, 425. 429. 435. 445. 465. — Roots in the Coptic and Hebrew, 429. Doctrines and religion, 468. Colonisation, 500—508. Legislature, 508 — 514. Religious wars, 509 Traditions, 514. Records, 473. 487. 513. Literature, 494. 515.
Indrá, Indian supreme god, 485.
Intermixture of nations, 502.

Jones, Sir William, works on Indian literature, 425. On the language, 458. 464.

Kali, Indian goddess, 479.481. Worshipped in Thibet, 490
Karlstein, Schloss, 400.
King Arthur, and the Knights of the Round Table, Romances of, 209
King John, old play, once attributed to Shakspeare, 271. 273 274. Authenticity questionable, 275.
King Lear, old play, 277 279.
Klopstock, his revival of the taste for old German poetry, 246.
Koch, (modern German painter,) Landscape, 304.
Kon-fu-tse, Chinese philosopher, 491.
Koykolpodruma, Indian vocabulary, 426.
Kuvera, Indian god of riches, 514.

Lacshmi, goddess of abundance (India), 185.
Landscapes, of Leonardo, Mantegna, Dürer, Titian, Raphael, 66. Painting, as a branch of art, 66, 67, 68. Paintings, modern, 303,

Language, Castilian and Portuguese, 228 to 234. Provençal, or Romance, 242. Indian, its affinity with Greek and Latin, Persian and German, 428—465. None with Asiatic or American, 429. Indian, Persian, Greek, Latin, compared, 430. Persian, 433. Universality of the Latin, which exists in Italian, Spanish, English, German, and Wallachian, 506. Many vestiges of Indian in the Teutonic, 442. Division into two principal branches, 446. Difference of construction, 439 451. Origin of, 463.
Leibnitz, 246.
Leyden, Lucas Van, school of Holland, fifteenth century. Characteristics of his style, 122, 123. Various paintings by, 122, 123.
Liege, description of, 162, 163
Light, religion of, Persia, 488. Existing in Peru, 505.
Limits of the beautiful, a treatise, 413
Lochlin, county of, supposed to be Norway, 251, 252.
Locrine, old play, 277.
Lother and Maller, a tale of chivalry, 310.
Louvain, town-house of, 162. 173.
Louvre, Paintings in the, 1—195.
Lucien Buonaparte, private gallery of, 54 to 63.
Luini, San, pictures brought from, 100. 104 111.
Luini, brothers, pupils of Leonardo, (16th century,) 26. Holy Family, 28.
Luxembourg, gallery of pictures, 97.
Lyons, description of, 192.

Maller, Lother and, 310.
Mannerism, early German so called, 284. 295 Of the French school, 288. Arises from imitation, 287.
Mantegna, (school of Padua, 15th century,) allegorical paintings, 7, 8, 9 10. Landscape introduced, 66. His conceptions compared with those of Dante, 51
Marble, unsuited for Gothic ecclesiastical architecture, 160.
Mark, St., cathedral of, at Venice, 161, 181.
Martyrdom, a fit theme for paintings, 85, 86, 87. Of St Agatha, by Sebastian del Piombo, 80. Of the early Christians in Persia Durer, 127.
Masters, style of early Italian, 5.
Materialism, oriental, 478 481.
Meckenen, Israel Von, (school of Cologne, 15th century,) pictures of the Passion, 140.
Memling, (school of Van Eyck, 15th century,) beautiful and peculiar style, 119. 123, 124. 411. St Christopher, 39.
Menge, 48. Theory of painting, 287
Menu's Books of Laws, 426. 456. 476. Doctrines, 470. 475.
Meru, mount, the North Pole, 514.
Merry Devil of Edmonton, old play, 277.
Metsys, or Messys, Quinton, one of the masters of the Netherlands, 15th century, 123.
Metempsychosis, not of Hellenistic origin, 476 Its peculiar character, 468, 469. Found in Gaul as well as India, 505.
Michelangelo Buonarotti, 16th century, poetry by, 227. His opinion of Raphael, 47. Imitated by Raphael, 34. His preference for the Pagan antique, 50. Picture of the Crucifixion, 58. The Last Judgment, 20. The Three Fates, 104. Faun, 302.
Mimansà, philosophy, 486. 493.
Mlecchas, atheistic Indian tribes, 510.
Modern German paintings and school, 283.
Moloch, Syrian deity, 479.
Mosaic records referred to, 515, 516.
Mugdhabódha, Indian grammar, 426.
Murillo, Spanish master, his peculiar style, 55. Inspiration, Prayer, two pictures by, 56. Beggar boy, 57.
Musical style of colouring, 11. Adopted by Raphael in the "Silence," 36. By Murillo, 56
Musée des Monumens Français, 99.
Mutina, Thomas of, 403.
Myro, (Greek painter,) Cow, 301
Mythras, the star of day, worshipped by the Persians, 484.
Mythology of Ossian, 253. Of the Edda, 259. Indian, 466. 471—475 Greek, 476—497 Egyptian, 476 Oriental, 497, 498. Northern, 260 262.

National characteristics of different masters introduced into their ideal compositions, 116, 117, 118.
Naturalisti, school of painting in Italy, 295
Neusz, description of, 165
Niebelungen Lied, compared with similar traditions still in existence, 241. 256. 264, 265, 266.
Night of the middle ages, falsely so called, 256
Norman genius, extended its influence even to Thule, 255
North, venerated by the Indians, 514
Norwegian adventurers, second series of the Ossianic poems, 257.
Noth Hemrich, Indian researches of, 428.
Nyayà philosophy, 486 490
Nyerup, commentator on the Edda, 260.

Odin, Scandinavian divinity, 247. 254.
Oehlenschlager, German scald, 262.
Onomatopoetic words, 433. 453, 454.
Orgagna, fresco painting, 405.
Origin of races and nations, 505. 514. Of the Hellenists in Asia Minor, 511
Orley, Bernard Van (a master of the school of the Netherlands, 16th century), 119. Pietà by, 71.
Ormuz, the evil principle, 483.
Osiris, Egyptian god, 476.
Ossian, Macpherson's, 248. The Gaelic, 249. Antiquity of the poems, 256 Peculiar mythology, 253. Poems may be arranged in a certain series, 257.

Ottfried, versification of, 243.
Overbeck, "Joseph sold to the Merchants," 291, embodies the principles insisted on in page 147. Vide note.

Pahlavi, a dialect of the Indians, 462. 489. 519.
Painting, on its subdivision into branches, 102, 103.
Palma Vecchio, (Venetian school, 16th century.) Shepherd praying to the Infant Christ 13 Holy Family, 196.
Pantheism, its evil tendency, 483. Its peculiar doctrines, 468 474. 489. 491.
Paris. Notre Dame. 150, 151. Modern buildings, 150 Return to, 193.
Parrhasius, Greek painter, 109
Patriotism of the Romans and Greeks, 421.
Pedmah, or Lacshmi, goddess of abundance, 484.
Pericles, play by Shakspeare, 270.
Persian religion, and religious wars, 510. Spirituality understood by, 259.
Peru, how colonized, 505
Perugino, (Umbrian school, 15th century), Paintings by, in the departments, 3. Church pictures, 43 At first closely followed by his pupil Raphael, 34. 43. Compared, as painter, with Petrarch as poet, 51. Virtue and Pleasure, 53. A Spiritual Prince, 59. Picture by, at Strasburg, 189. Ditto at Lyons, 192 The Blessed Virgin, and four Saints, 198. His beautiful style, 293.
Petrarch, nationality of his poetry, 220.
Philosophy, 465. Materialism of the Indian, 478. Oriental and European, 489. The resemblance between classic and oriental, 466 Of Pythagoras, 476.
Pinner, or Pindar of Wakefield, old play, 271. 276.
Piombo, Sebastian del, (Venetian school, 16th century,) "Martyrdom of St. Agatha," 80. "Virgin and Child," 81.
Pippi. See Giulio Romano
Pisa, fresco paintings at, 405
Poetry. Of painting, 69, 70, 71. Ought to be studied by artists, 145, 146 Italian, 227 Spanish or Castilian, 228 Portuguese, 225. 231 to 237. Romantic or Provençal, 225. 237 238. 240. Of the North, 243. Impulses of modern, 244. Origin of Indian, 496 Oriental and Greek, 499 Its influence on early emigrations, 514
Polytheism, 474 497
Population, numerous, of the Teutonic race, 505. Of nations of Asiatic descent, 501—504. Of India, 506
Portraits by Titian, Holbein, Leonardo, 11 In the Louvre, 29. 196 Of Leonardo by himself, 26 Different styles of Leonardo, Raphael, Titian, Holbein, compared, 29 to 32. Painting as a separate branch of the art, 65, 66 Modern style of, 288, 289. Of the children of Von Humboldt, Schnek, 290. Of saints, by Theodoric of Prague, 401.
Prague, Schloss Karlstein, near, 400. Theodoric of, 401. Paintings by, 401 to 406.
Principles, sound, of Christian art. 144, 145, 146.
Provençal language and poetry, 225. 237, 238. 242 MSS. in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal, 238.
Puranas, Indian philosophical records, 485, 486. Affinity with the Mosaic, 487. Traditions contained in them, 513, 514.
Pythagorean philosophy, 476. 521.

Rama, Hindu god, 485.
Ramayana 494. 456.
Raphael, (16th century,) Madonna di Foligno, 2. 34. 47. Madonna di San Sisto, 5. 27. 33 Madonna della Sedia, 27. 47. 92. Vierge aux Candelabres, 61. Madonna dell' Impannata, 92 98. Giardiniera, 46 93 Two Portraits, 31. Versatility of his genius, 33. 44. Raphael, Michelangelo, and Giulio Romano compared, 33, 34 Transfiguration, 35. 42 44 45. 93. St. Michael slaying the Dragon, 35, 36 93. The Silence, 36. 46. Annunciation, Adoration, and Circumcision, 45. Faith, Love, and Hope, 45 Erroneous opinions of his genius, 47. 48. 49 His preference for the earlier schools, 49. Sketch for the Head of Jehovah, 60. Two Madonnas, 60. St. John, 93. 128. Fresco paintings, 93. 290. St. Cecilia, 94 His inspired genius, 97. Holy Conversation, altar-piece, 126. Holy Family, 128. St Margaret, (duplicate,) 131 Assumption, 196. Portrait of Cardinal Bibiena, 196. Portrait of Il Fattore, 60 Admired the works of Durer 298.
Rebell, modern German painter, 304.
Reformation, changes produced by, in art, 75. 151.
Regner, Ledbrok, Scandinavian hero, 264. 266.
Reni, Guido, (Eclectic school, 17th century,) Fortuna, 3. 190 Magdalene, 63 Massacre of the Innocents, 81. Assumption, 129. Madonna, 129. His mannerism, 5
Return to the Deity, Indian doctrine springing from that of Emanation, 459.
Revelation, doctrines of, 473.
Rheims, description of, 154.
Rhine, its scenery, 182. Roman ruins, 184, 185
Ribera. See Lo Spagnoletto.
Rigveda, 494.
Rishes, Indian sages, 474 485
Rohden, landscape painter, (modern German,) 304
Romance language, structure of, 242. Or novel, its peculiar characteristics, 218, 221, 222.
Romancero, Castilian, 230.
Romantic poetry of the middle ages, 224. used unjustly as a term of reproach, 297. Architecture, 156.

Romano, Giulio, (follower of Raphael, 16th century,) Circumcision, 14. Designs for tapestry, 14. Peculiar manner, 50. Revolt of the Titans, 105. Triumph of Titus, 196. Adoration of the Shepherds, 196. Fresco paintings, 299.
Rome, exhibition of modern German paintings at, 283. Luxury of the people, 419. Their patriotism, 421
Rubens, Peter Paul, (school of Brabant, 17th century) allegorical pictures of the life of Mary de Medicis, 97. Hall of Rubens, 129. Battle of the Amazons, 199. Tiger and Faun family, 129. Pictures at Düsseldorf, 169, 170.
Rudiger, Niebelungen Lied, 265, 266.
Russian Madonna, 99, 100
Ruysdael, (landscape painter, 17th century,) 303.

Sacontalá, Indian drama, by Calidásá, 425. 426 476. 523.
Saemunda, Edda, 263.
Saga, Volsunga, 263. Vedanta, 493.
Salerno, Andrea da, (follower of Raphael, 16th century,) Visitation of the Virgin, 77.
Sanchyá, Indian philosophical system, 492. Its Pantheistic tendency, 493.
Sandtwig, Commentary on the Edda, 260.
Santa Maria del Fiore, description of, 188
Sappho, her temperament and genius, 423.
Scandaputrana, 513.
Scandinavian mythology, 254.
Schadow, Rudolf and Wilhelm, 284. 296, 297. 303.
Schloss, Karlstein, near Prague, 400.
Schools of Painting, French and Italian, 5. Earlier and later schools, 49—52. Venetian and Florentine, 49. Spanish, 57. 58. Early German and Italian, 73. 121. 122. 123, 124. Of Cologne, 134. 139.
Schools of later Italian poetry, the Florentine and Lombard, 227.
Schoreel, (Master of the Netherlands, 16th century,) Adoration of the Shepherds. Triptic. 120.
Schuck, the first who gave a new impulse to painting in Germany, 290 Portrait of the children of Von Humboldt, 290.
Schuldburg, Furst, Ossian, 250.
Schnorr, Ludwig, 407 to 412. Julius, 300.
Sclavonian dialect, 402.
Scottish ballads, 249. Early period of their history, 252.
Sculpture, principles totally distinct from painting, 71 Michelangelo, Faun. 302 Thorwaldsen's Mercury, 302. Dannecker's figure of Christ, 303.
Shakspeare, why the poet of all Teutonic nations, 266, 267. His exhaustless charm, 267. His portraits of Henry VIII. and Richard III, 268. Difficulties in deciding on his merits, 269. Pericles, 270 His rivals and predecessors, 271. King John, old and new play, remarks on, 271, 273 to 276. The Homer of the north, 272 King Lear, Locrine, 277, 278. Why the only true foundation for a better feeling for dramatic art in Germany, 280, 281, 282.
Siena, Cathedral of, 160. 181.
Sigurd, a Danish hero, 263. 265, 266.
Sivá, Indian divinity, acknowledged by the Buddhists, 479. 481. 484. 490.
Sitá, Indian deity, 485.
Solari, (school of Naples, 15th century,) Herodias, 28.
Sonnyasis, Indian penitents, 490. 492.
Sophocles, his tragedies, 423
Spagnuoletto, Lo Giuseppe Ribera, (one of the Naturalisti, 17th century,) Birth of the Saviour, 76
Starkodder, Northern poet, 261.
Statues of the early French kings in St. Denis, 152, 153.
Stephan, Meister, (School of Cologne,) Triptic, 138.
Strasburg Minster, 187. St Thomas, 189.
Subjects for painting selected by the early Italian and German masters, 51. Christian, treated symbolically, 51. From ancient mythology as treated by more recent schools, 52, 53. 105. By the old, 53. 105. On the choice of, 106. 107. 108, 109. Christian, appropriate for painting 301. 337.
Sueur, le, Paintings from the Life of St Bruno, 97.
Symbolic portraits, 31, 32. Style of Correggio's paintings, 17. Compositions of Albert Durer and Raphael, 54. Paintings, 66.
Symbolism, Christian, 52. Of ancient mythology. 53. 105. Essential in painting, 60 Of the first representations of our Saviour, 85 86. Of the early Germans, 148. Of ecclesiastical architecture, 151.

Temora, third poem in the Ossianic series, 257.
Theory, of the art of painting, inseparable from practice, 65
Thorwalden, sculpture, 302, 303
Tieck, Altenglishen Theater, 270. 272.
Tiziano, Vecellio (Venetian School, 16th century,) San Pietro Martire, 11. Portraits by, 11. 29. Dramatic style of painting, 11. His Madonnas, 12 Deposition from the Cross, 12 Crowning with Thorns, 12 Head of Christ, 12. His style and colouring, 50. The Ariosto of painting, 51. Prodigal Son, 59. Danae, 98. Antiope, 104, 107 Holy Family, 196 Portrait of Francis I, 197
Trenmor, an ancestor of Fingal, 251
Troubadours, choix des poesies originales des, 240.

Upangas, Indian philosophical works, 493.

Vedas, books of Indian philosophy, 456. 486
Veit, Philip, modern German painter, 284 292, 296.
Velasquez, Madonna, 57.
Veronica, St., legend of, 85.

Vinci, Leonardo da, (16th century,) compared in style with Correggio, 16. 25. Holy Family, 26 Christ in the Temple, 26 Madonna, Virgin and St Anna, 26 27. 28 Introduced landscape backgrounds, 29 Portrait of Monna Lisa, 31. Inclination for the new schools, 59. Portrait of Francis I. 60. 92. Modesty and Vanity, 60 Portrait of Charles VIII., 91. St. John the Baptist, 197. Germ of decline visible in his works, 197. St. Catherine, crowned with lilies, 103.
Vishnu, his incarnations, 471. 484, 487
Vopadeva, 426

Wach, painter, (modern German school,) 284 296,
Wallachians, 451. 503
Wallraff, collection of early German paintings, 133. Portrait of the Emperor Maximilian in his collection, 141
Weit, painter, (modern German school,) Adoration of the Shepherds, 296.
Wilford's Researches in Indian Literature, 428.
Wilhelm Meister, of Cologne, 138. 148.
Wilkins, Indian works, 425
Winkelmann's Theory of Art, 289.
Worlds, Three, of Indian philosophy, 471.
Worship, of nature and the elements, 477. 480. 484. Common among the Scandinavians, &c, 247 253. The Orientals, 490. Among the Persians more pure and spiritual, 486.
Wormser, painting of, 401.

Yajurvéda, 499.
Yavanern, or Yavanas, mentioned in Indian traditions, 480 510 511.
Y-king, Chinese sacred book, 490.
Yn and Yang, Chinese symbols, 491, 492.
Yogis, Indian hermits; 490. 492.

Zendavesta, compared with the Edda, 259.
Zoroastra, 437 483.

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 75 — For Bramante "Entombment of Christ," read "Deposition from the Cross."
148, Line 11 — For "Johann," read "Wilhelm."